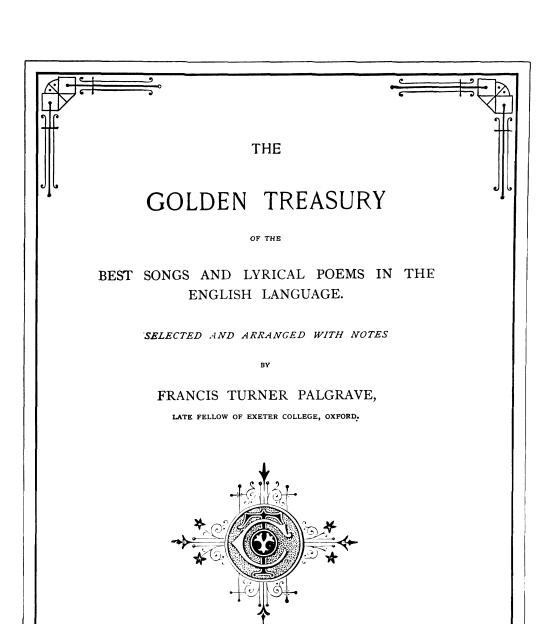
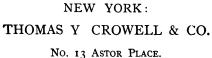
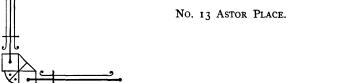


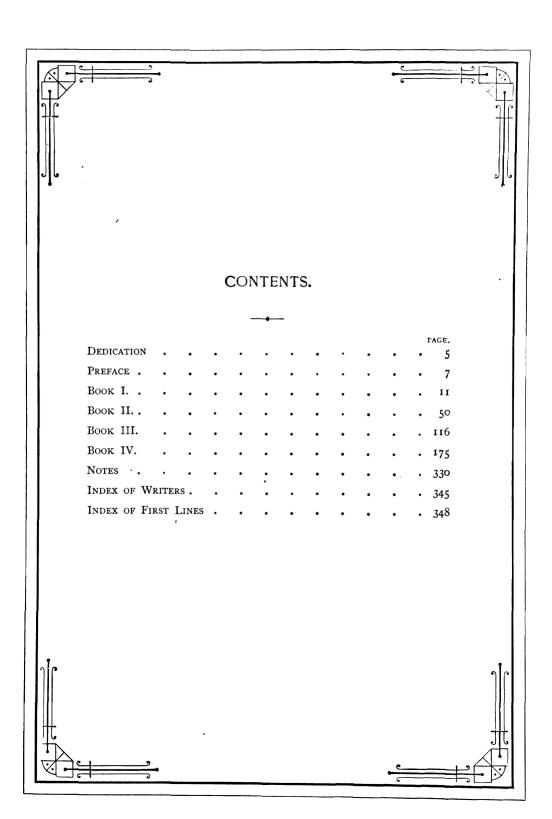
"Philon the shepherd, late forgot,
Sitting beside a crystal fountain." — Page 33.

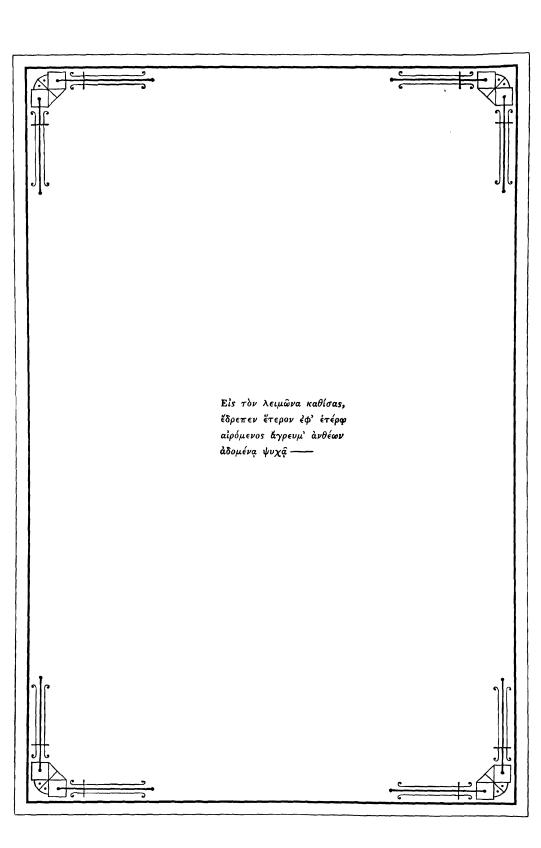


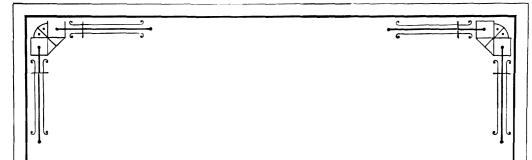












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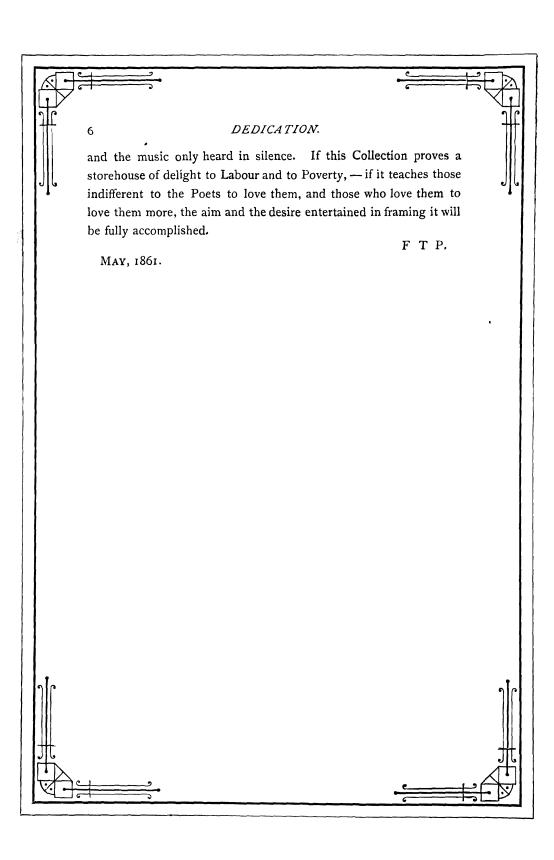
Alfred Tennyson,

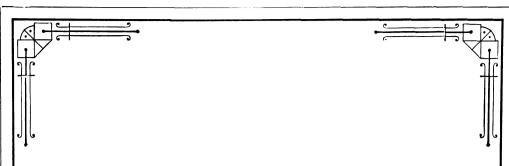
POET LAUREATE.

This book in its progress has recalled often to my memory a man with whose friendship we were once honoured, to whom no region of English literature was unfamiliar, and who, whilst rich in all the noble gifts of Nature, was most eminently distinguished by the noblest and the rarest, — just judgment and high-hearted patriotism. It would have been, hence, a peculiar pleasure and pride to dedicate what I have endeavoured to make a true national Anthology of three centuries to Henry Hallam. But he is beyond the reach of any human tokens of love and reverence; and I desire, therefore, to place before it a name united with his by associations which, whilst Poetry retains her hold on the minds of Englishmen, are not likely to be forgotten.

Your encouragement, given while traversing the wild scenery of Treryn Dinas, led me to begin the work; and it has been completed under your advice and assistance. For the favour now asked I have thus a second reason: and to this I may add, the homage which is your right as Poet, and the gratitude due to a Friend, whose regard I rate at no common value.

Permit me then to inscribe to yourself a book which, I hope may be found by many a lifelong fountain of innocent and exalted pleasure; a source of animation to friends when they meet; and able to sweeten solitude itself with best society, — with the companionship of the wise and the good, with the beauty which the eye cannot see,





PREFACE.

This little Collection differs, it is believed, from others in the attempt made to include in it all the best original Lyrical pieces and Songs in our language, by writers not living, — and none beside the best. Many familiar verses will hence be met with; many also which should be familiar:— the Editor will regard as his fittest readers those who love Poetry so well, that he can offer them nothing not already known and valued.

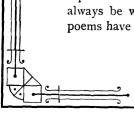
The Editor is acquainted with no strict and exhaustive definition of Lyrical Poetry; but he has found the task of practical decision increase in clearness and in facility as he advanced with the work, whilst keeping in view a few simple principles. Lyrical has been here held essentially to imply that each Poem shall turn on some single thought, feeling, or situation. In accordance with this, narrative, descriptive, and didactic poems, — unless accompanied by rapidity of movement, brevity, and the colouring of human passion, - have been excluded. Humourous poetry, except in the very unfrequent instances where a truly poetical tone pervades the whole. with what is strictly personal, occasional, and religious, has been considered foreign to the idea of the book. Blank verse and the ten-syllable couplet, with all pieces markedly dramatic, have been rejected as alien from what is commonly understood by Song, and rarely conforming to Lyrical conditions in treatment. But it is not anticipated, nor is it possible, that all readers shall think the line accurately drawn. Some poems, as Gray's Elegy, the Allegro and Penseroso, Wordsworth's Ruth or Campbell's Lord Ullin, might be claimed with perhaps equal justice for a narrative or descriptive selection: whilst with reference especially to Ballads and Sonnets, the Editor can only state that he has taken his utmost pains to decide without caprice or partiality.

PREFACE.

This also is all he can plead in regard to a point even more liable to question; - what degree of merit should give rank among the Best. That a Poem shall be worthy of the writer's genius, - that it shall reach a perfection commensurate with its aim. - that we should require finish in proportion to brevity, - that passion. colour, and originality cannot atone for serious imperfections in clearness, unity, or truth, — that a few good lines do not make a good poem, that popular estimate is serviceable as a guidepost more than as a compass, - above all, that Excellence should be looked for rather in the Whole than in the Parts, - such and other such canons have been always steadily regarded. He may however add that the pieces chosen, and a far larger number rejected, have been carefully and repeatedly considered; and that he has been aided throughout by two friends of independent and exercised judgment, besides the distinguished person addressed in the Dedication. is hoped that by this procedure the volume has been freed from that one-sidedness which must be et individual decisions: - but for the final choice the Editor is alone responsible.

Chalmers' vast collection, with the whole works of all accessible poets not contained in it, and the best Anthologies of different periods, have been twice systematically read through: and it is hence improbable that any omissions which may be regretted are due to oversight. The poems are printed entire, except in a very few instances (specified in the notes) where a stanza has been omitted. The omissions have been risked only when the piece could be thus brought to a closer lyrical unity: and, as essentially opposed to this unity, extracts, obviously such, are excluded. In regard to the text, the purpose of the book has appeared to justify the choice of the most poetical version, wherever more than one exists; and much labour has been given to present each poem, in disposition, spelling, and punctuation, to the greatest advantage.

In the arrangement, the most poetically-effective order has been attempted. The English mind has passed through phases of thought and cultivation so various and so opposed during these three centuries of Poetry, that a rapid passage between Old and New, like rapid alteration of the eye's focus in looking at the landscape, will always be wearisome and hurtful to the sense of Beauty. The poems have been therefore distributed into Books corresponding,



I to the ninety years closing about 1616, II thence to 1700, III to 1800, IV to the half century just ended. Or, looking at the Poets who more or less give each portion its distinctive character, they might be called the Books of Shakespeare, Milton, Gray, and Wordsworth. The volume, in this respect, so far as the limitations of its range allow, accurately reflects the natural growth and evolution of our Poetry. A rigidly chronological sequence, however, rather fits a collection aiming at instruction than at pleasure, and the Wisdom which comes through Pleasure:—within each book the pieces have therefore been arranged in gradations of feeling or subject. And it is hoped that the contents of this Anthology will thus be found to present a certain unity, 'as episodes,' in the noble language of Shelley, 'to that great Poem which all poets, like the cooperating thoughts of one great mind, have built up since the beginning of the world.'

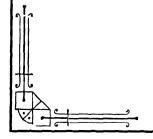
As he closes his long survey, the Editor trusts he may add without egotism, that he has found the vague general verdict of popular Fame more just than those have thought, who, with too severe a criticism, would confine judgments on Poetry to 'the selected few of many generations.' Not many appear to have gained reputation without some gift or performance that, in due degree, deserved it: and if no verses by certain writers who show less strength than sweetness, or more thought than mastery in expression, are printed in this volume, it should not be imagined that they have been excluded without much hesitation and regret, - far less that they have been slighted. Throughout this vast and pathetic array of Singers now silent, few have been honoured with the name Poet, and have not possessed a skill in words, a sympathy with beauty, a tenderness of feeling, or seriousness in reflection, which render their works, although never perhaps attaining that loftier and finer excellence here required, - better worth reading than much of what fills the scanty hours that most men spare for self-improvement, or for pleasure in any of its more elevated and permanent forms. And if this be true of even mediocre poetry for how much more are we indebted to the best! Like the fabled fountain of the Azores, but with a more various power, the magic of this Art can confer on each period of life its appropriate blessing: on early years Experience,



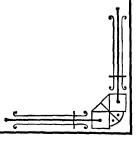
on maturity Calm, on age Youthfulness. Poetry gives treasures 'more golden than gold,' leading us in higher and healthier ways than those of the world, and interpreting to us the lessons of Nature. But she speaks best for herself. Her true accents, if the plan has been executed with success, may be heard throughout the following pages:—wherever the Poets of England are honoured, wherever the dominant language of the world is spoken, it is hoped that they will find fit audience.

During the years since this book was first published, not a few poems have appeared to the Editor, or have been suggested, as fit candidates for insertion. A few of these were then unprinted: some have owed their claim to reconsideration: most, to the opportunity of studying our rare early writers, which the excellent reprints of Dr. Hannah, Dr Grosart, Mr Arber, and others, have afforded. To have added all these pieces, however, — even if accompanied by a few erasements, — would have given both a cumbrous enlargement and a novel aspect to the selection. Under the advice and assistance, therefore, of the distinguished Friend to whom gratitude is due from all readers who have found, or may hereafter find here the pleasure and profit which it is the aim of Poetry to give, the very best only of the poems gathered in this after-harvest have been admitted. And in this gleaning the original limit by which the book was confined to those no longer living has been retained, and nothing added from those poets whose loss, — too early even when they were taken in the fulness of their days, - the English-speaking world has had to deplore since 1861.

DECEMBER, 1883.



10





THE GOLDEN TREASURY.

Book First.

ı.

SPRING.

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king; Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring, Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing, Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay, Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day, And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay, Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo.

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet, Young lovers meet, old wives a sunning sit, In every street these tunes our ears do greet, Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

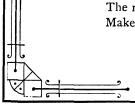
Spring! the sweet Spring!

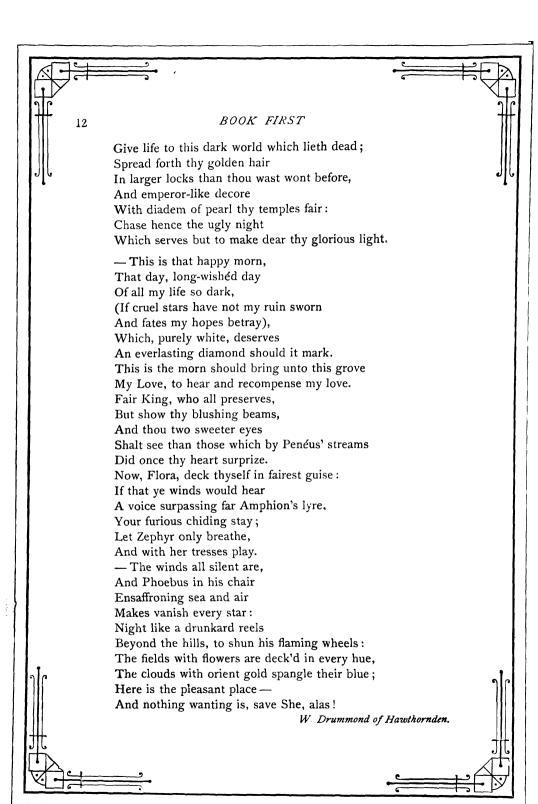
T Nash.

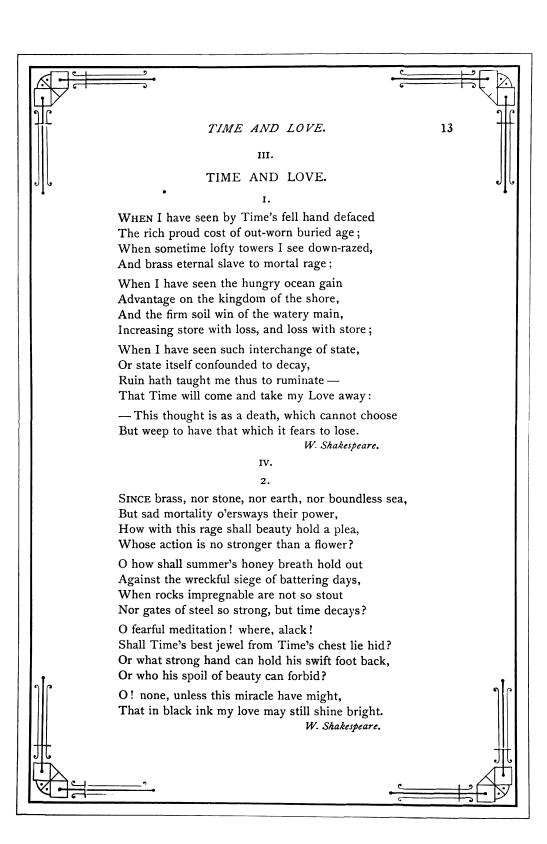
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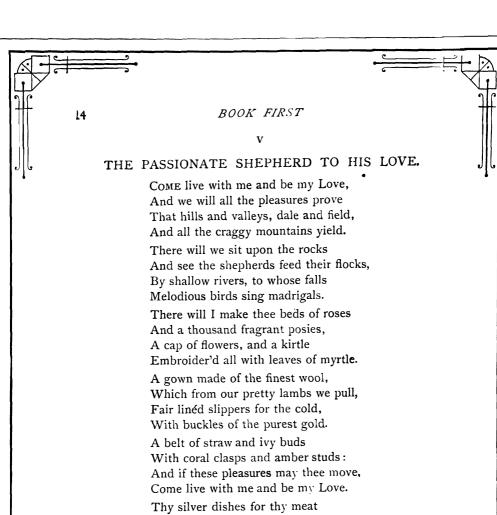
SUMMONS TO LOVE.

PHOEBUS, arise!
And paint the sable skies
With azure, white, and red:
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tithon's bed
That she may thy career with roses spread:
The nightingales thy coming each where sing:
Make an eternal spring!









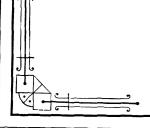
Thy silver dishes for thy meat
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.
The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my Love.

VI.

C. Marlowe.

A MADRIGAL.

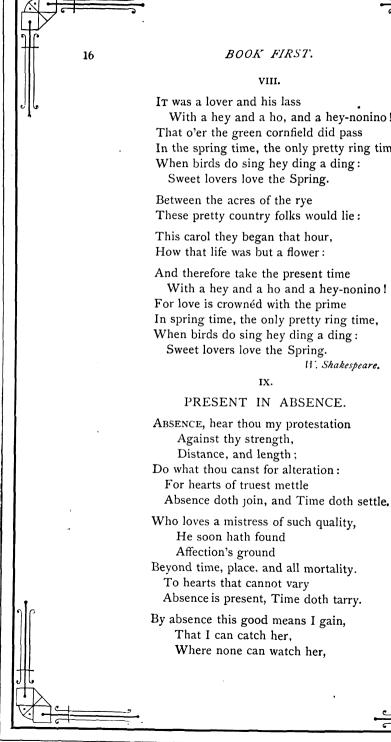
CRABBED Age and Youth Cannot live together:





"There will we sit upon the rocks
And see the shepherds feed their flocks."—Page 14.





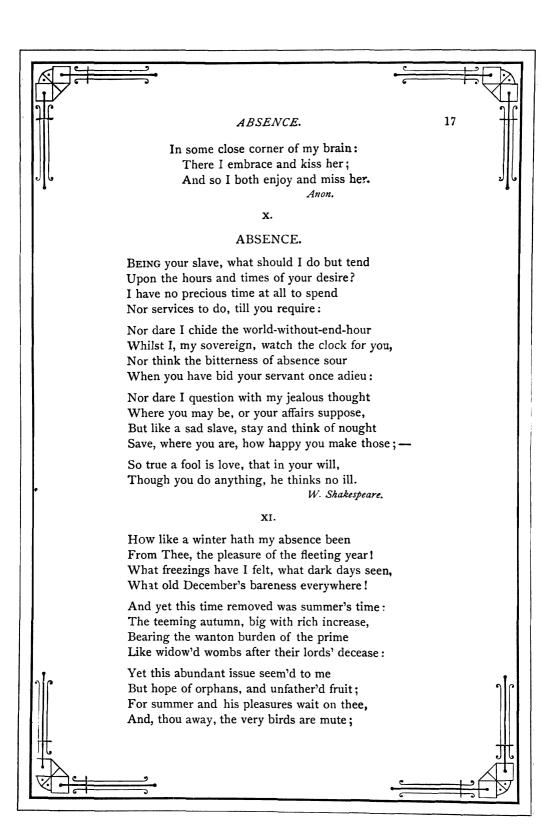
With a hey and a ho, and a hey-nonino! That o'er the green cornfield did pass In the spring time, the only pretty ring time, When birds do sing hey ding a ding:

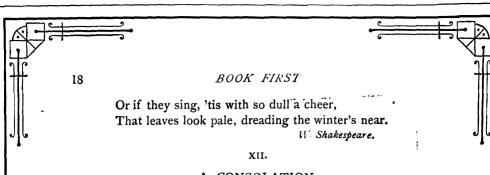
These pretty country folks would lie:

With a hey and a ho and a hey-nonino! In spring time, the only pretty ring time, When birds do sing hey ding a ding:

II. Shakespeare.

Who loves a mistress of such quality, Beyond time, place, and all mortality.





A CONSOLATION.

WHEN in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes I all alone beweep my outcast state, And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries, And look upon myself, and curse my fate;

Wishing me like to one more rich in hope, Featured like him, like him with friends possest, Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope, With what I most enjoy contented least;

Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising, Haply I think on Thee — and then my state, Like to the lark at break of day arising From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;

For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings.

That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

W. Shakespeare.

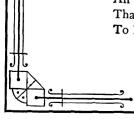
XIII.

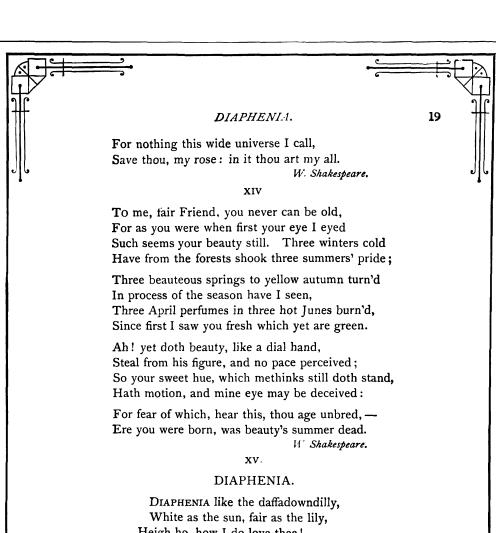
THE UNCHANGEABLE.

O NEVER say that I was false of heart, Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify: As easy might I from myself depart As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie;

That is my home of love; if I have ranged, Like him that travels, I return again, Just to the time, not with the time exchanged, So that myself bring water for my stain.

Never believe, though in my nature reign'd All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood, That it could so preposterously be stain'd To leave for nothing all thy sum of good:

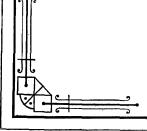


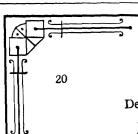


DIAPHENIA like the daffadowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
Heigh ho, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as my lambs
Are belovéd of their dams;
How blest were I if thou would'st prove me.

Diaphenia like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
Fair sweet, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving power;
For dead, thy breath to life might move me.

Diaphenia like to all things blesséd When all thy praises are expresséd.





BOOK FIRST

Dear joy, how I do love thee!

As the birds do love the spring,
Or the bees their careful king:
Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!

H. Constable.

... 1

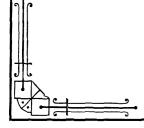
XVI.

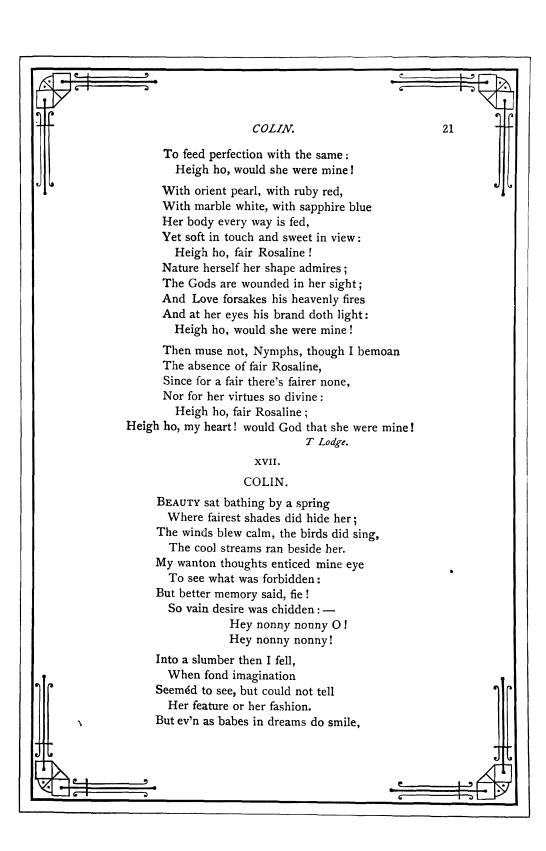
ROSALINE.

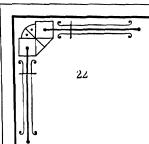
LIKE to the clear in highest sphere
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of selfsame colour is her hair
Whether unfolded, or in twines:
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Resembling heaven by every wink;
The Gods do fear whenas they glow,
And I do tremble when I think
Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
That beautifies Aurora's face,
Or like the silver crimson shroud
That Phœbus' smiling looks doth grace;
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
Her lips are like two budded roses
Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh,
Within which bounds she balm encloses
Apt to entice a deity:
Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her neck is like a stately tower
Where Love himself imprison'd lies,
To watch for glances every hour
From her divine and sacred eyes:
Heigh ho, for Rosaline!
Her paps are centres of delight,
Her breasts are orbs of heavenly frame,
Where Nature moulds the dew of light







BOOK FIRST.

And sometimes fall a-weeping,
So I awaked, as wise this while
As when I fell a-sleeping:

Hey nonny nonny O!

Hey nonny nonny!

The Shepherd Tonic,

XVIII.

TO HIS LOVE.

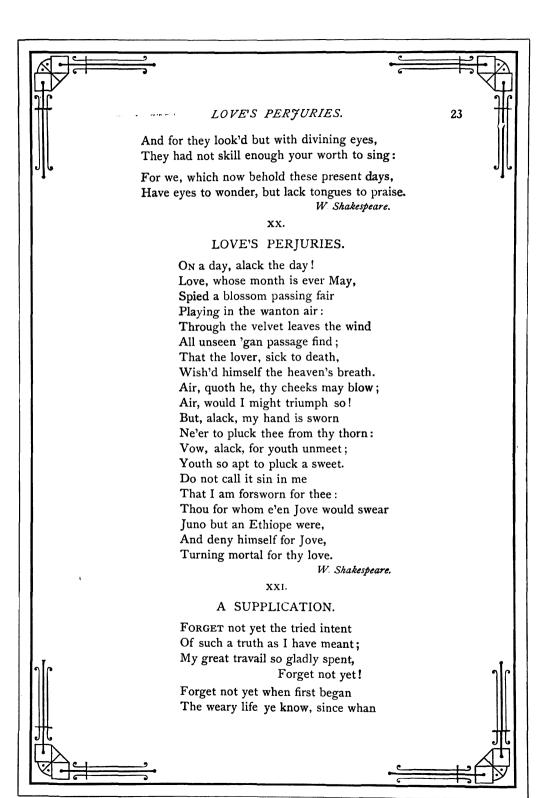
SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd:
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd.
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest.
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

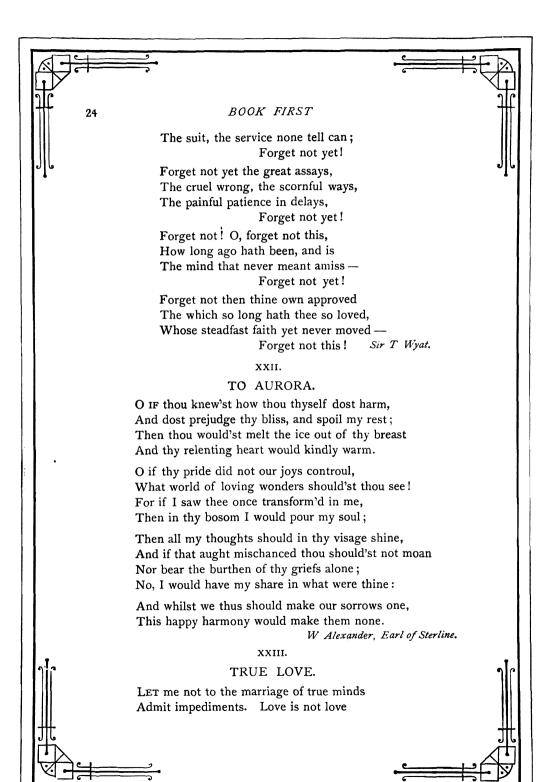
W. Shakespeare.

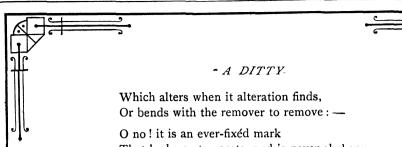
XIX.

TO HIS LOVE.

When in the chronicle of wasted time I see descriptions of the fairest wights, And beauty making beautiful old rhyme In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights; Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow, I see their antique pen would have exprest Ev'n such a beauty as you master now. So all their praises are but prophecies Of this our time, all, you prefiguring;







O no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks Within his bending sickle's compass come; Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks, But bears it out ev'n to the edge of doom:—

If this be error, and upon me proved, I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

W Shakespeare.

25

XXIV

A DITTY

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his, By just exchange one for another given: I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss, There never was a better bargain driven: My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides:

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

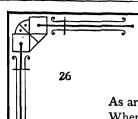
Sir P. Sidney.

xxv

LOVE'S OMNIPRESENCE.

WERE I as base as is the lowly plain, And you, my Love, as high as heaven above, Yet should the thoughts of me your humble swain Ascend to heaven, in honour of my Love.

Were I as high as heaven above the plain, And you, my Love, as humble and as low



As are the deepest bottoms of the main, Whereso'er you were, with you my love should go.

Were you the earth, dear Love, and I the skies, My love should shine on you like to the sun, And look upon you with ten thousand eyes Till heaven wax'd blind, and till the world were done.

Whereso'er I am, below, or else above you, Whereso'er you are, my heart shall truly love you. 7. Sylvester.

XXVI.

CARPE DIEM.

O MISTRESS mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear! your true-love's coming
That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers' meeting —
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty, —
Then come kiss me, Sweet-and-twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

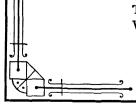
W. Shakespeare,

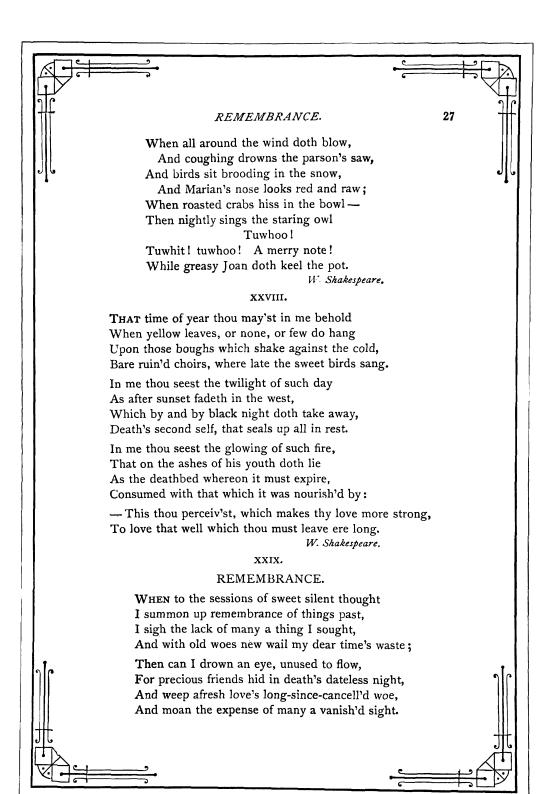
XXVII.

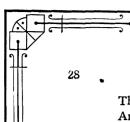
WINTER.

When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tuwhoo!
Tuwhit! tuwhoo! A merry note!

Tuwhit! tuwhoo! A merry note! While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.







Then can I grieve at grievances foregone, And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er The sad account of fore-bemoanéd moan, Which I new pay as if not paid before:

— But if the while I think on thee, dear friend, All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

W. Shakespeare.

XXX.

REVOLUTIONS.

LIKE as the waves make towards the pebbled shore, So do our minutes hasten to their end; Each changing place with that which goes before, In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

Nativity once in the main of light Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd, Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight, And Time that gave, doth now his gift confound.

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth, And delves the parallels in beauty's brow; Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth, And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.

And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand Praising Thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

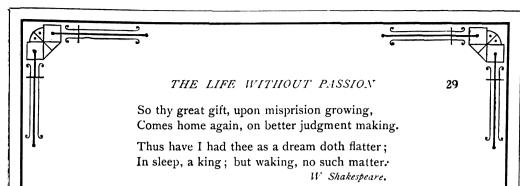
II Shakespeare.

XXXI.

FAREWELL! thou art too dear for my possessing, And like enough thou know'st thy estimate: The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing, My bonds in thee are all determinate.

For how do I hold thee but by thy granting? And for that riches where is my deserving? The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting, And so my patent back again is swerving.

Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing, Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;



XXXII.

THE LIFE WITHOUT PASSION.

THEY that have power to hurt, and will do none, That do not do the thing they most do show, Who, moving others, are themselves as stone, Unmovéd, cold, and to temptation slow,—

They rightly do inherit Heaven's graces, And husband nature's riches from expense; They are the lords and owners of their faces, Others, but stewards of their excellence.

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet, Though to itself it only live and die; But if that flower with base infection meet, The basest weed outbraves his dignity:

For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds; Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

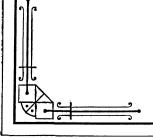
W. Shakespeare.

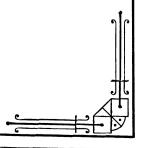
XXXIII.

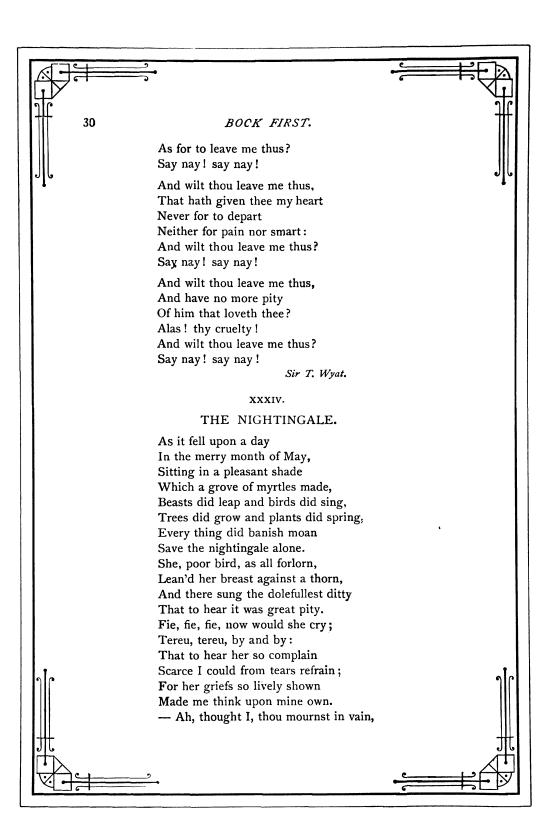
THE LOVER'S APPEAL.

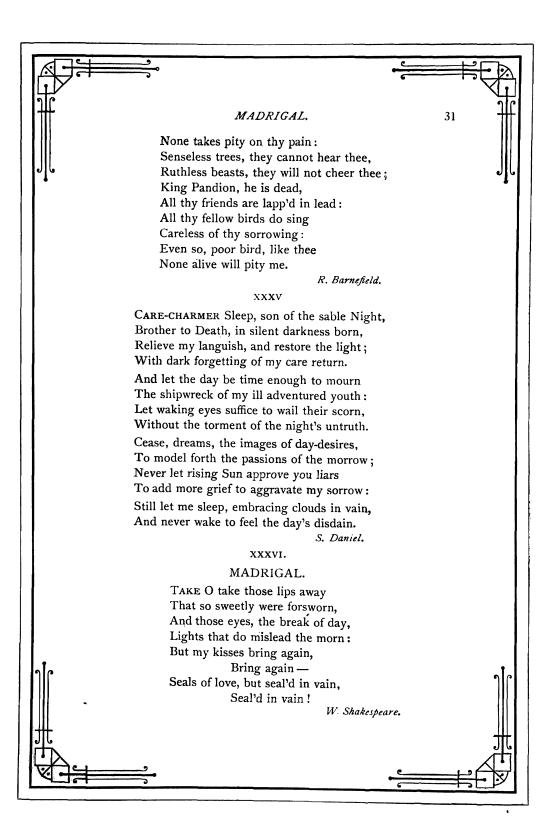
And wilt thou leave me thus? Say nay! say nay! for shame, To save thee from the blame Of all my grief and grame. And wilt thou leave me thus? Say nay! say nay!

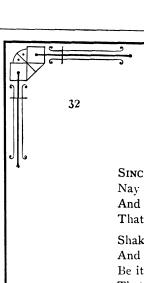
And wilt thou leave me thus, That hath loved thee so long In wealth and woe among: And is thy heart so strong











XXXVII.

LOVE'S FAREWELL.

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiss and part,—
Nay I have done, you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free;

Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows, And when we meet at any time again, Be it not seen in either of our brows That we one jot of former love retain.

Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath, When his pulse failing, passion speechless lies, When faith is kneeling by his bed of death, And innocence is closing up his eyes,

— Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over, From death to life thou might'st him yet recover!

M. Drayton.

XXXVIII.

TO HIS LUTE.

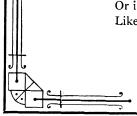
My lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow 'With thy green mother in some shady grove, When immelodious winds but made thee move, And birds their ramage did on thee bestow

Since that dear Voice which did thy sounds approve, Which wont in such harmonious strains to flow, Is reft from Earth to tune those spheres above, What art thou but a harbinger of woe?

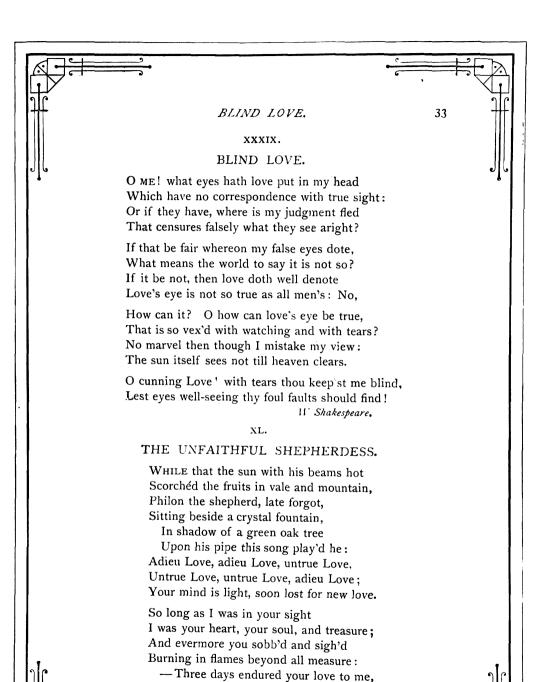
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more, But orphans' wailings to the fainting ear; Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear; For which be silent as in woods before:

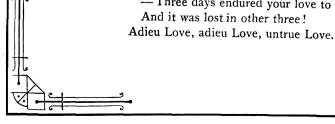
Or if that any hand to touch thee deign, Like widow'd turtle still her loss complain.

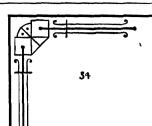
W Drummond.











Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu Love; Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Another Shepherd you did see
To whom your heart was soon enchained;
Full soon your love was leapt from me,
Full soon my place he had obtained.
Soon came a third, your love to win,
And we were out and he was in.
Adieu Love, adieu Love, untrue Love,

Adieu Love, adieu Love, untrue Love, Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu Love; Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Sure you have made me passing glad
That you your mind so soon removéd,
Before that I the leisure had
To choose you for my best belovéd:
For all your love was past and done
Two days before it was begun:
Adieu Love, adieu Love, untrue Love,
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu Love;
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

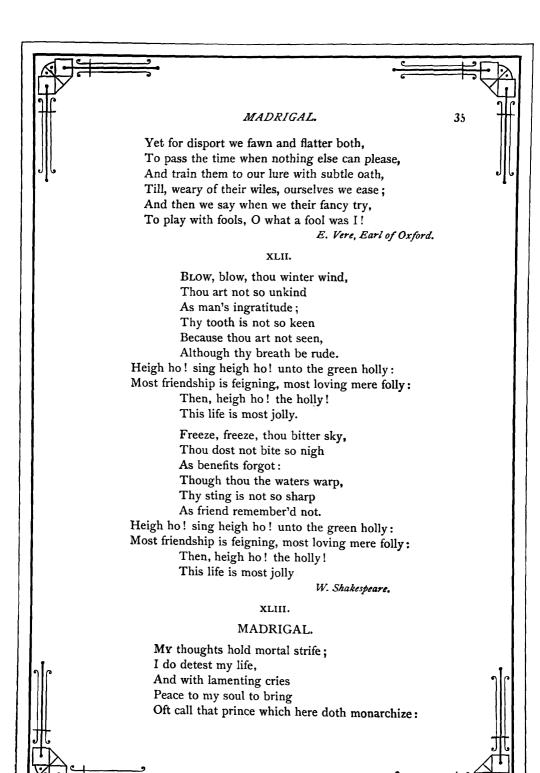
Anon.

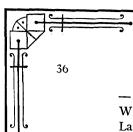
XLI.

A RENUNCIATION.

If women could be fair, and yet not fond, Or that their love were firm, not fickle still, I would not marvel that they make men bond By service long to purchase their good will; But when I see how frail those creatures are, I muse that men forget themselves so far.

To mark the choice they make, and how they change, How oft from Phoebus they do flee to Pan; Unsettled still, like haggards wild they range, These gentle birds that fly from man to man; Who would not scorn and shake them from the fist, And let them fly, fair fools, which way they list?





— But he, grim grinning King, Who caitiffs scorns, and doth the blest surprize, Late having deck'd with beauty's rose his tomb, Disdains to crop a weed, and will not come.

W Drummond.

XLIV

DIRGE OF LOVE.

Come away, come away, Death,
And in sad cypres let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover never find my grave,

To weep there.

W. Shakespeare.

XLV.

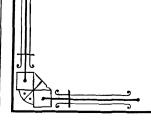
FIDELE.

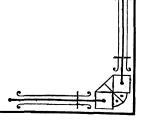
FEAR no more the heat o' the sun
Nor the furious winter s rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

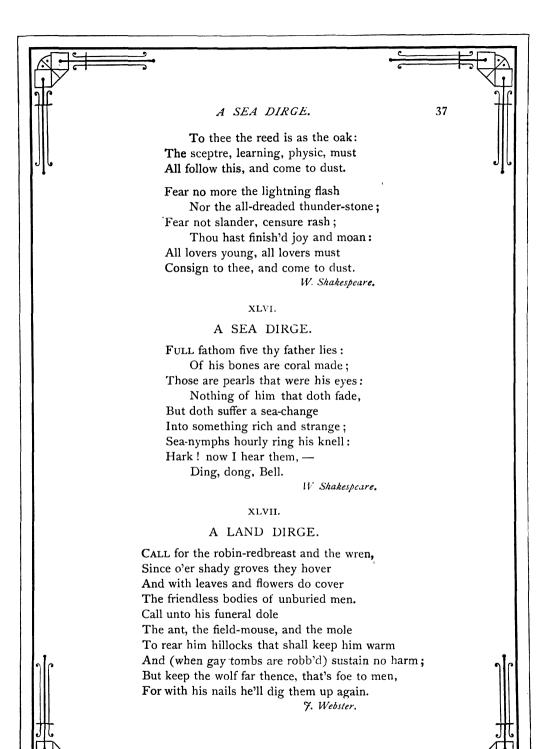
Fear no more the frown o' the great,

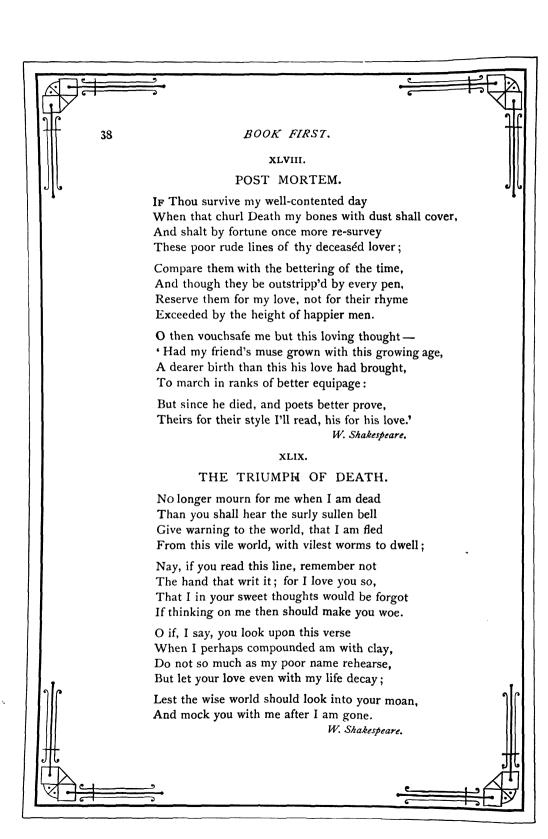
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;

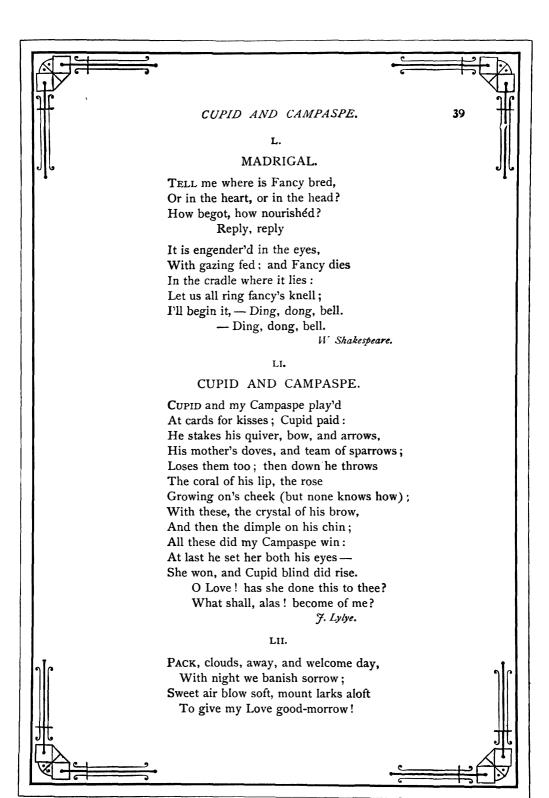
Care no more to clothe and eat;

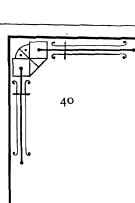












Wings from the wind to please her mind Notes from the lark I'll borrow; Bird prune thy wing, nightingale sing, To give my Love good-morrow; To give my Love good-morrow Notes from them both I'll borrow.

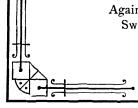
Wake from thy nest, Robin-red-breast,
Sing birds in every furrow;
And from each hill, let music shrill
Give my fair Love good-morrow!
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow!
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves
Sing my fair Love good-morrow;
To give my Love good-morrow
Sing birds in every furrow!

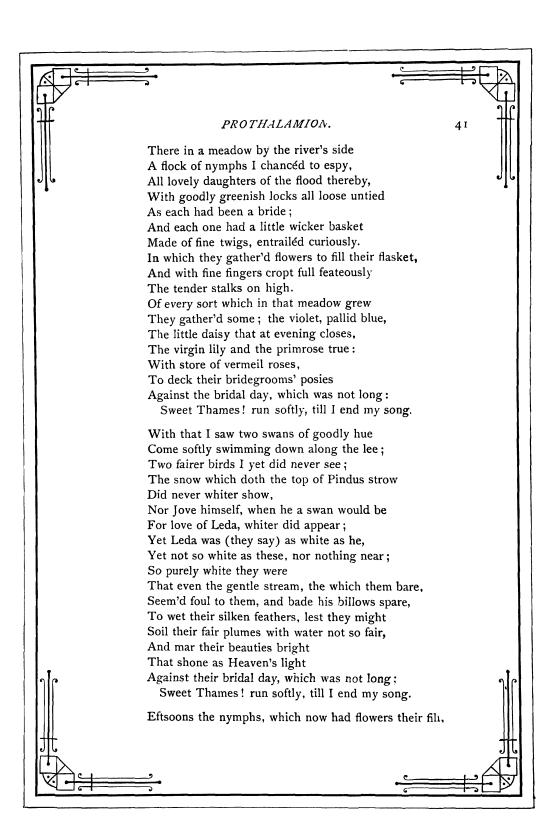
T Heywooa.

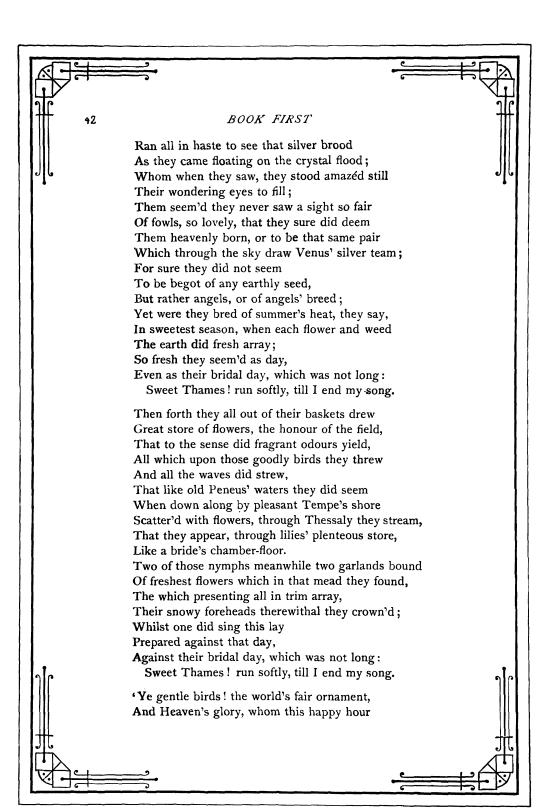
LIII.

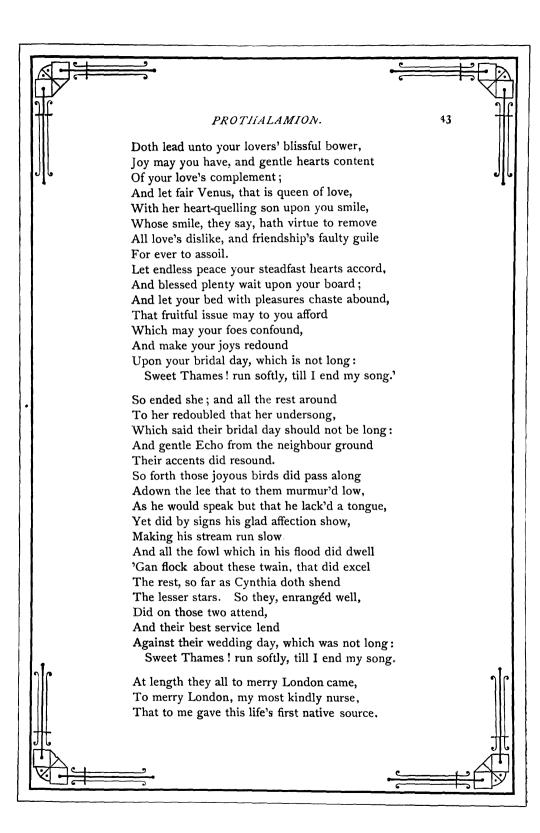
PROTHALAMION.

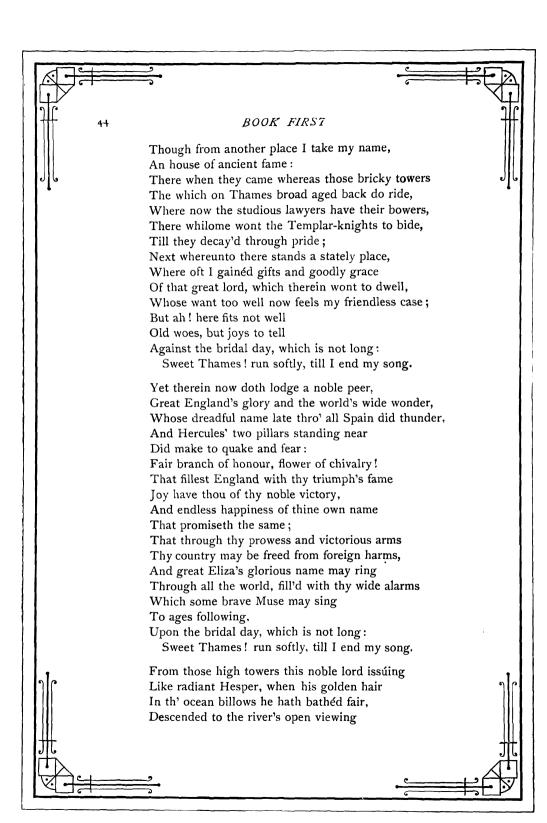
CALM was the day, and through the trembling air Sweet-breathing Zephyrus did softly play — A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay Hot Titan's beams, which then did glister fair; When I (whom sullen care, Through discontent of my long fruitless stay In princes' court, and expectation vain Of idle hopes, which still do fly away Like empty shadows, did afflict my brain), Walk'd forth to ease my pain Along the shore of silver-streaming Thames; Whose rutty bank, the which his river hems, Was painted all with variable flowers, And all the meads adorn'd with dainty gems Fit to deck maidens' bowers, And crown their paramours Against the bridal day, which is not long: Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

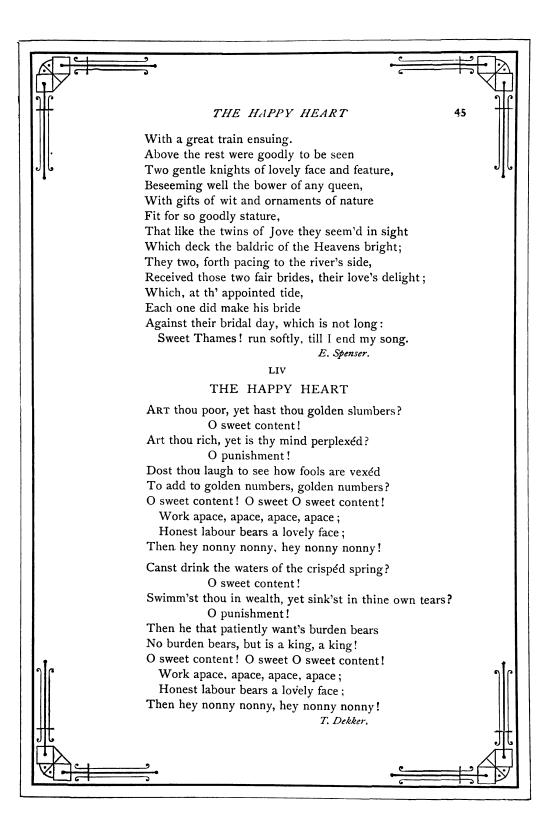


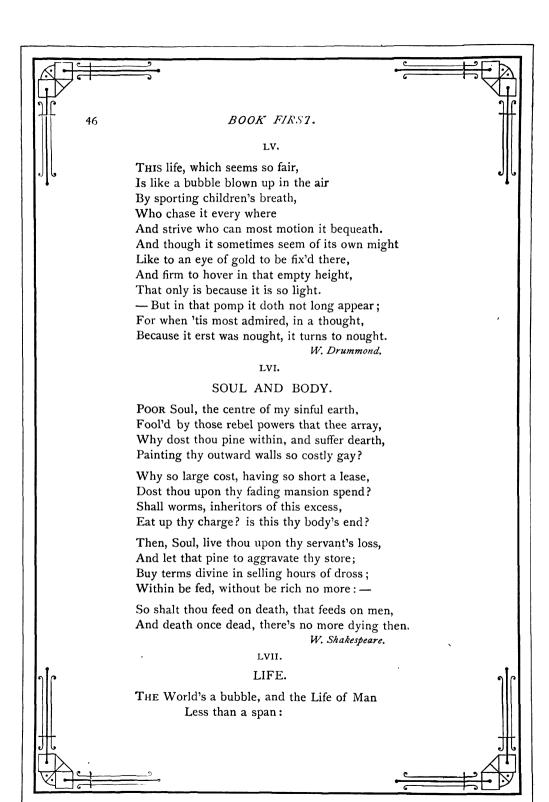


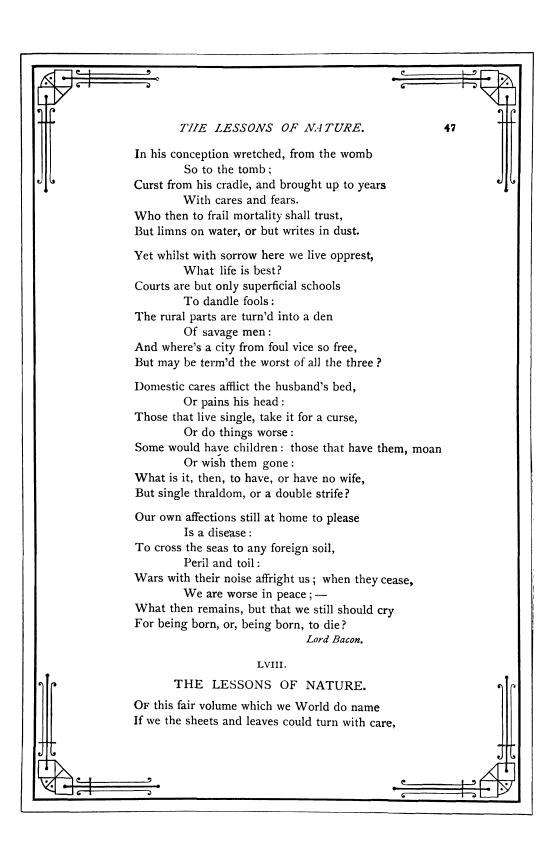


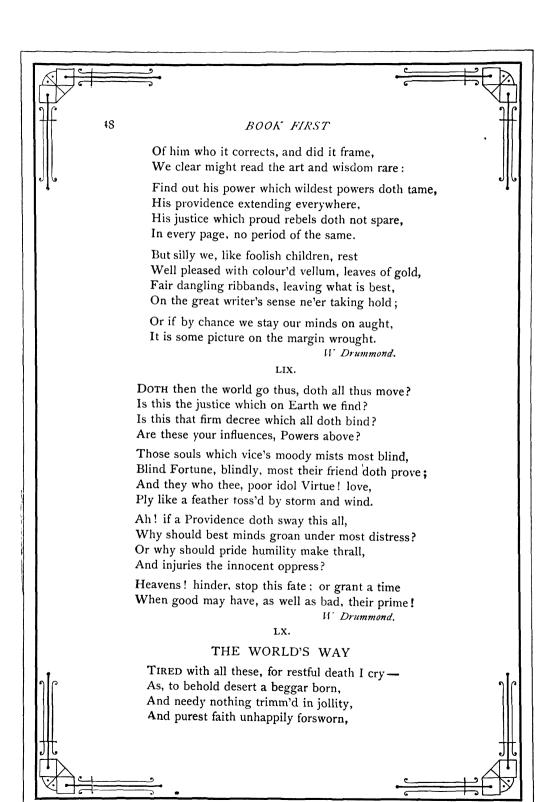


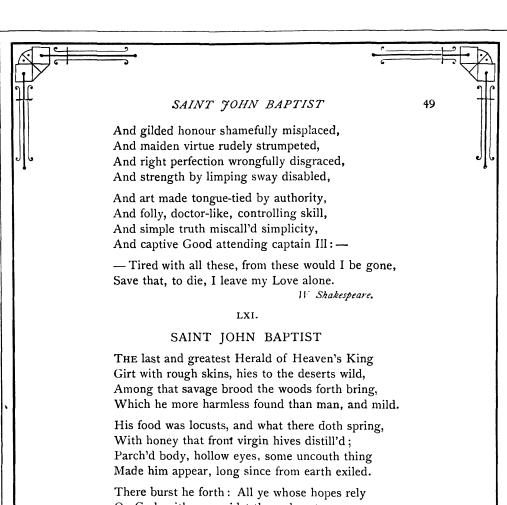












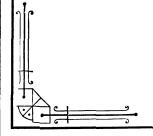
On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn, Repent, repent, and from old errors turn!

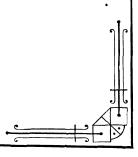
— Who listen'd to his voice, obey'd his cry?

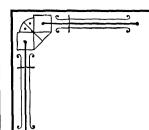
Only the echoes. which he made relent,

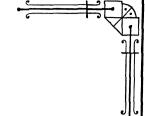
Rung from their flinty caves, Repent! Repent!

W. Drummond.









THE GOLDEN TREASURY.

Book Second.

LXII.

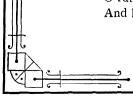
ODE ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

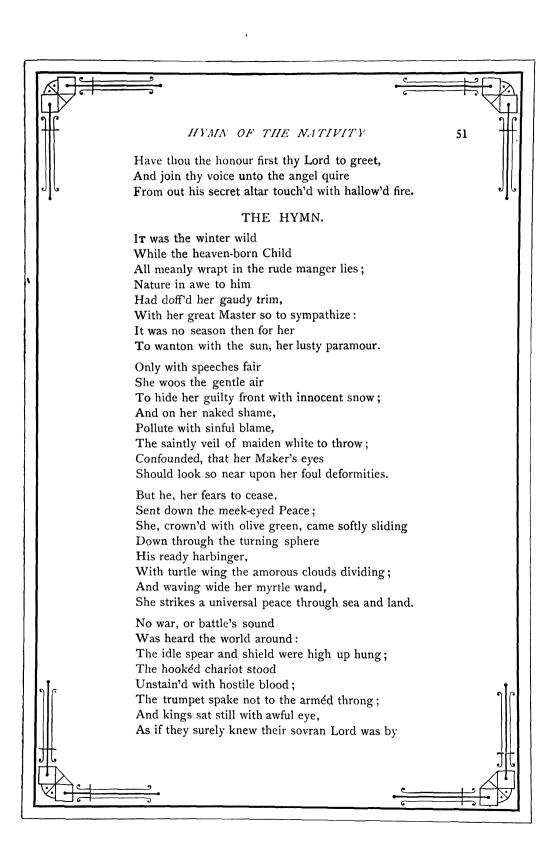
This is the month, and this the happy morn Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King Of wedded maid and virgin mother born, Our great redemption from above did bring; For so the holy sages once did sing That he our deadly forfeit should release, And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

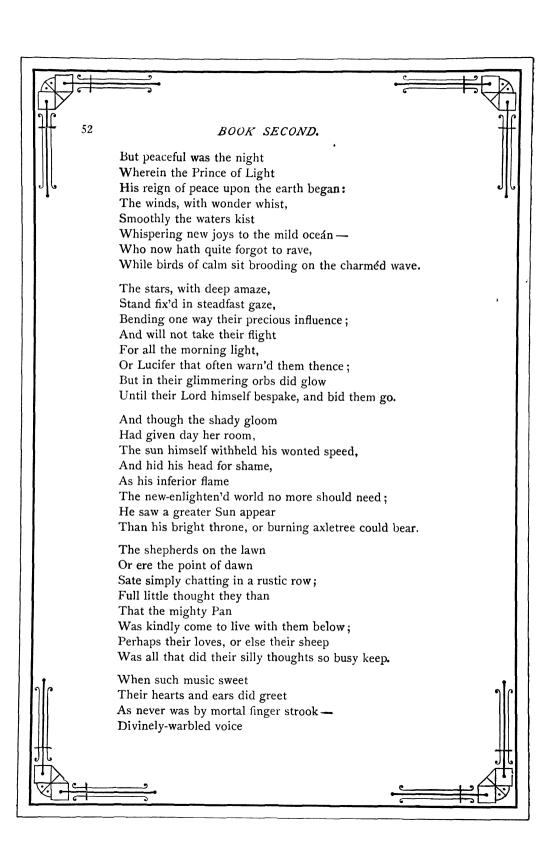
That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable, And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council-table To sit the midst of Trinal Unity, He laid aside; and, here with us to be Forsook the courts of everlasting day, And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein Afford a present to the Infant God? Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain To welcome him to this his new abode, Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod, Hath took no print of the approaching light, And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

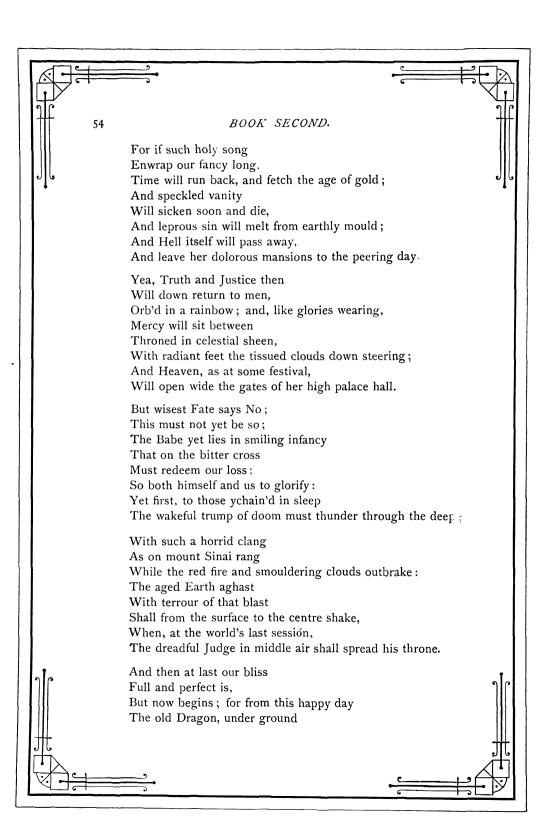
See how from far, upon the eastern road, The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet: O run, prevent them with thy humble ode And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;

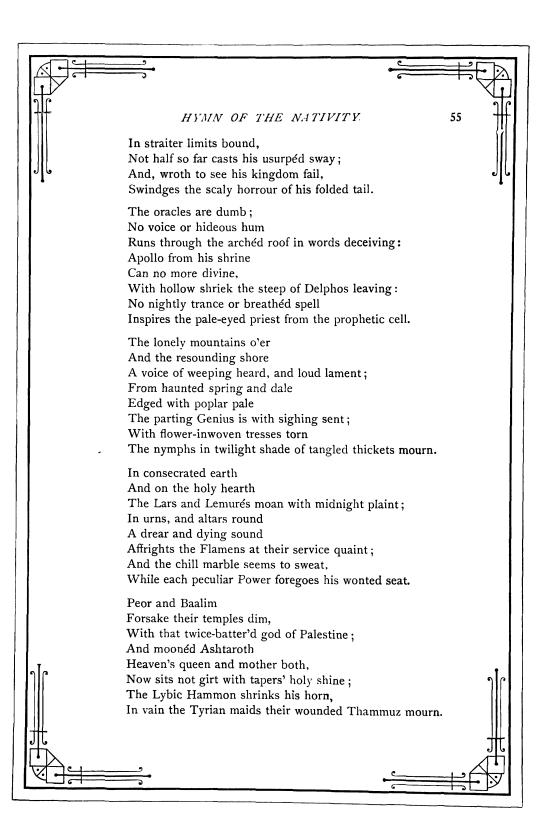


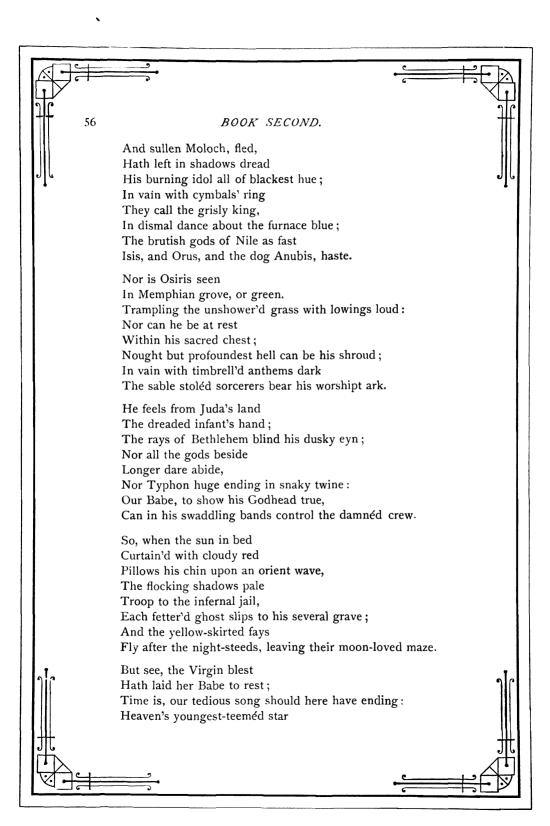


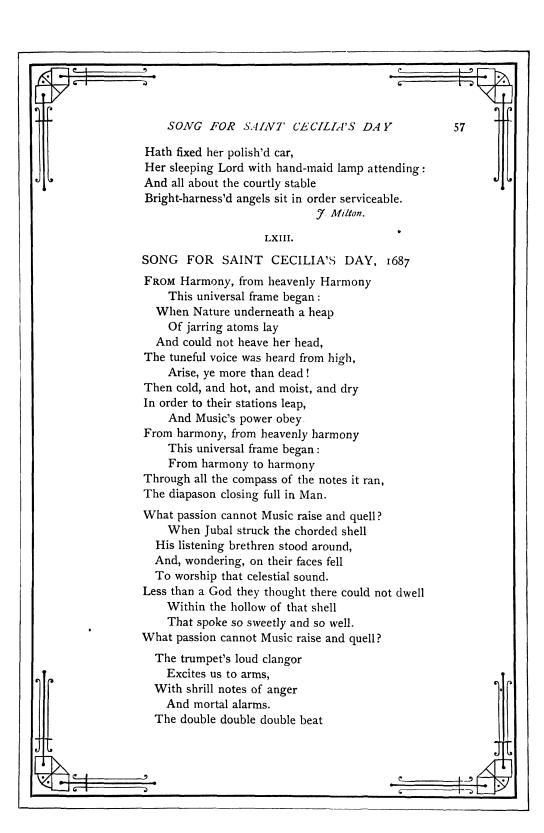


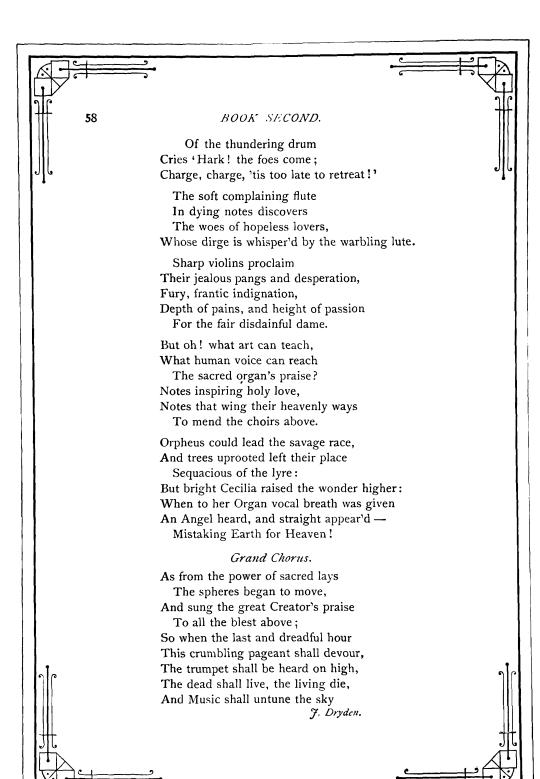


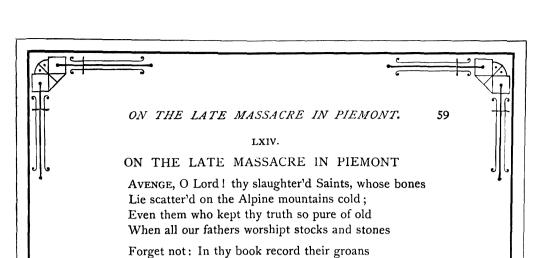












The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant, that from these may grow
A hundred-fold, who, having learnt Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that roll'd Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans

J. Milton.

LXV

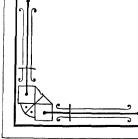
HORATIAN ODE UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRELAND.

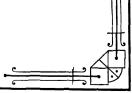
THE forward youth that would appear, Must now forsake his Muses dear, Nor in the shadows sing His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust, And oil the unused armour's rust, Removing from the wall The corslet of the hall.

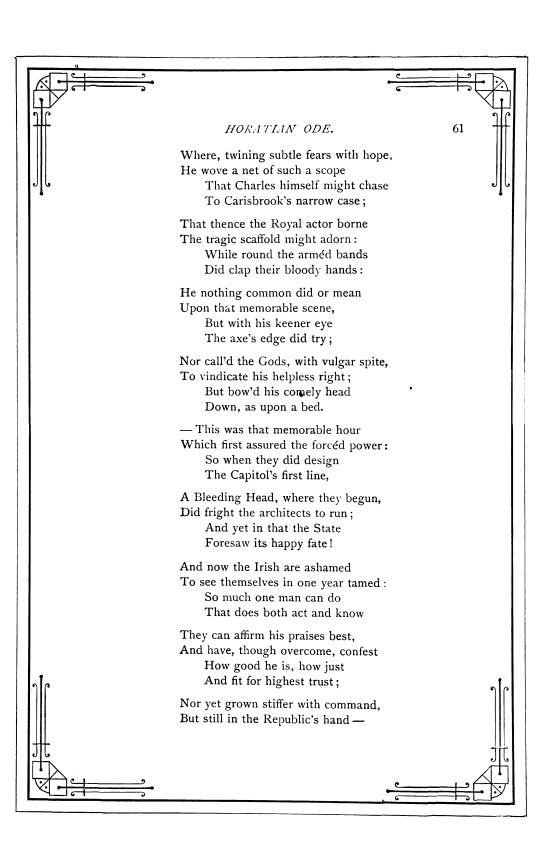
So restless Cromwell could not cease In the inglorious arts of peace, But through adventurous war Urgéd his active star:

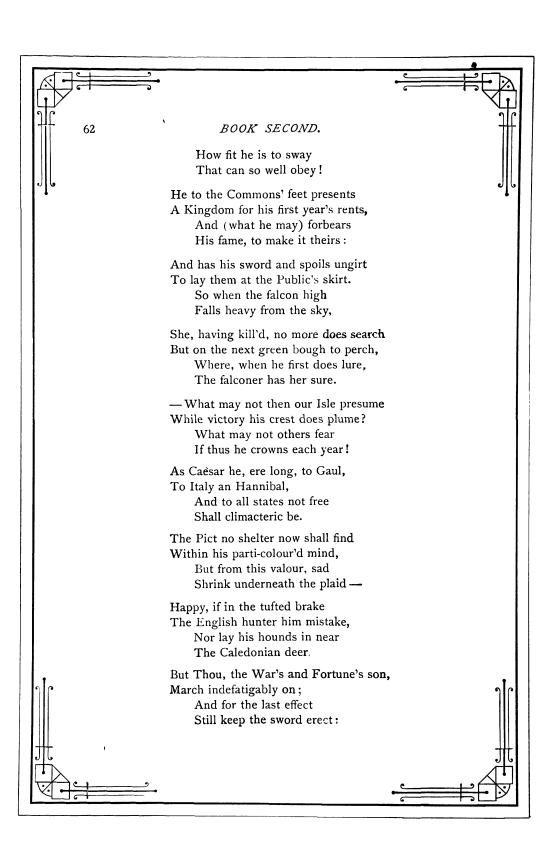
And like the three-fork'd lightning first, Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,

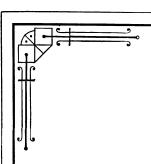












LYCIDAS.

Besides the force it has to fright The spirits of the shady night, The same arts that did gain A power, must it maintain.

A. Marvell.

63

LXVI.

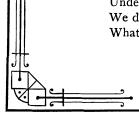
LYCIDAS.

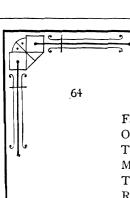
Elegy on a Friend drowned in the Irish Channel.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere, I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude, And with forced fingers rude Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year. Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear Compels me to disturb your season due: For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime, Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer: Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme. He must not float upon his watery bier Unwept, and welter to the parching wind, Without the meed of some melodious tear

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string;
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse:
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn;
And as he passes, turn
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill, Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill. Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd Under the opening eye-lids of the morn, We drove a-field, and both together heard What time the gray fly winds her sultry horn,





Fattening our flocks with the fresh dews of night;
Oft till the star, that rose at evening bright,
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to the oaten flute;
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damoetas loved to hear our song.

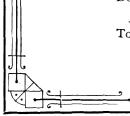
But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone, Now thou art gone, and never must return! Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown, And all their echoes, mourn:

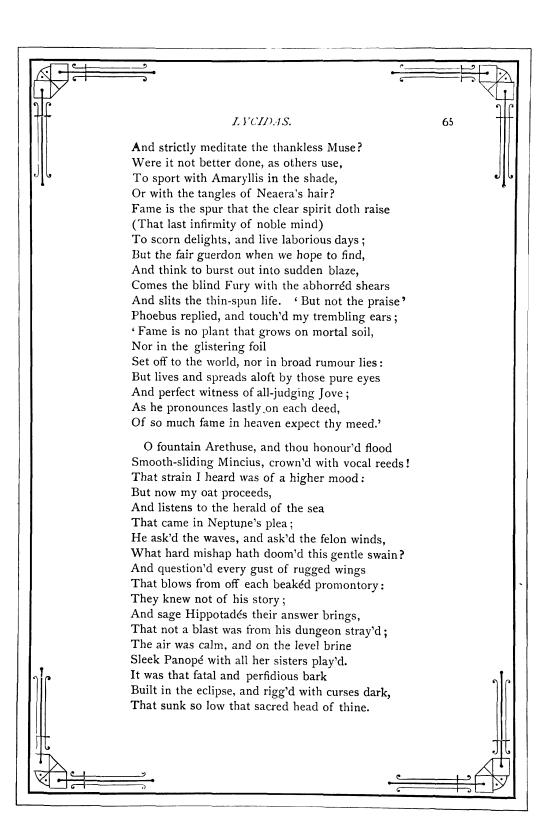
The willows and the hazel copses green
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays:

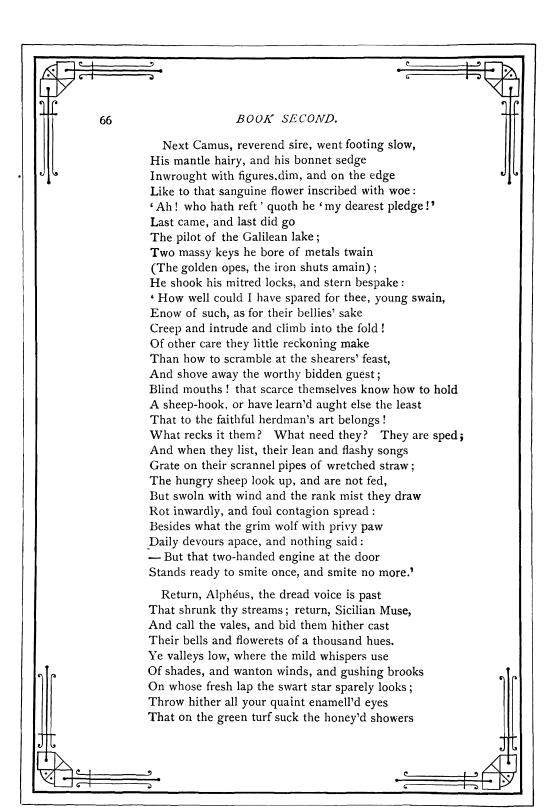
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.

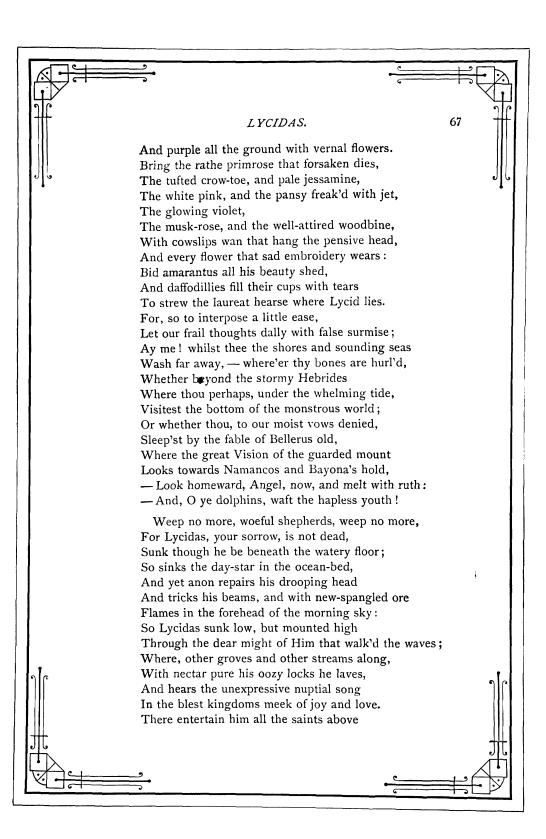
Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas? For neither were ye playing on the steep Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie, Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high, Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream: Ay me! I fondly dream — Had ye been there — for what could that have done? What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore The Muse herself, for her enchanting son, Whom universal nature did lament, When by the rout that made the hideous roar His gory visage down the stream was sent, Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

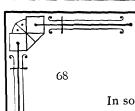
Alas! what boots it with incessant care To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade











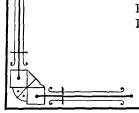
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing, in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

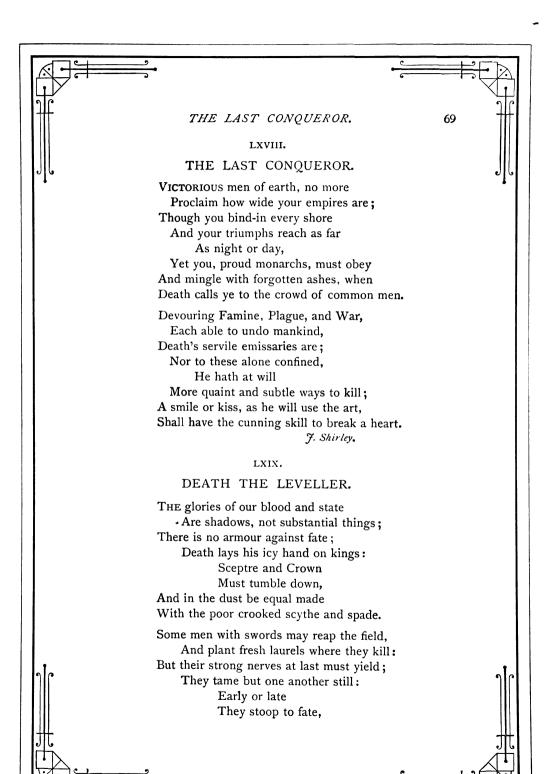
Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills, While the still morn went out with sandals gray; He touch'd the tender stops of various quills, With eager thought warbling his Doric lay: And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills, And now was dropt into the western bay: At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue: To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new. F. Millon.

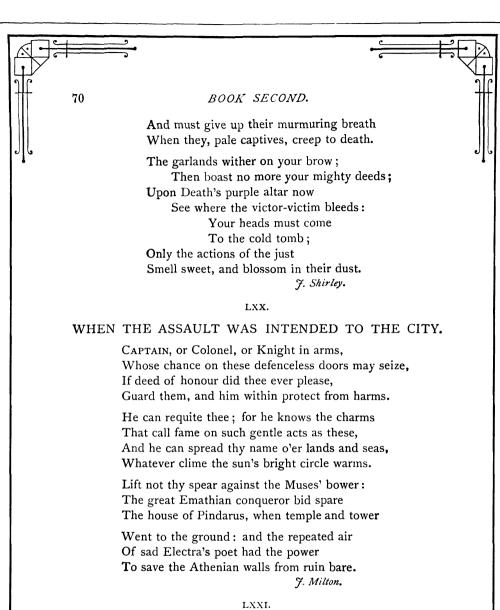
LXVII.

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

MORTALITY, behold and fear What a change of flesh is here! Think how many royal bones Sleep within these heaps of stones; Here they lie, had realms and lands, Who now want strength to stir their hands, Where from their pulpits seal'd with dust They preach, 'In greatness is no trust.' Here's an acre sown indeed With the richest royallest seed That the earth did e'er suck in Since the first man died for sin: Here the bones of birth have cried 'Though gods they were, as men they died!' Here are sands, ignoble things, Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings: Here's a world of pomp and state Buried in dust, once dead by fate. F. Beaumont.

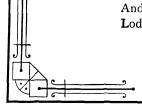


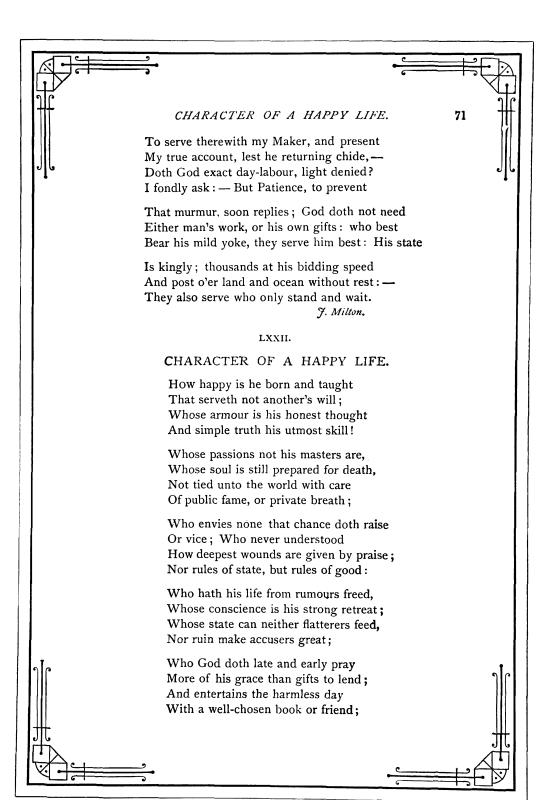


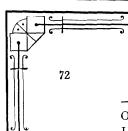


ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide. And that one talent which is death to hide Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent







— This man is freed from servile bands Of hope to rise, or fear to fall; Lord of himself, though not of lands; And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir H. Wotton.

LXXIII.

THE NOBLE NATURE.

IT is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make Man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:

A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

B. Fonson.

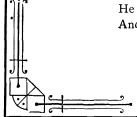
LXXIV

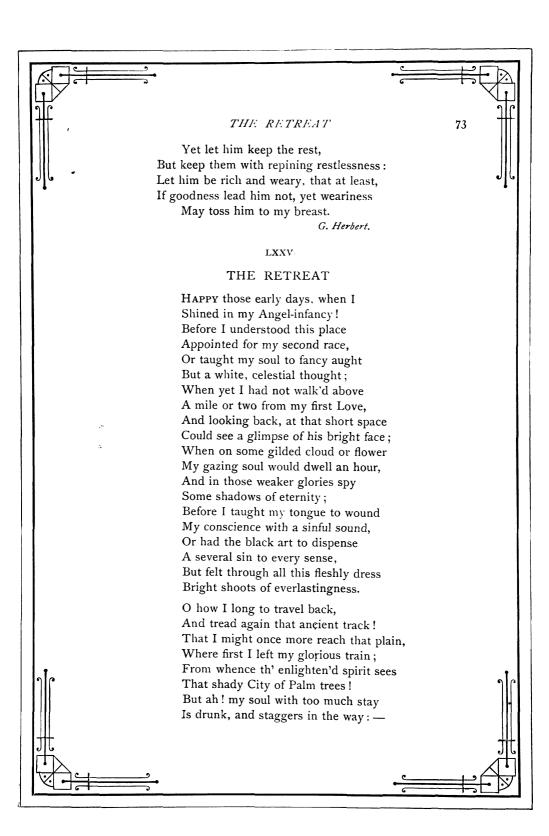
THE GIFTS OF GOD.

When God at first made Man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by;
Let us (said he) pour on him all we can:
Let the world's riches, which disperséd lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way;
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay.
Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said he)
Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature
So both should losers be.





Some men a forward motion love, But I by backward steps would move; And when this dust falls to the urn, In that state I came, return.

H. Vaughan.

LXXVI.

TO MR. LAWRENCE.

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son, Now that the fields are dank and ways are mire, Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire Help waste a sullen day, what may be won

From the hard season gaining? Time will run On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.

What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice, Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice

Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

7. Milton.

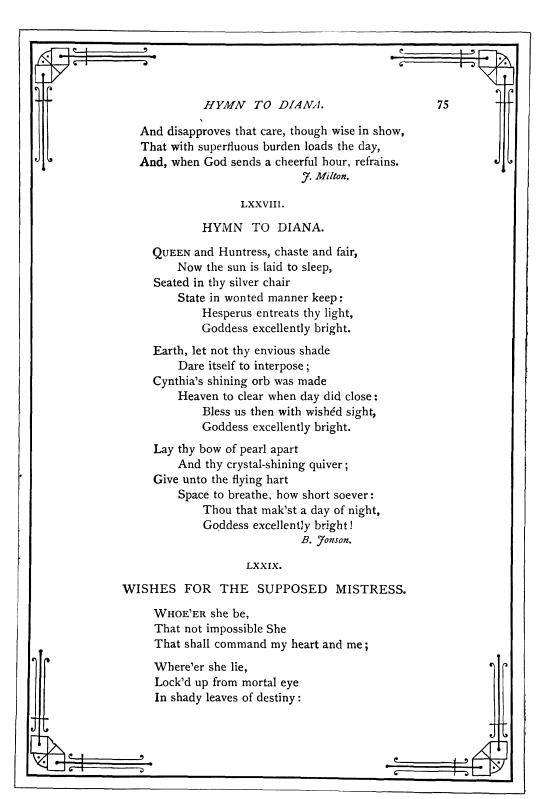
LXXVII.

TO CYRIACK SKINNER.

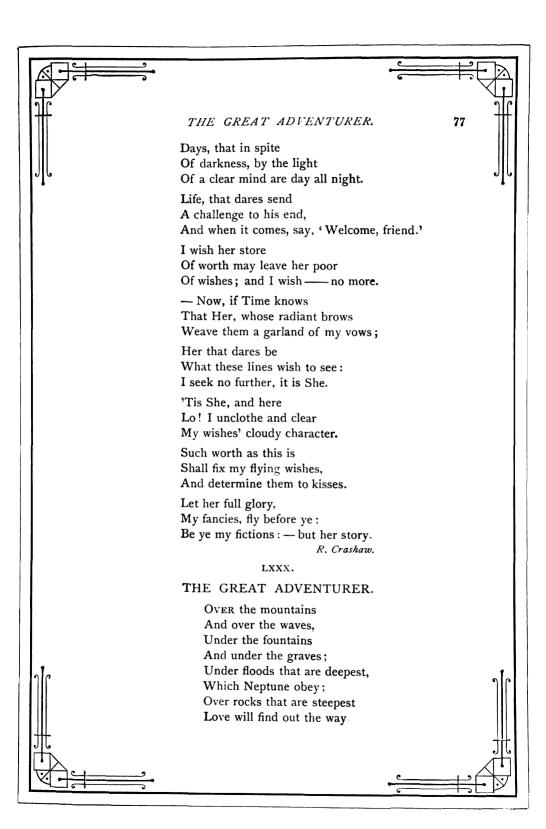
CYRIACK, whose grandsire, on the royal bench Of British Themis, with no mean applause Pronounced, and in his volumes taught, our laws, Which others at their bar so often wrench;

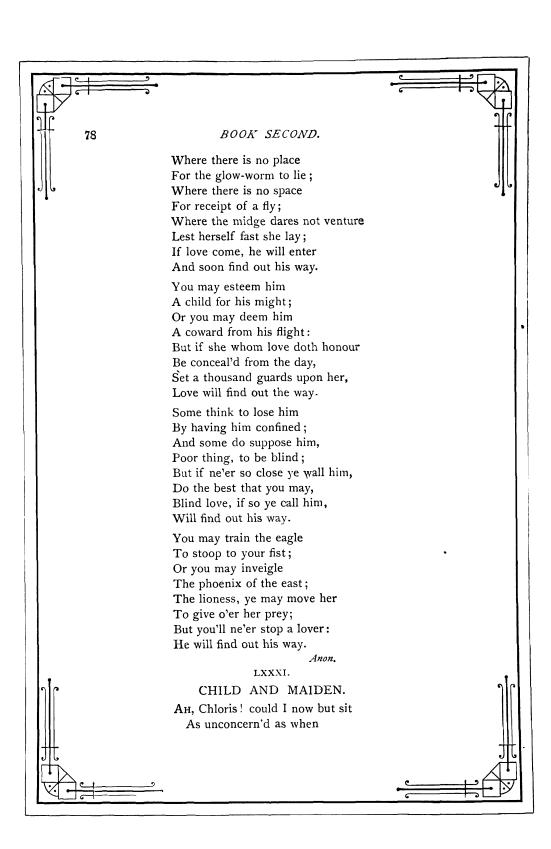
To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench In mirth, that after no repenting draws; Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause, And what the Swede intends, and what the French.

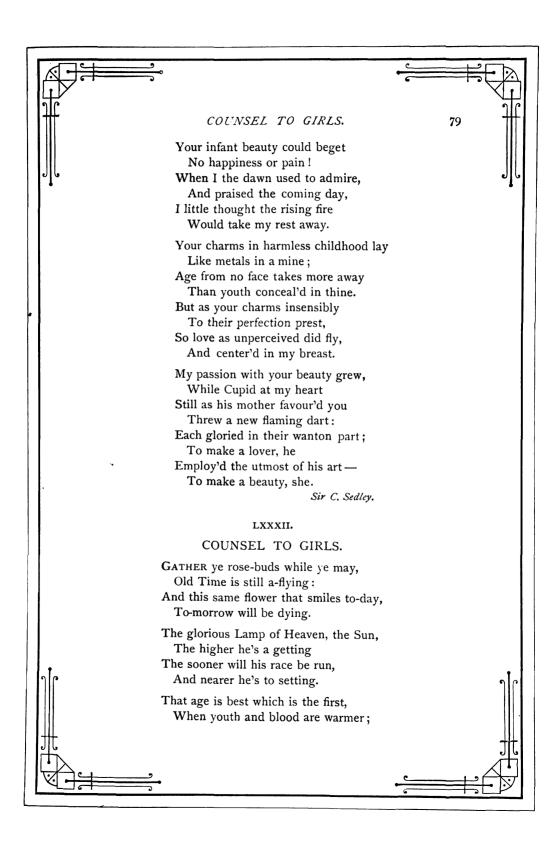
To measure life learn thou betimes, and know Toward solid good what leads the nearest way; For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,

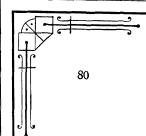












But being spent, the worse, and worst Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time;
And while ye may, go marry:
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

R. Herrick.

LXXXIII.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind That from the nunnery Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind, To war and arms I fly

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more.

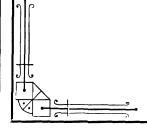
Colonel Lovelace.

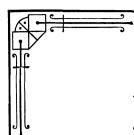
LXXXIV.

ELIZABETH OF BOHEMIA.

You meaner beauties of the night,
Which poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you, when the Moon shall rise?

Ye violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known
Like the proud virgins of the year
As if the spring were all your own, -What are you, when the Rose is blown?





TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

Ve curious chanters of the wood That warble forth dame Nature's lavs. Thinking your passions understood By your weak accents; what's your praise When Philomel her voice doth raise?

So when my Mistress shall be seen In sweetness of her looks and mind, By virtue first, then choice, a Queen, Tell me, if she were not design'd Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

Sir H. Wotton.

LXXXV.

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

DAUGHTER to that good earl, once President Of England's council and her treasury, Who lived in both, unstain'd with gold or fee, And left them both, more in himself content,

Till the sad breaking of that parliament Broke him, as that dishonest victory At Chaeronea, fatal to liberty, Kill'd with report that old man eloquent; —

Though later born than to have known the days Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you, Madam, methinks I see him living yet;

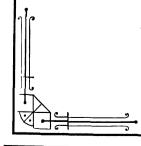
So well your words his noble virtues praise, That all both judge you to relate them true, And to possess them, honour'd Margaret.

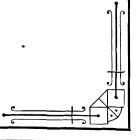
J. Milton.

LXXXVI.

THE LOVELINESS OF LOVE.

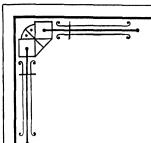
It is not Beauty I demand, A crystal brow, the moon's despair, Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand, Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair:





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THE TRUE BEAUTY

83

That, when my spirit wonn'd above, Hers could not stay, for sympathy.

Anon.

LXXXVII.

THE TRUE BEAUTY.

He that loves a rosy cheek
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.
But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires:—
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

T. Carew.

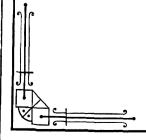
LXXXVIII. TO DIANEME.

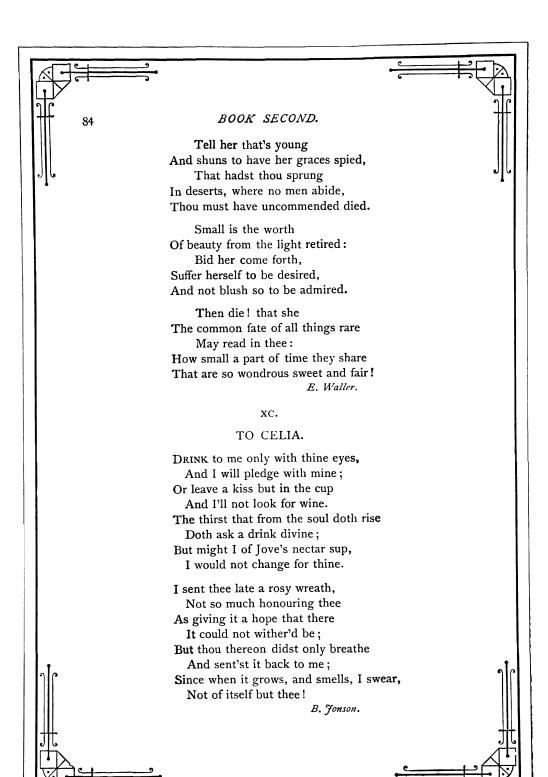
Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes Which starlike sparkle in their skies; Nor be you proud, that you can see All hearts your captives; yours yet free: Be you not proud of that rich hair Which wantons with the lovesick air; Whenas that ruby which you wear, Sunk from the tip of your soft ear, Will last to be a precious stone When all your world of beauty's gone.

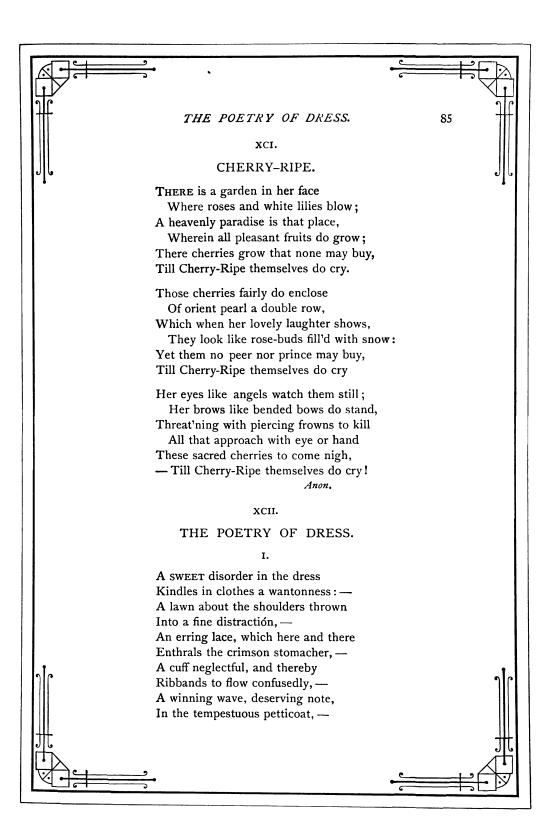
R. Herrick.

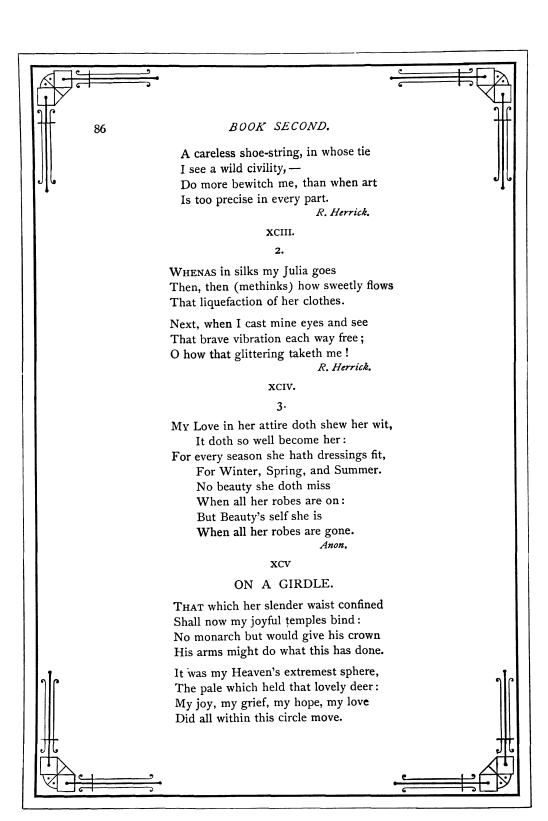
LXXXIX.

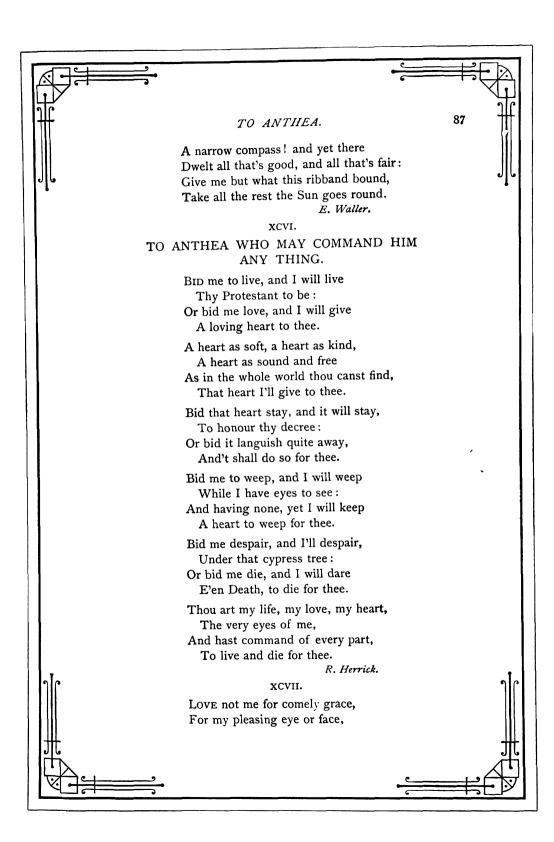
Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time and me.
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

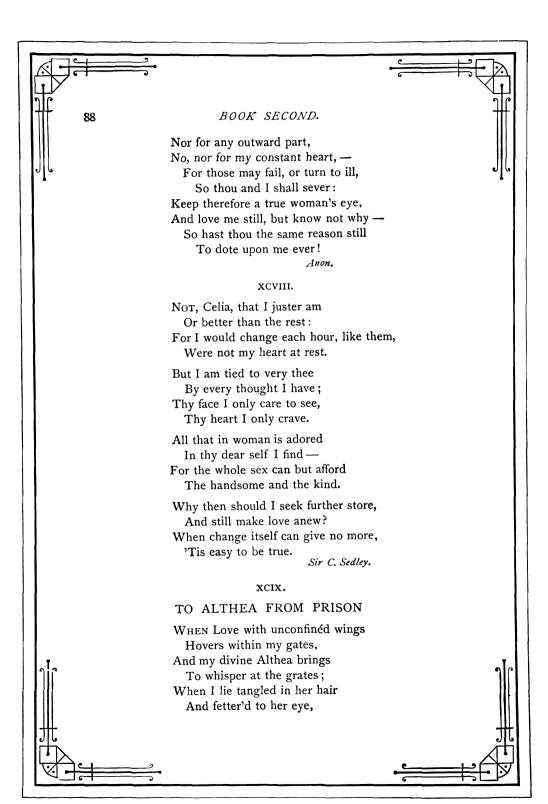


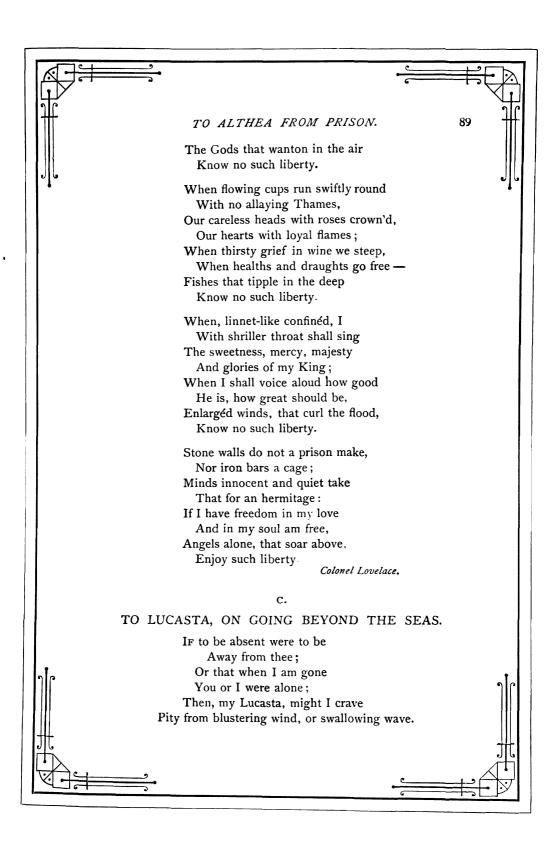


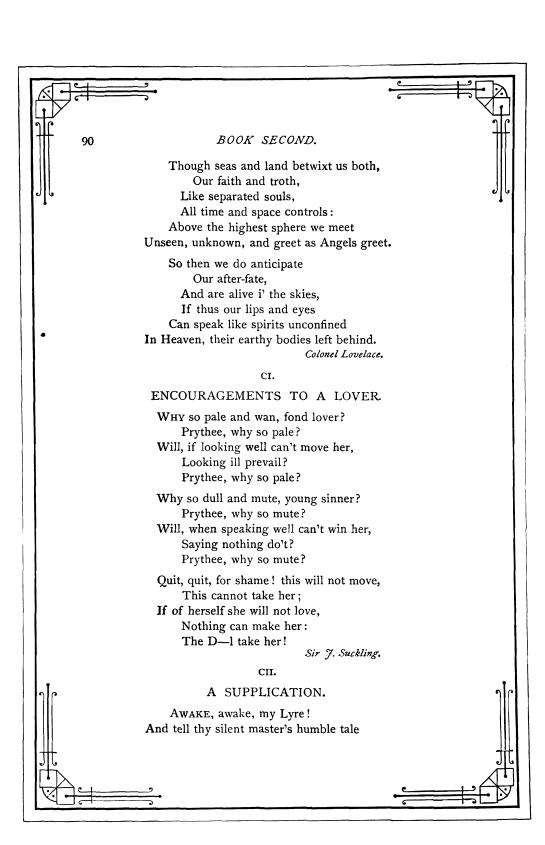






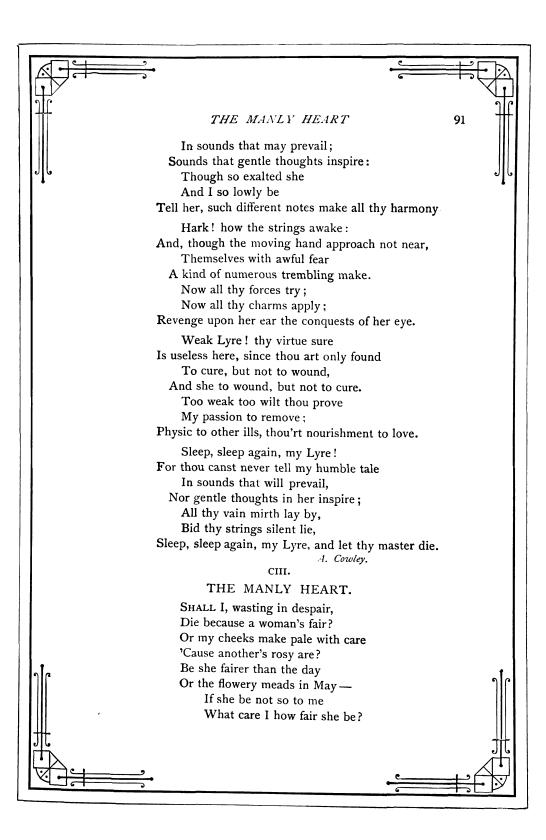


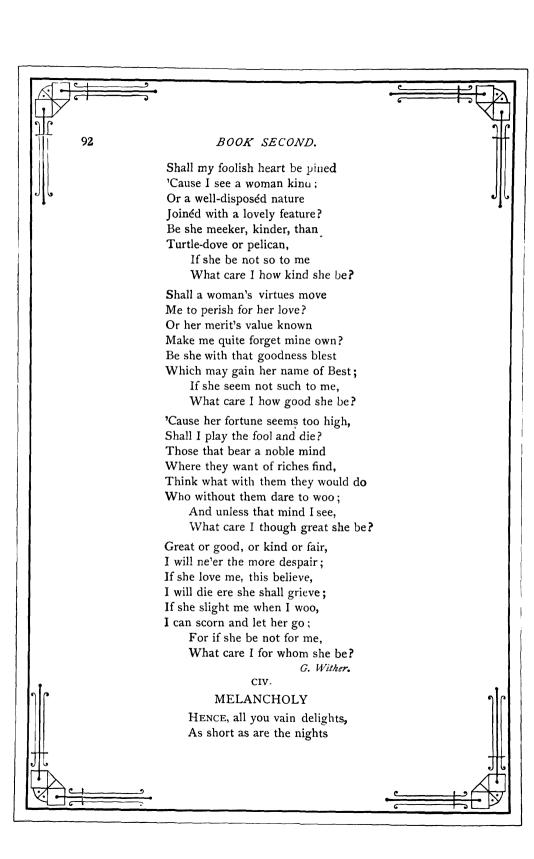


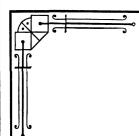




"Awake, awake, my Lyre!
And tell thy silent master's humble tale." — Page 90.







TO A LOCK OF HAIR.

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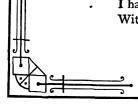
Wherein you spend your folly: There's nought in this life sweet If man were wise to see't, But only melancholy, O sweetest Melancholy! Welcome, folded arms, and fixéd eyes, A sigh that piercing mortifies, A look that's fasten'd to the ground, A tongue chain'd up without a sound! Fountain heads and pathless groves, Places which pale passion loves! Moonlight walks, when all the fowls Are warmly housed save bats and owls! A midnight bell, a parting groan! These are the sounds we feed upon; Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley; Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy. 7. Fletcher.

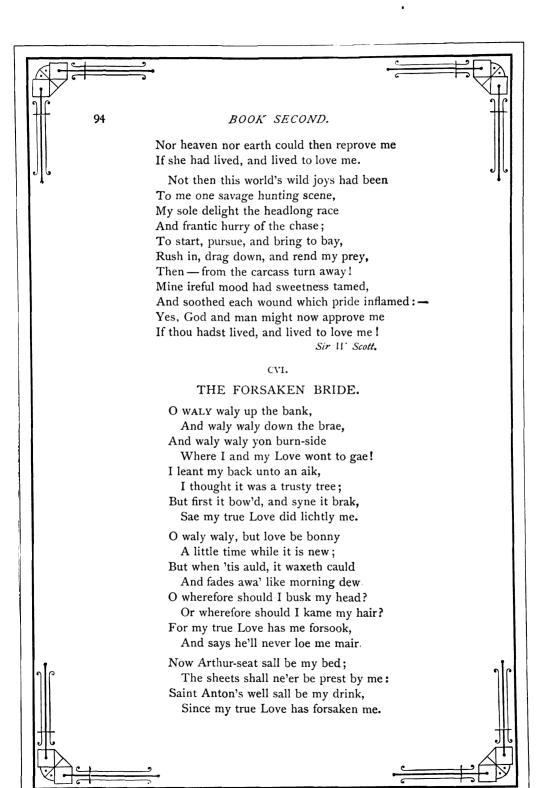
cv.

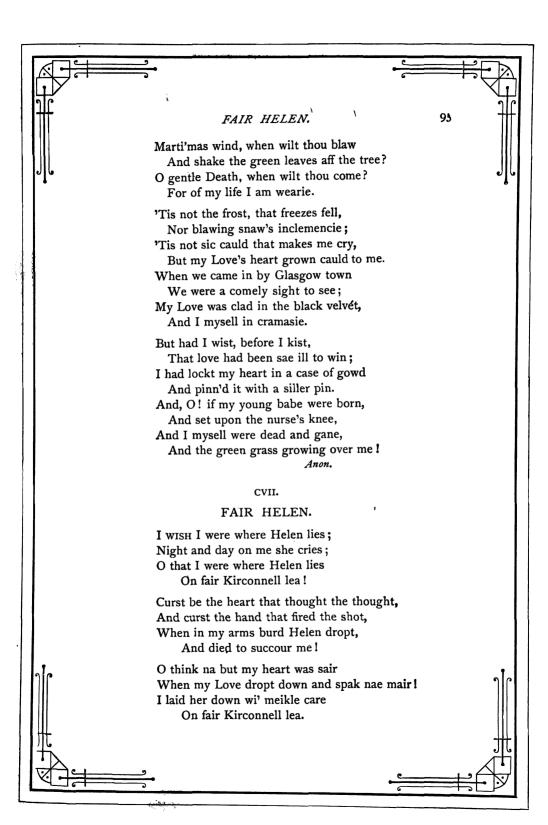
TO A LOCK OF HAIR.

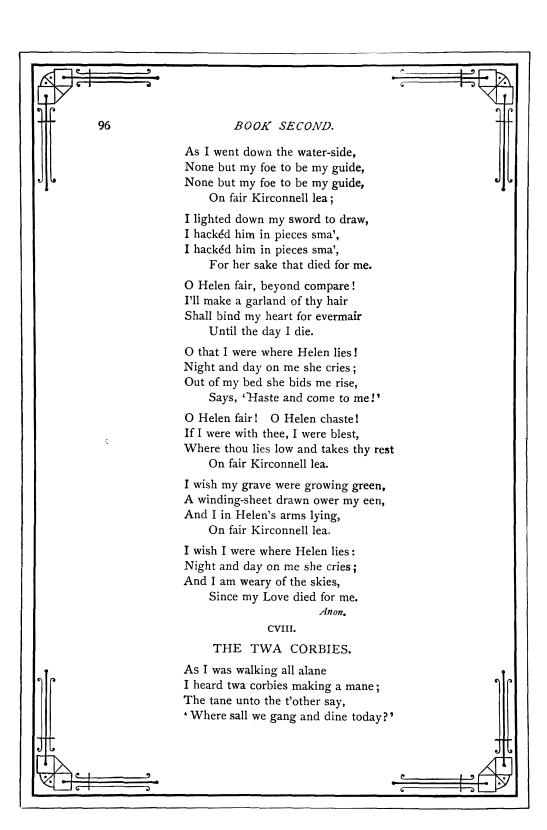
Thy hue, dear pledge, is pure and bright As in that well-remember'd night When first thy mystic braid was wove, And first my Agnes whisper'd love.

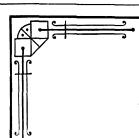
Since then how often hast thou prest
The torrid zone of this wild breast,
Whose wrath and hate have sworn to dwell
With the first sin that peopled hell;
A breast whose blood's a troubled ocean,
Each throb the earthquake's wild commotion!
O if such clime thou canst endure
Yet keep thy hue unstain'd and pure,
What conquest o'er each erring thought
Of that fierce realm had Agnes wrought!
I had not wander'd far and wide
With such an angel for my guide;



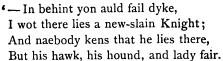








TO BLOSSOMS,



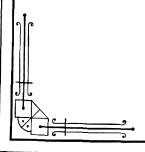
- 'His hound is to the hunting gane, His hawk to fetch the wild fowl hame, His lady's ta'en another mate, So we may mak our dinner sweet.
- 'Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane, And I'll pick out his bonny blue een: Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.
- 'Mony a one for him makes mane, But nane sall ken where he is gane; O'er his white banes, when they are bare, The wind sall blaw for evermair.'

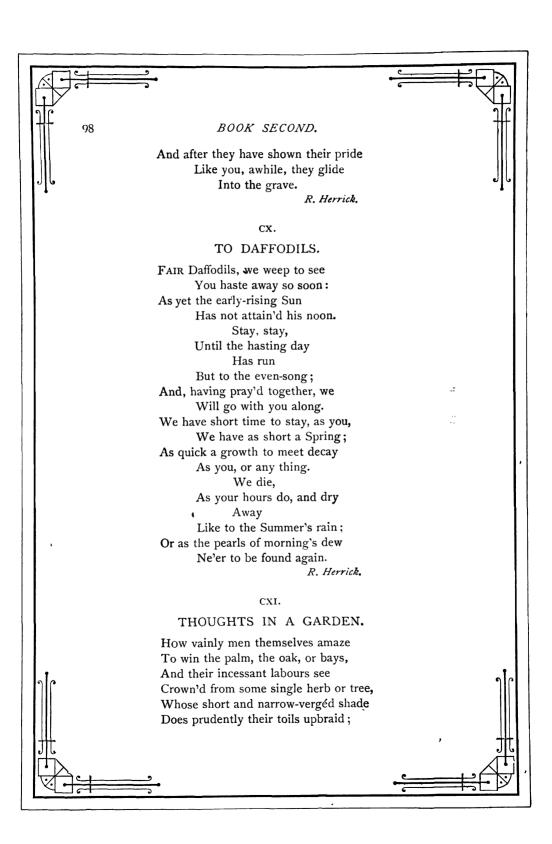
CIX. TO BLOSSOMS.

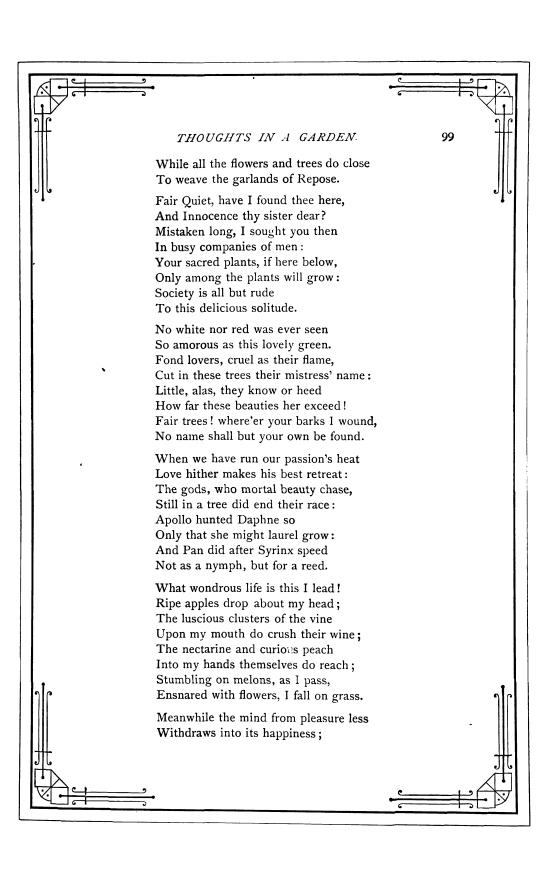
FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

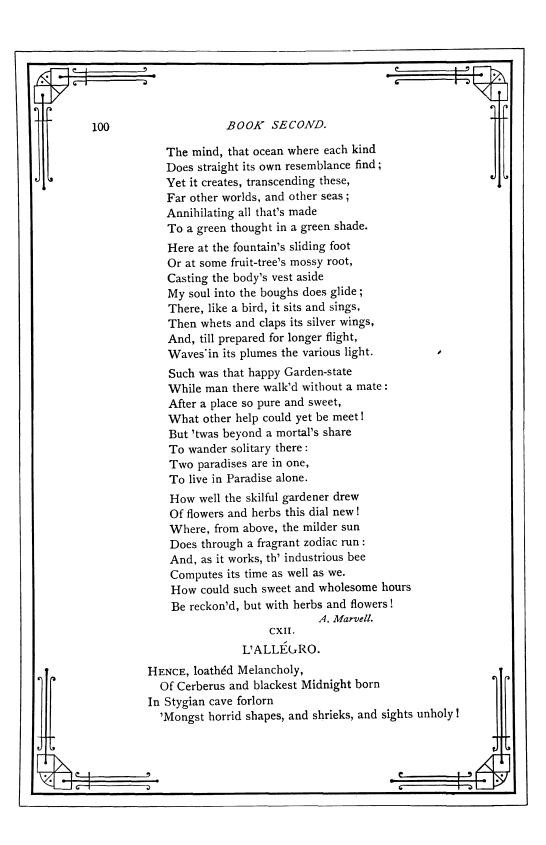
What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:

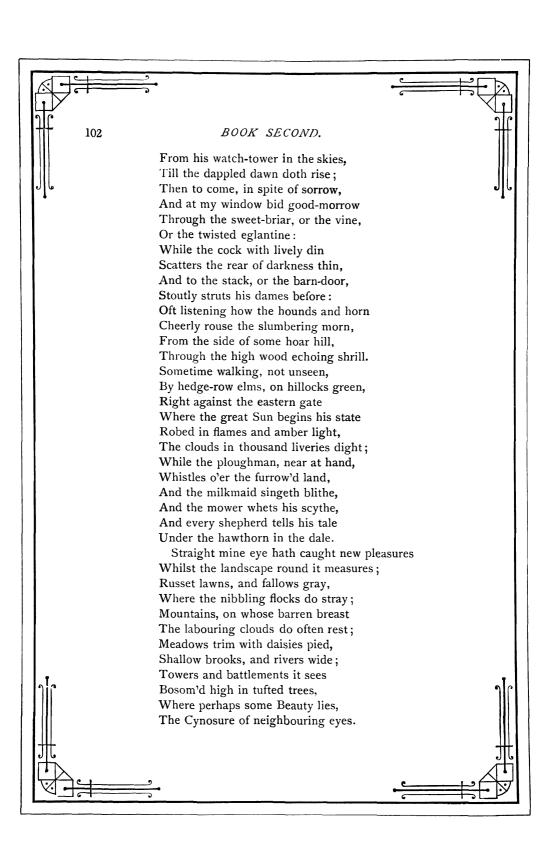


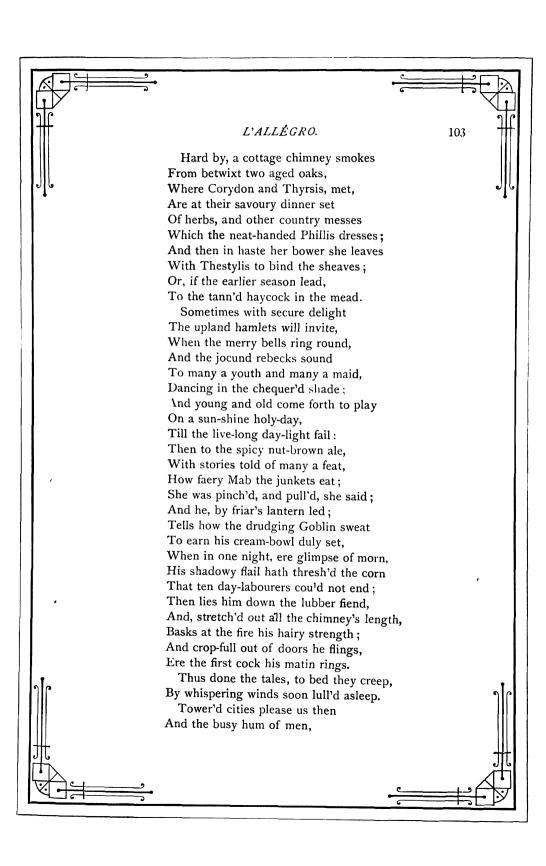


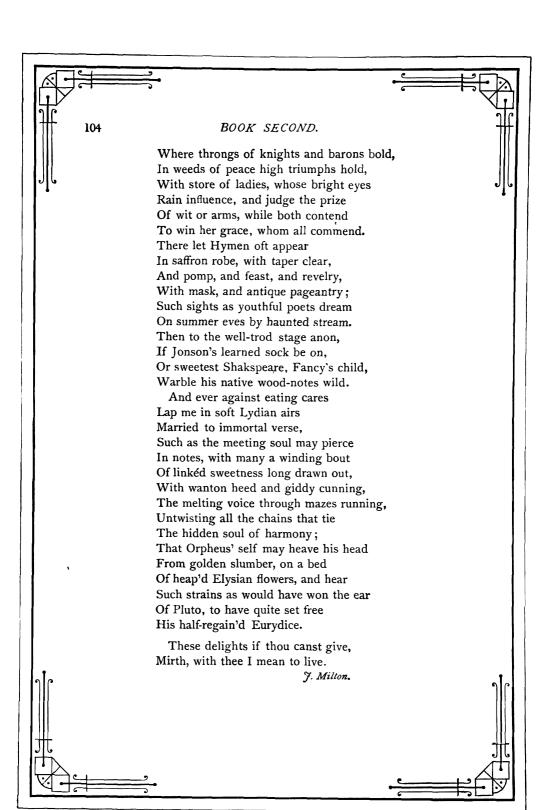


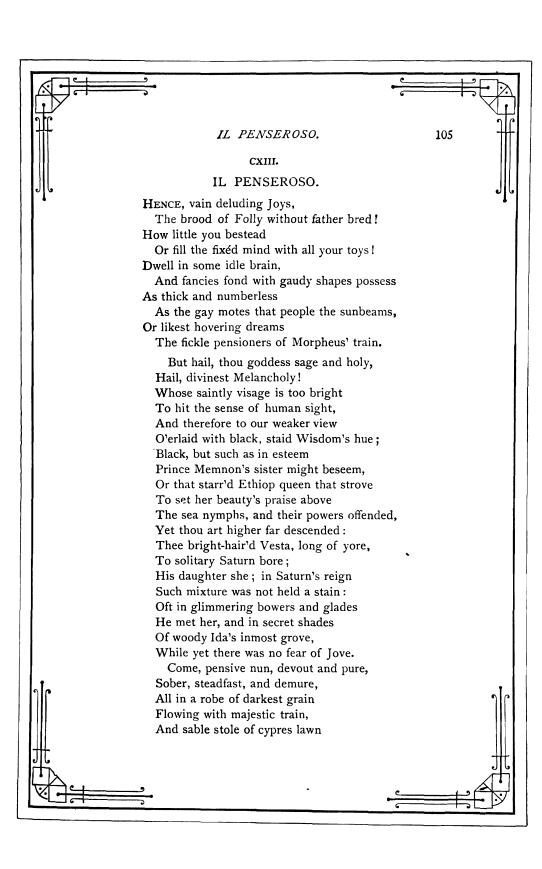


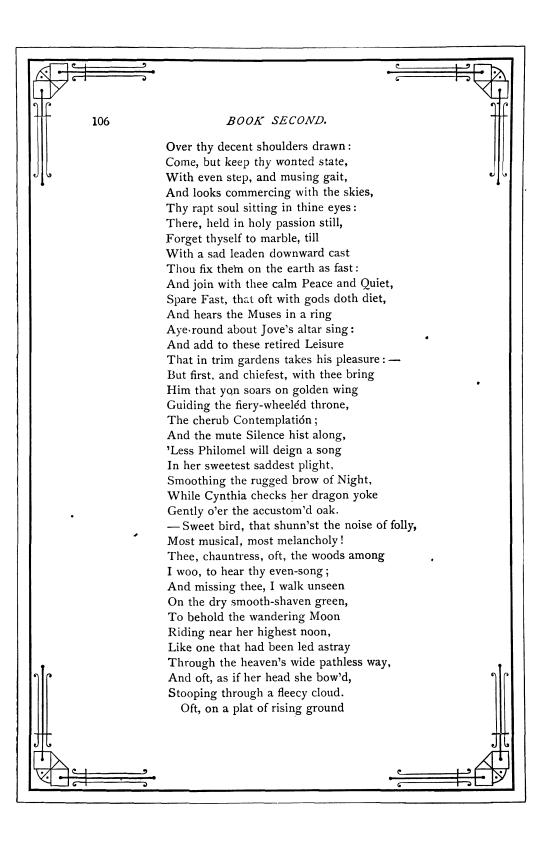


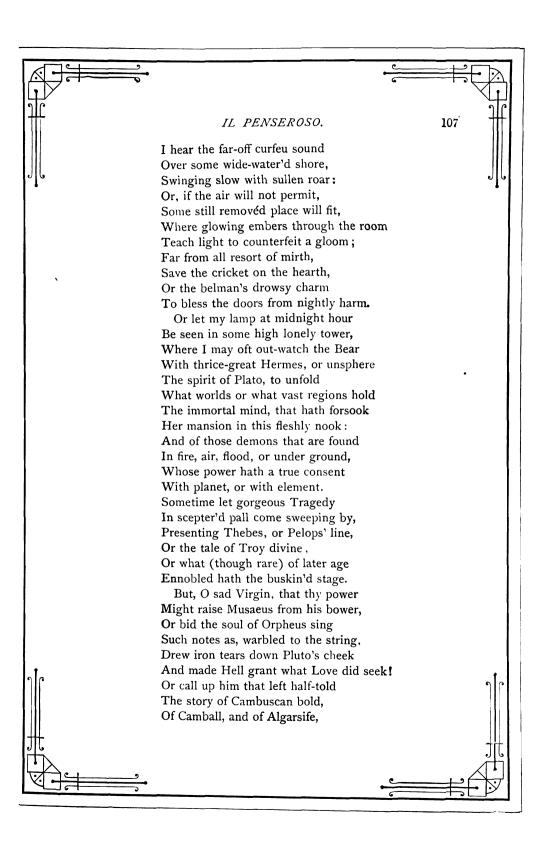


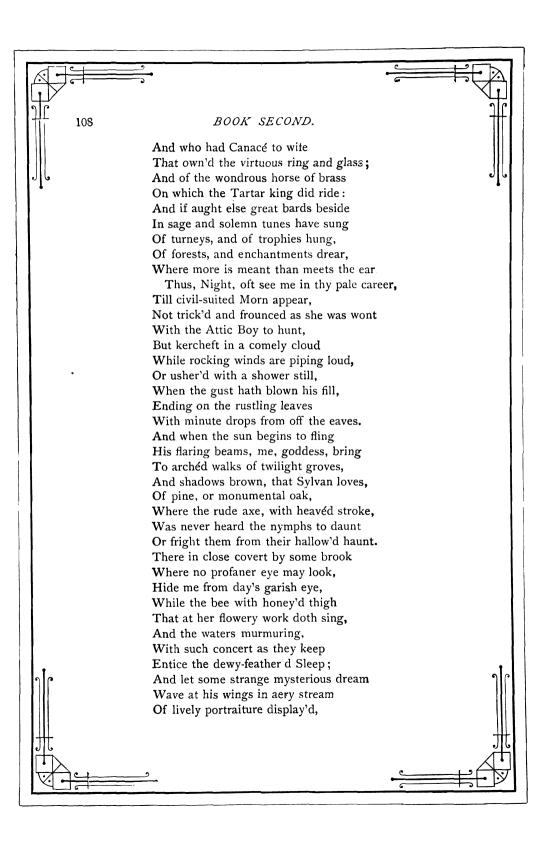


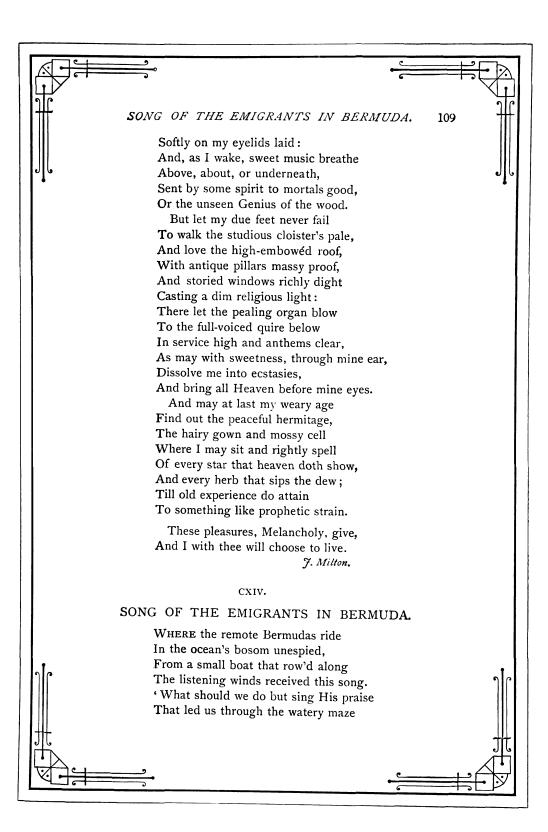


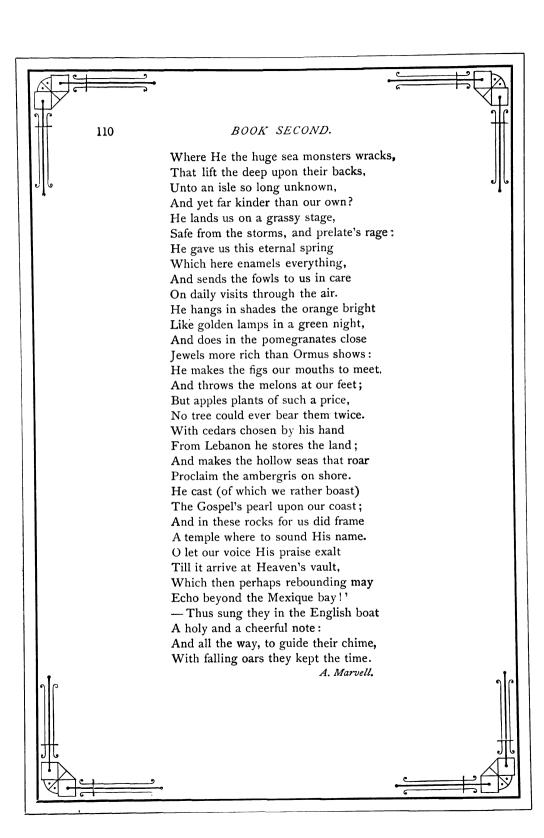


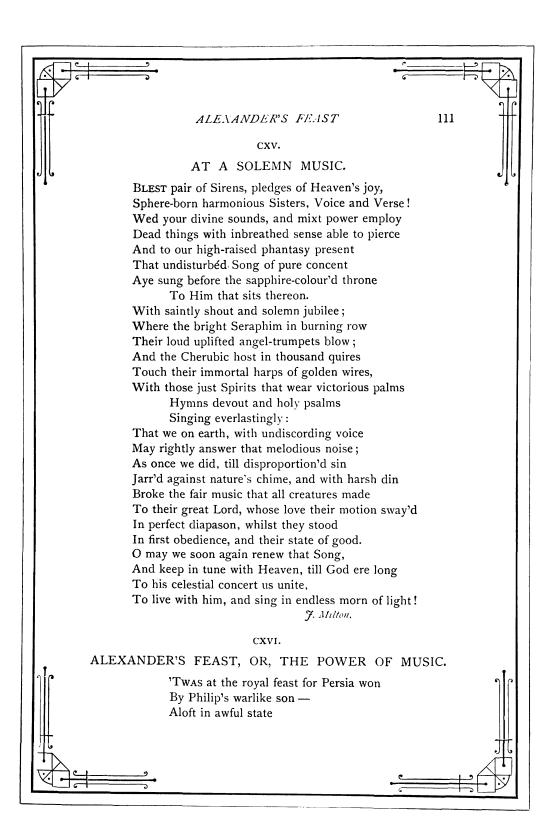


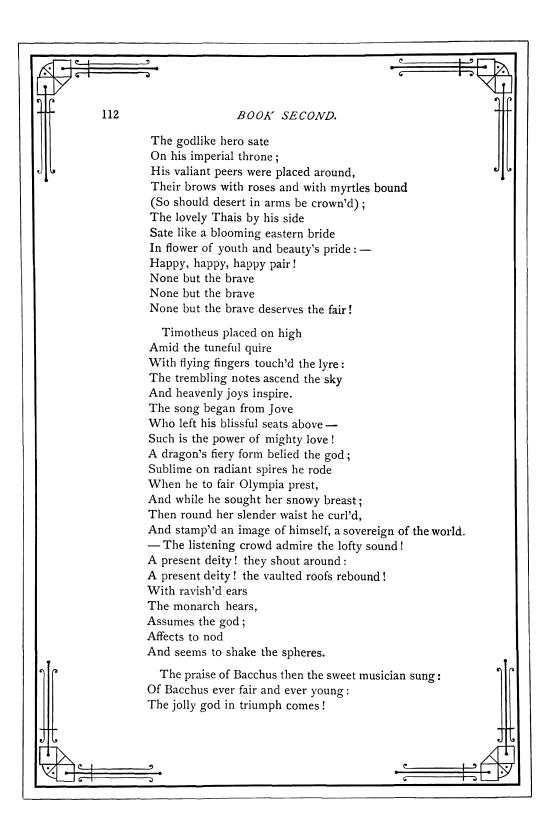


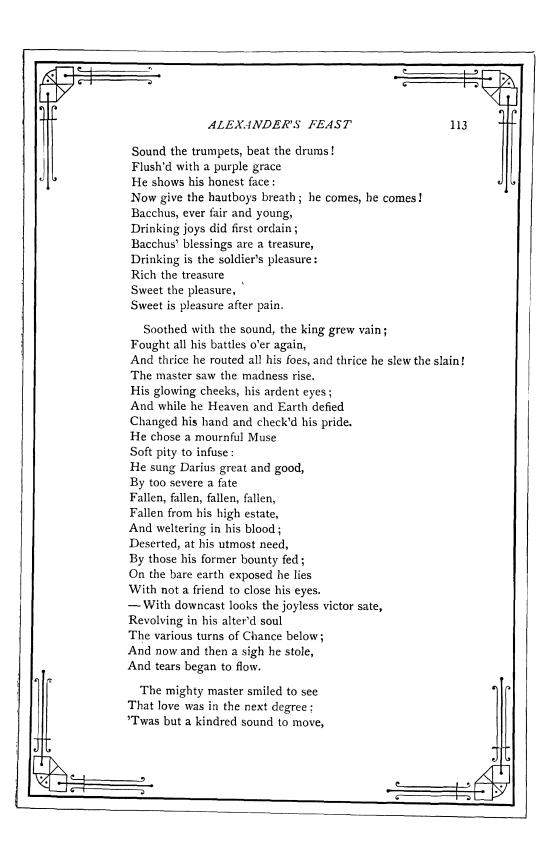


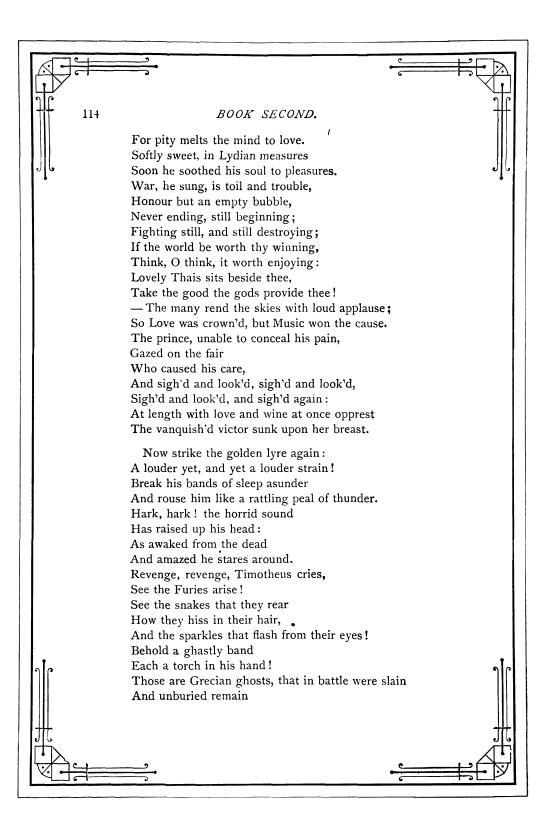


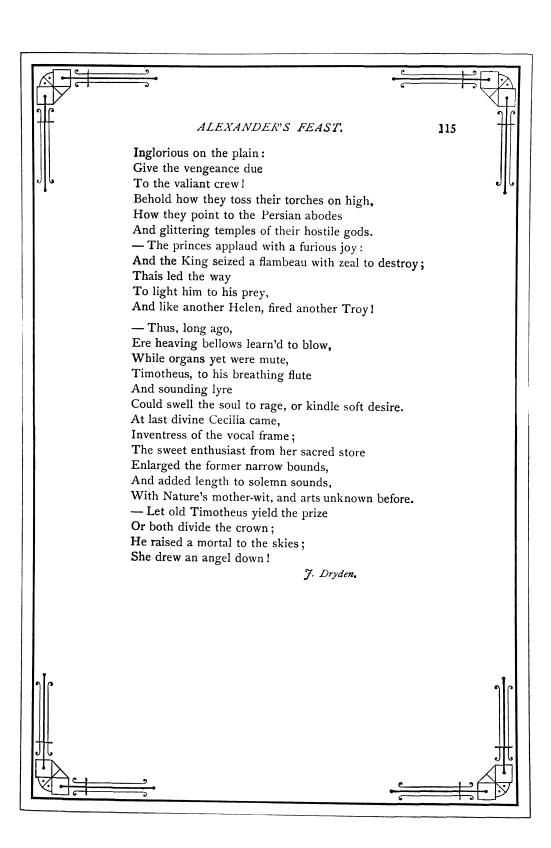


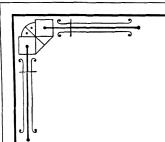


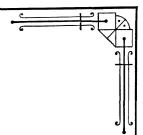












THE GOLDEN TREASURY.

Book Third.

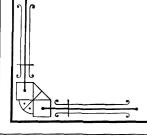
CXVII.

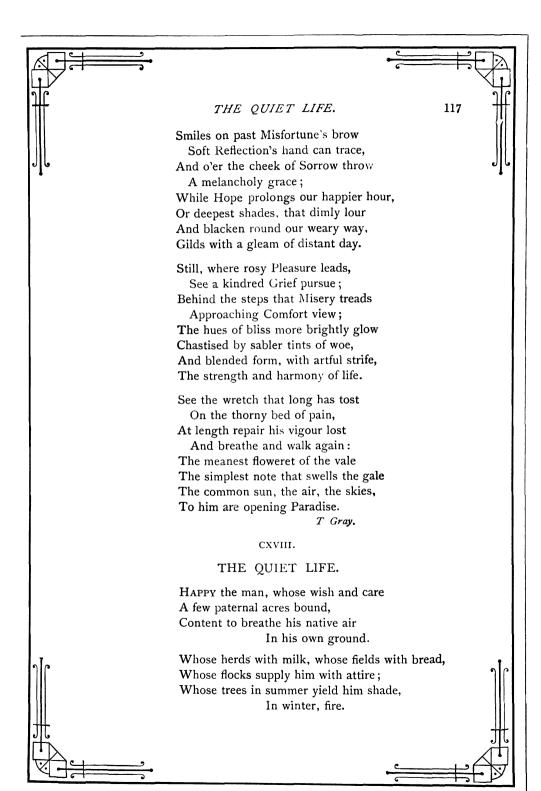
ODE ON THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM VICISSITUDE.

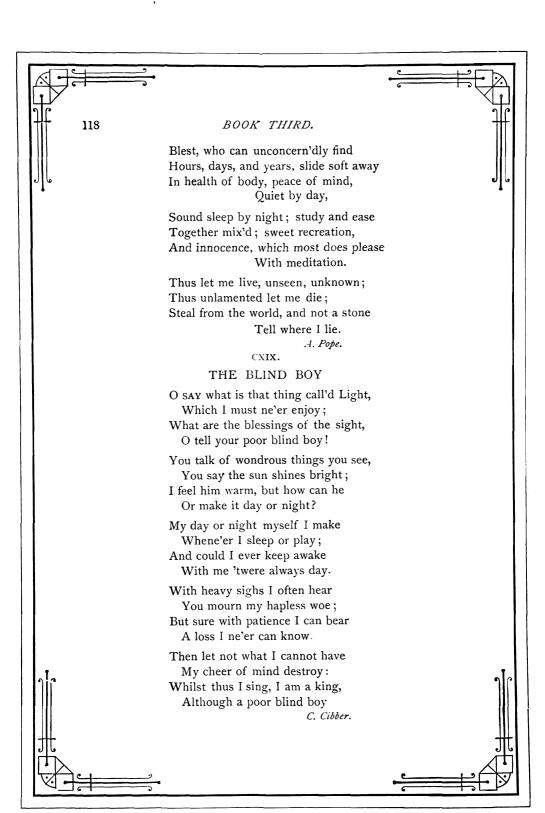
Now the golden Morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermeil cheek and whisper soft
She woos the tardy Spring:
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground,
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

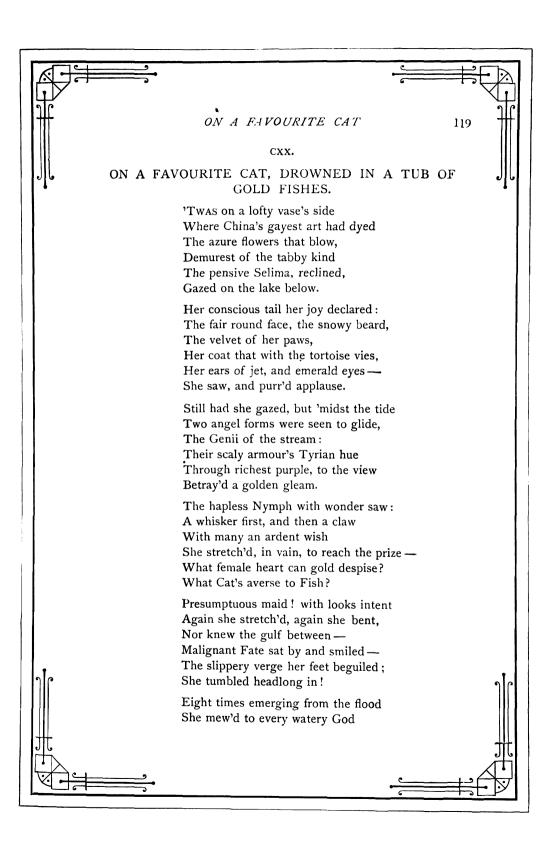
New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet;
Forgetful of their wintry trance
The birds his presence greet:
But chief, the sky-lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstasy;
And lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

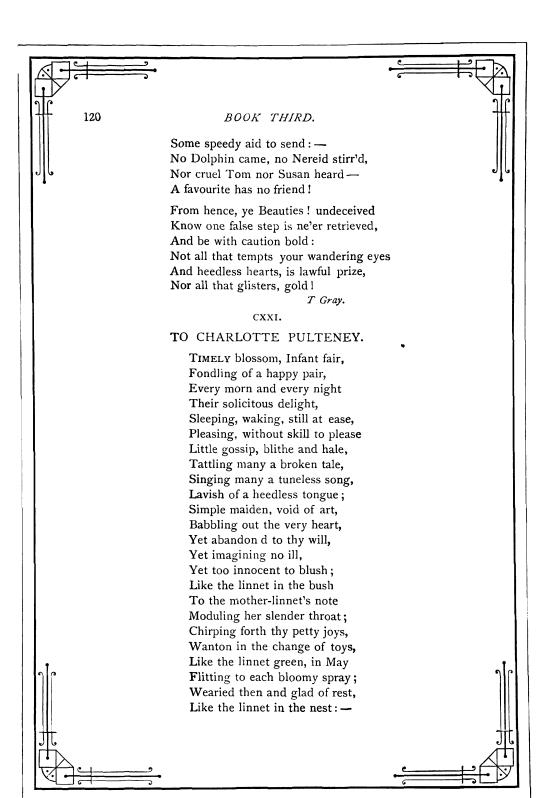
Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by:
Their raptures now that wildly flow
No yesterday nor morrow know;
'Tis Man alone that joy descries
With forward and reverted eyes.

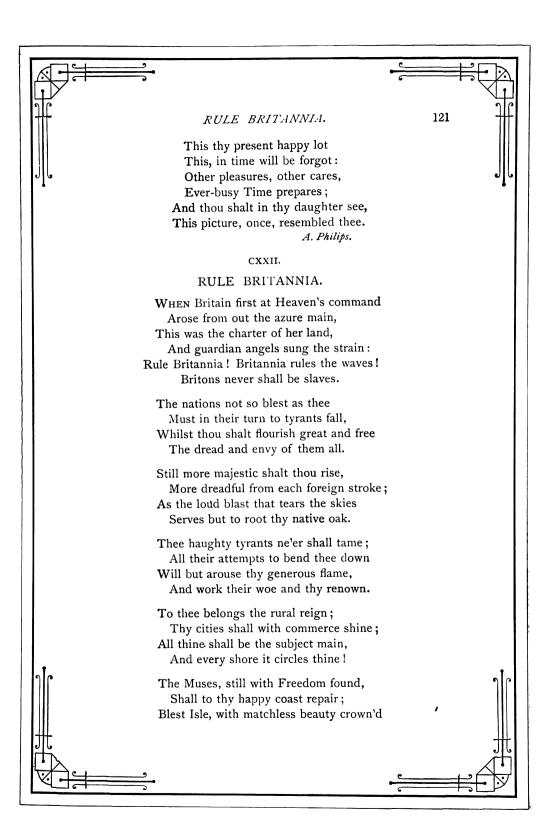


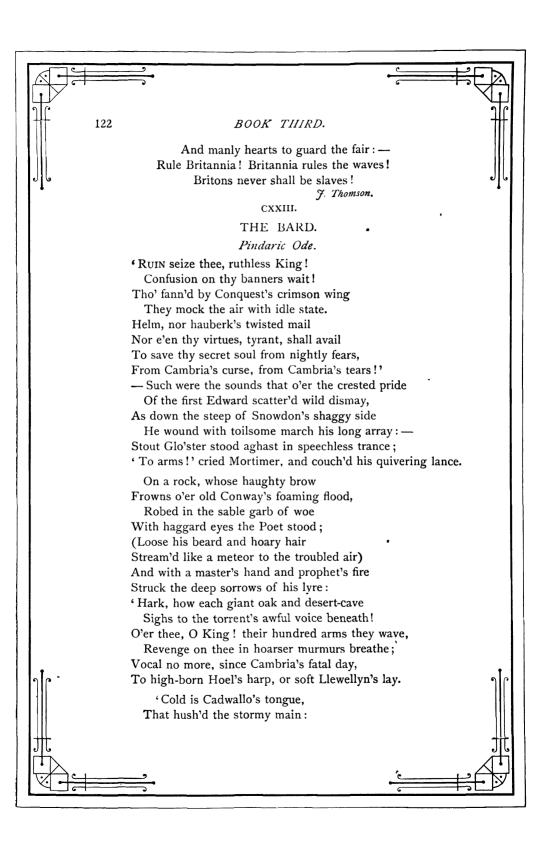






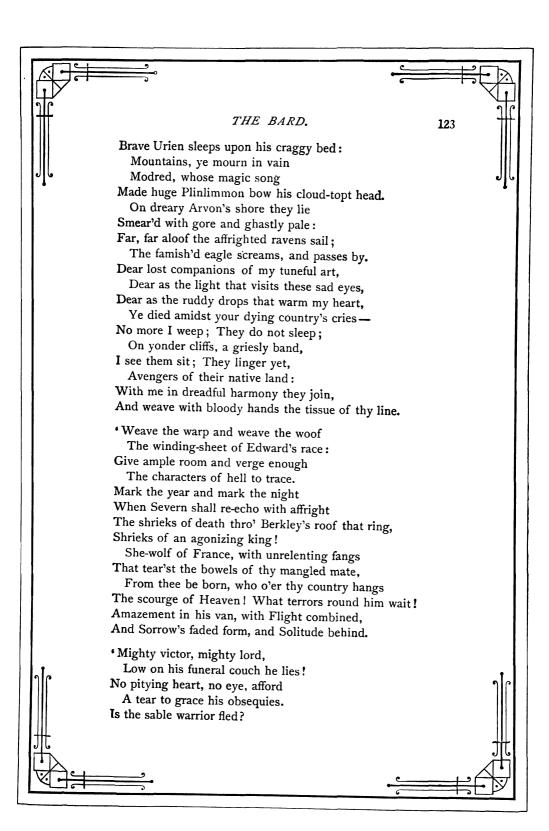


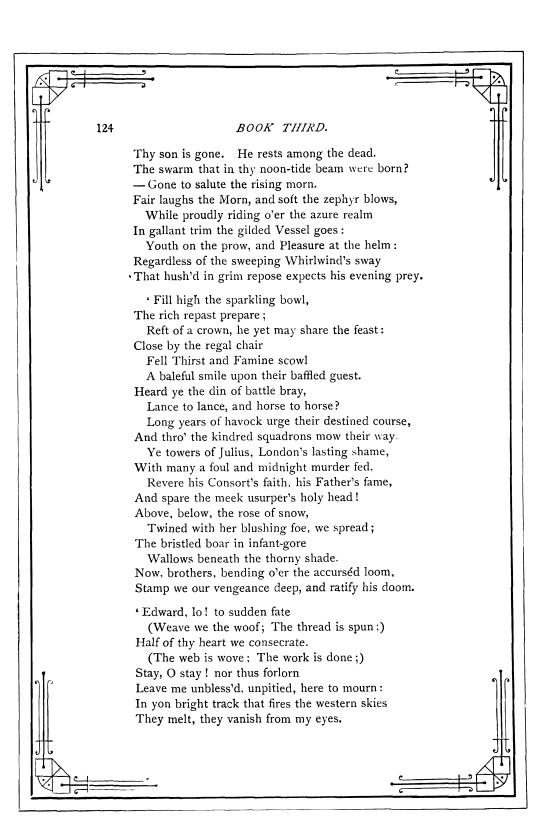


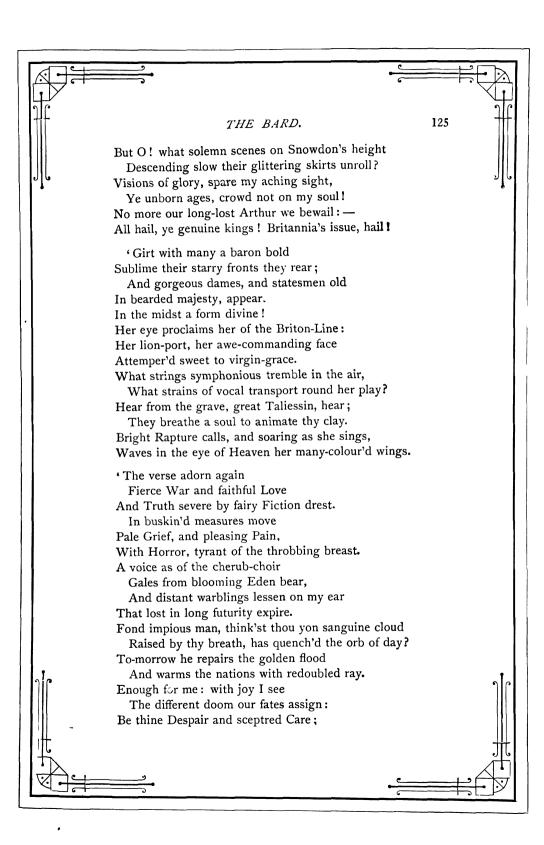


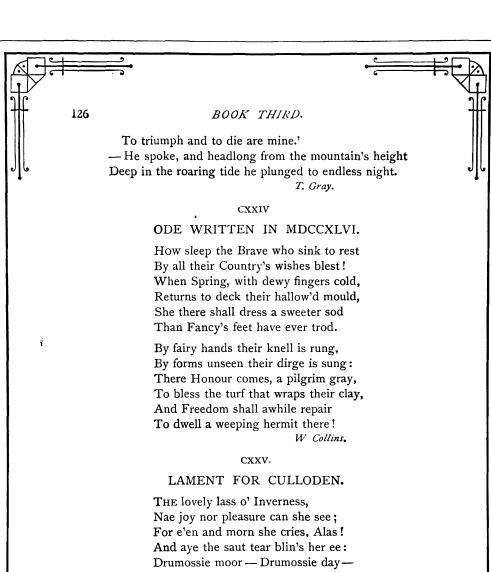


"Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait!" — Page 122.



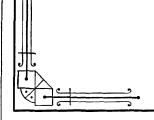


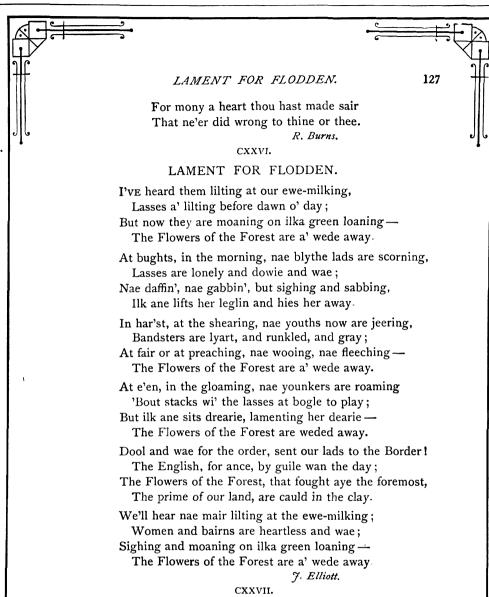




A waefu' day it was to me! For there I lost my father dear, My father dear, and brethren three.

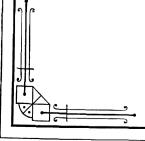
Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay, Their graves are growing green to see: And by them lies the dearest lad That ever blest a woman's ee! Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord, A bluidy man I trow thou be;

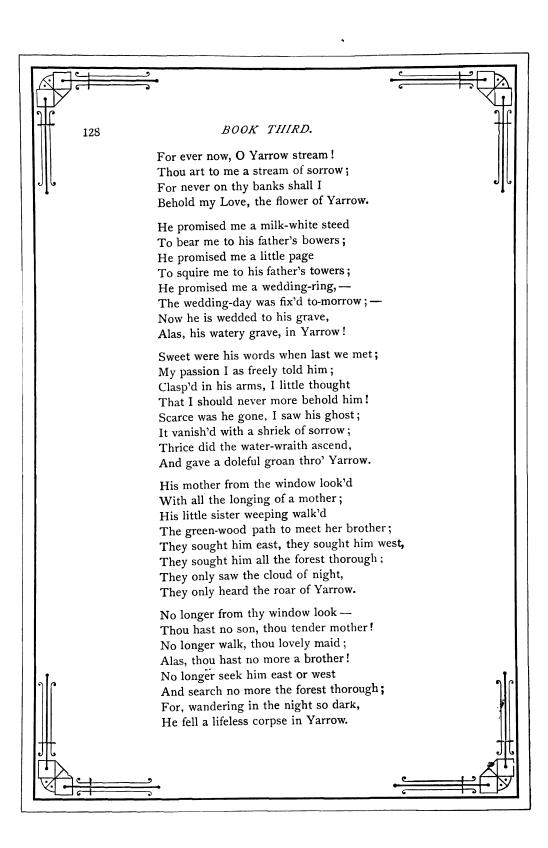


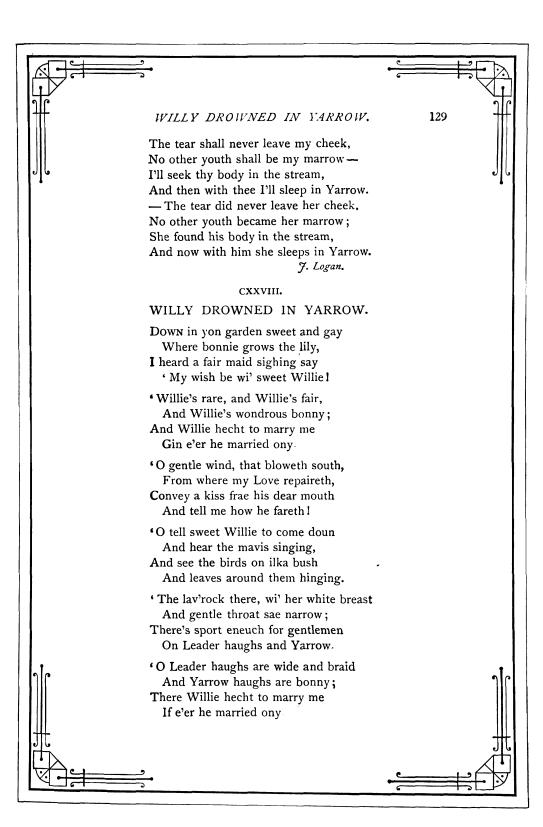


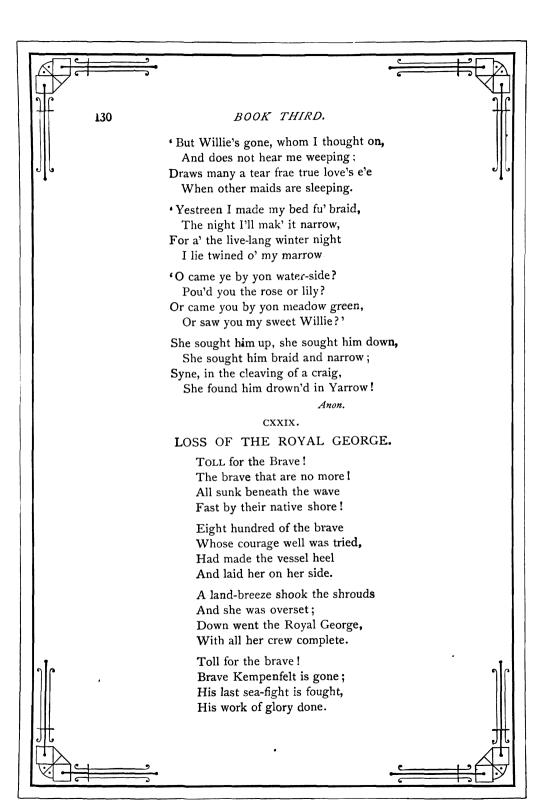
THE BRAES OF YARROW.

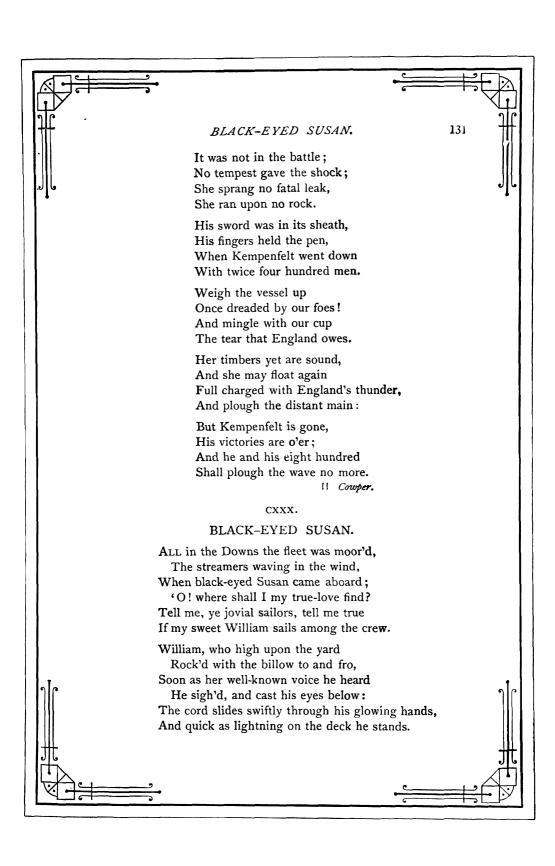
THY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream, When first on them I met my lover; Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream, When now thy waves his body cover!

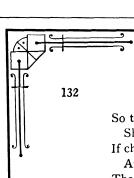












BOOK THIRD.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air, Shuts close his pinions to his breast If chance his mate's shrill call he hear, And drops at once into her nest:—

The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;

Let me kiss off that falling tear; We only part to meet again.

Change as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be The faithful compass that still points to thee.

'Believe not what the landmen say

Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind:

They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,

In every port a mistress find:

Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so, For Thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

'If to fair India's coast we sail,

Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,

Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,

Thy skin is ivory so white.

Thus every beauteous object that I view Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

'Though battle call me from thy arms Let not my pretty Susan mourn;

Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms

William shall to his Dear return.

Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,

Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.'

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,

The sails their swelling bosom spread;

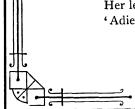
No longer must she stay aboard;

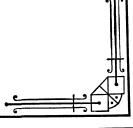
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.

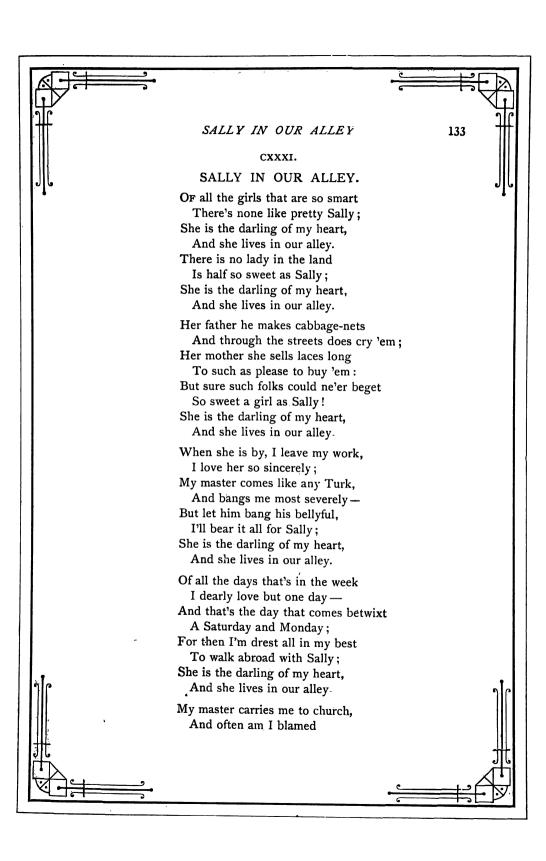
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land;

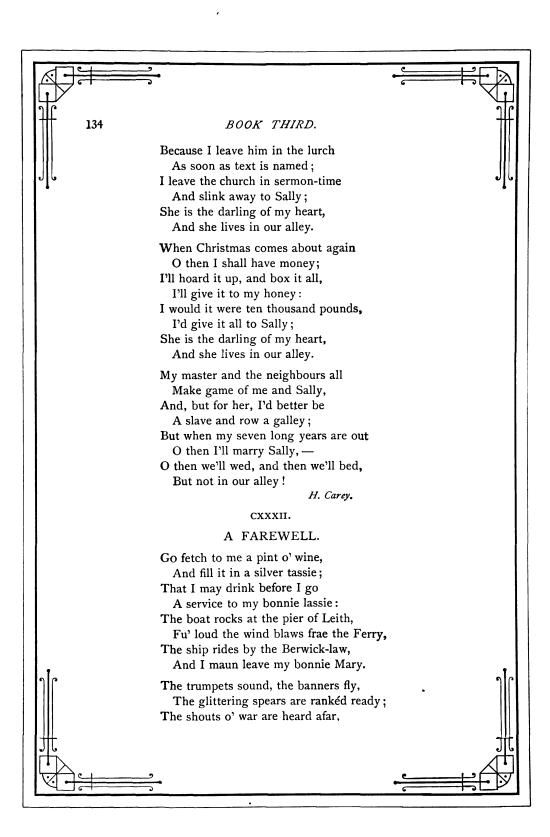
'Adieu!' she cries; and waved her lily hand.

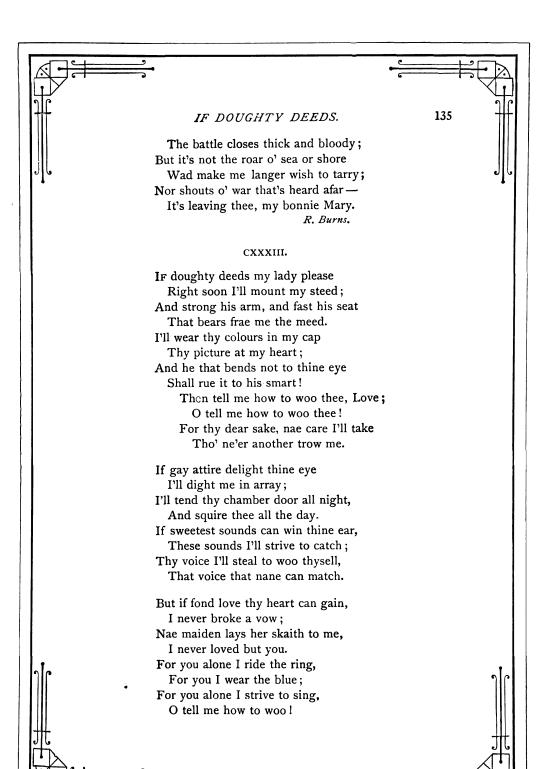
7. Gay.

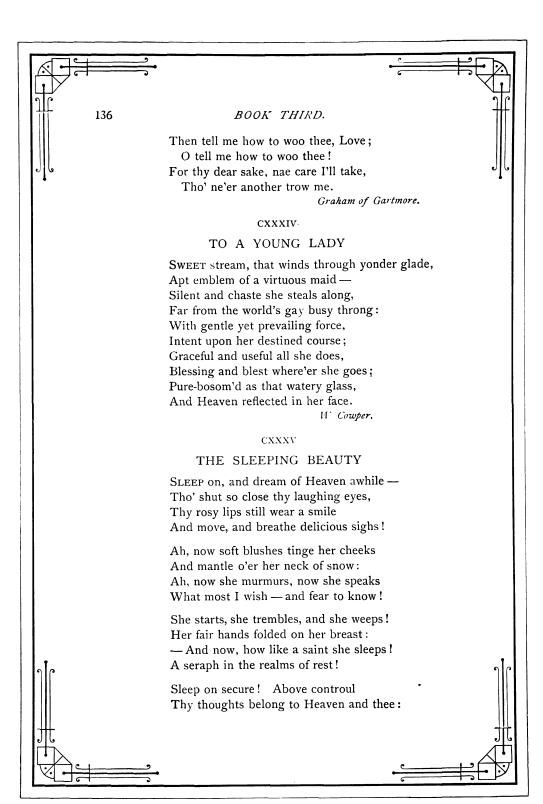


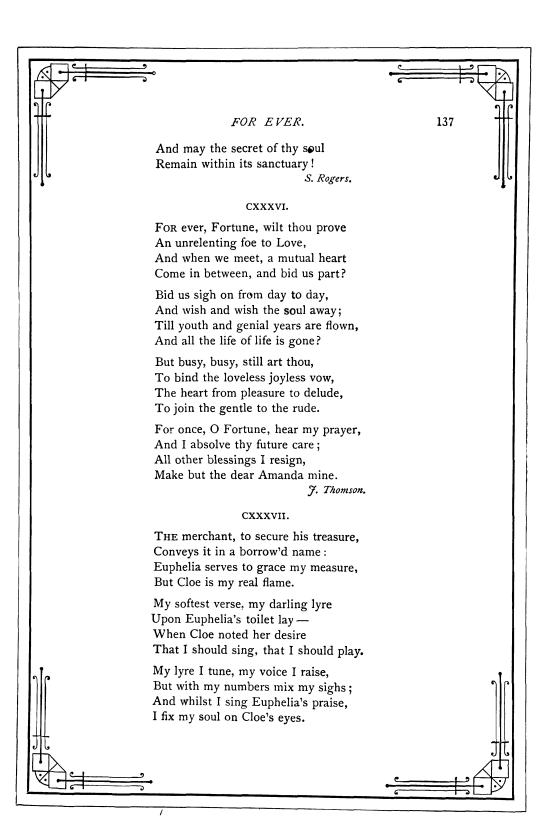












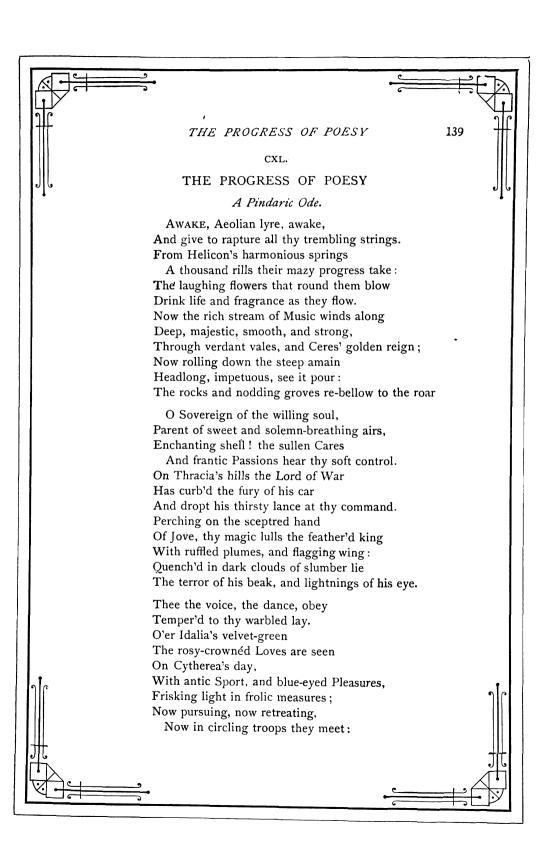


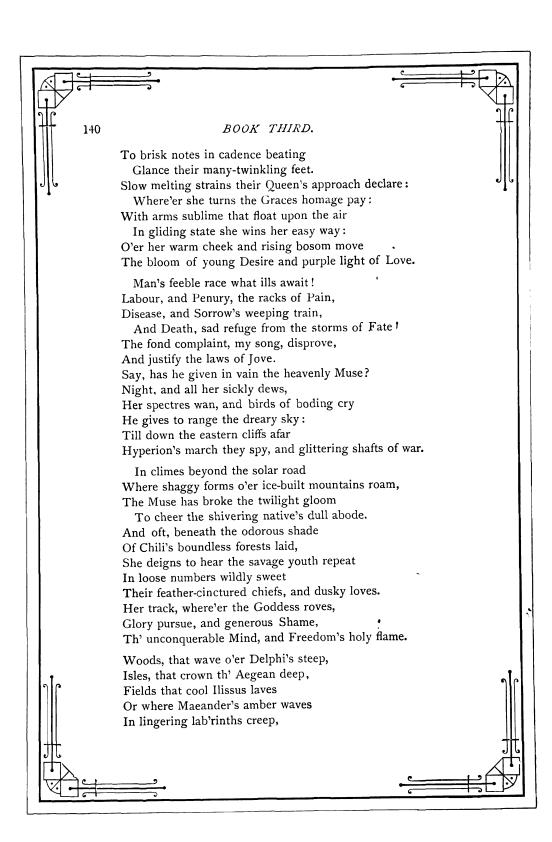


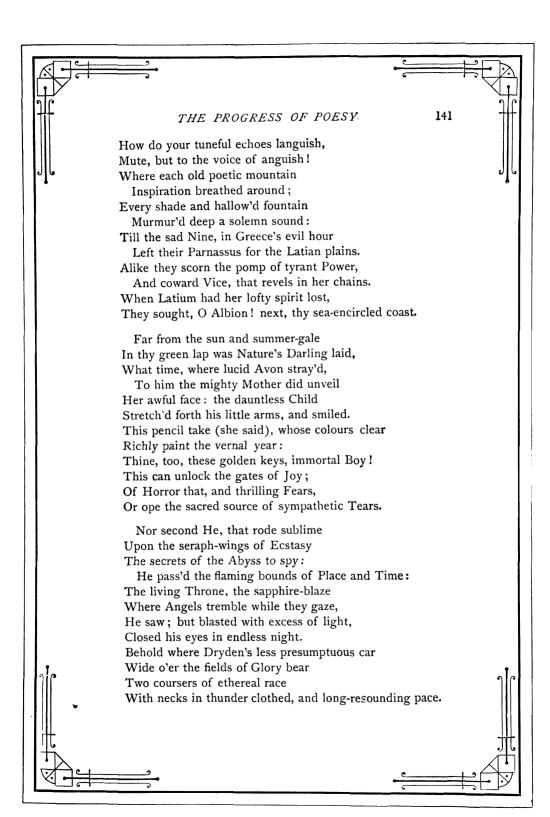
"Ye banks and brace o' bonic Doon,

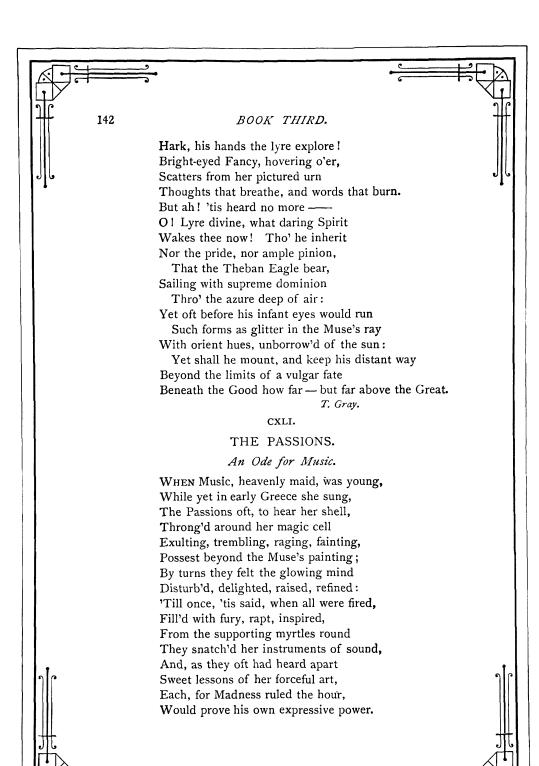
How can ye bloom sac fresh and fair!"

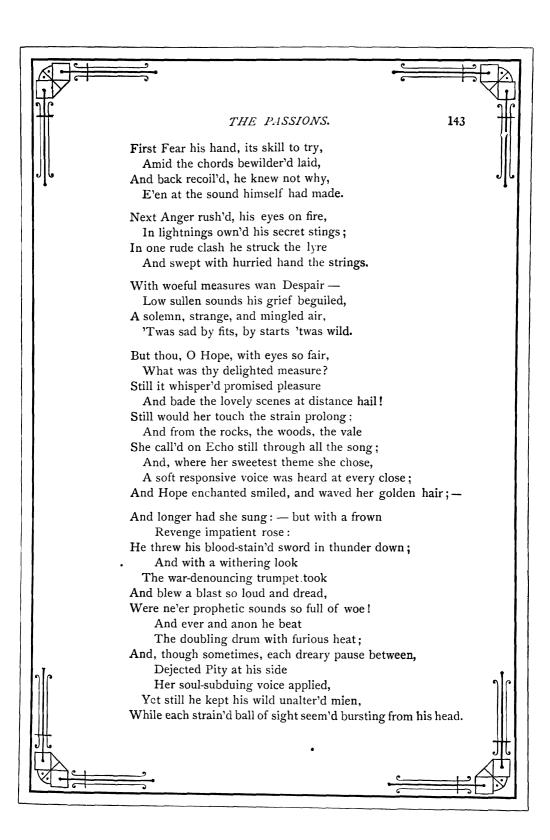
Page 138.

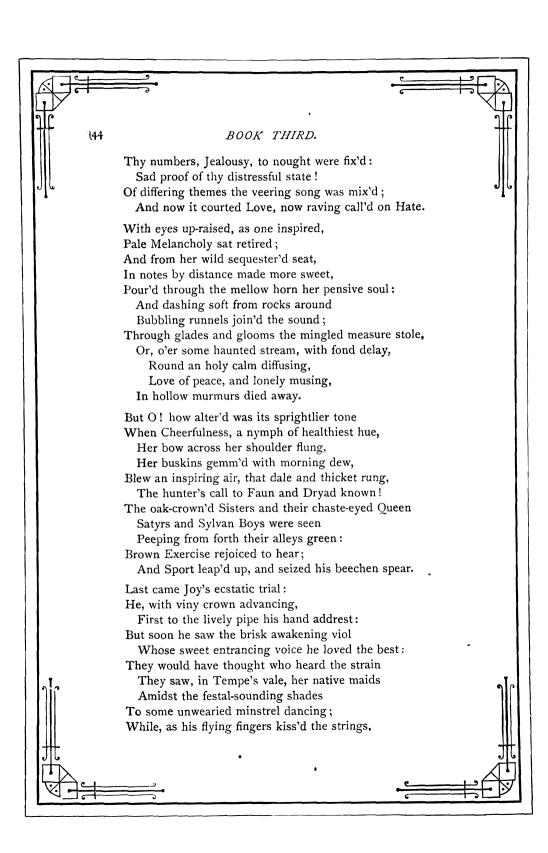


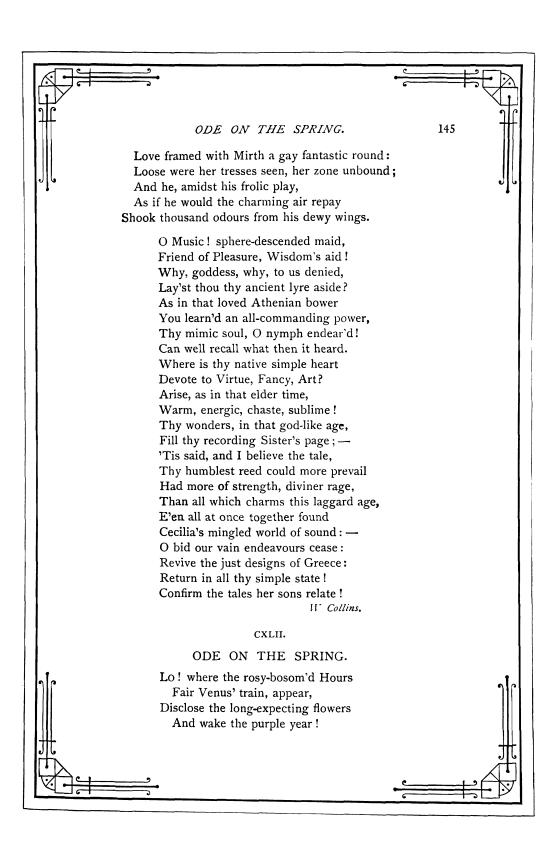


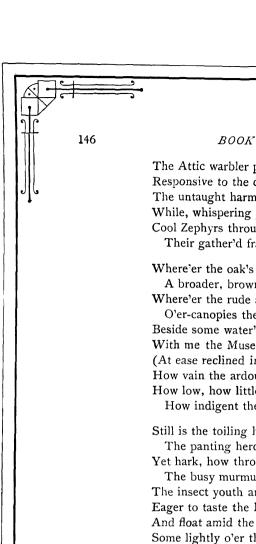














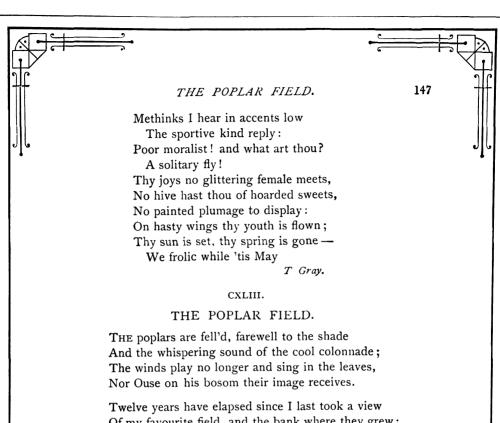
The Attic warbler pours her throat
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of Spring:
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch A broader, browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss grown beech O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclined in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the Crowd,
How low, how little are the Proud,
How indigent the Great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gaily-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of Man:
And they that creep, and they that fly
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours drest:
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.





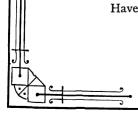
Twelve years have elapsed since I last took a view Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew: And now in the grass behold they are laid, And the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade.

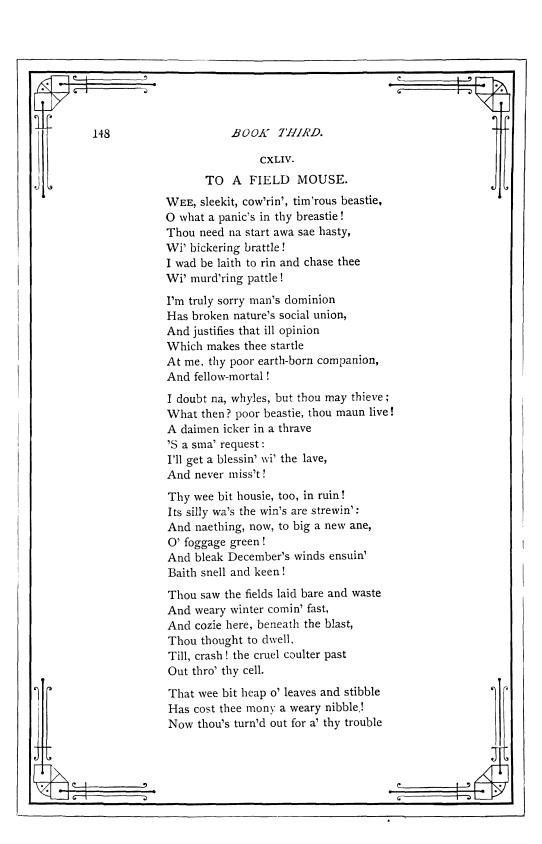
The blackbird has fled to another retreat Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat; And the scene where his melody charm'd me before Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

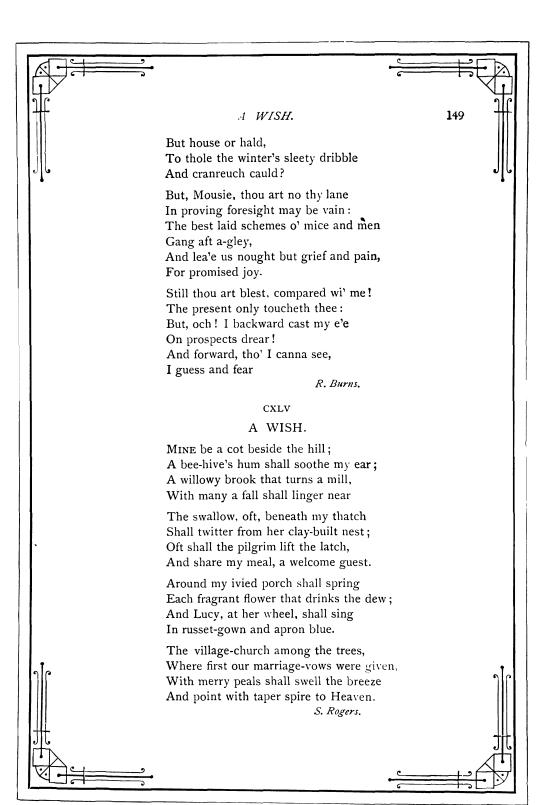
My fugitive years are all hasting away, And I must ere long lie as lowly as they, With a turf on my breast and a stone at my head, Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

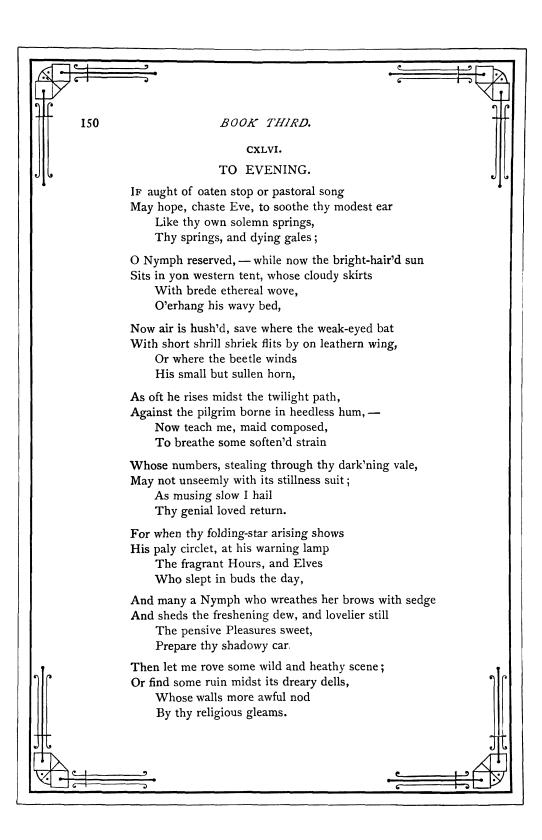
'Tis a sight to engage me, if anything can, To muse on the perishing pleasures of man; Short-lived as we are, our enjoyments, I see Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.

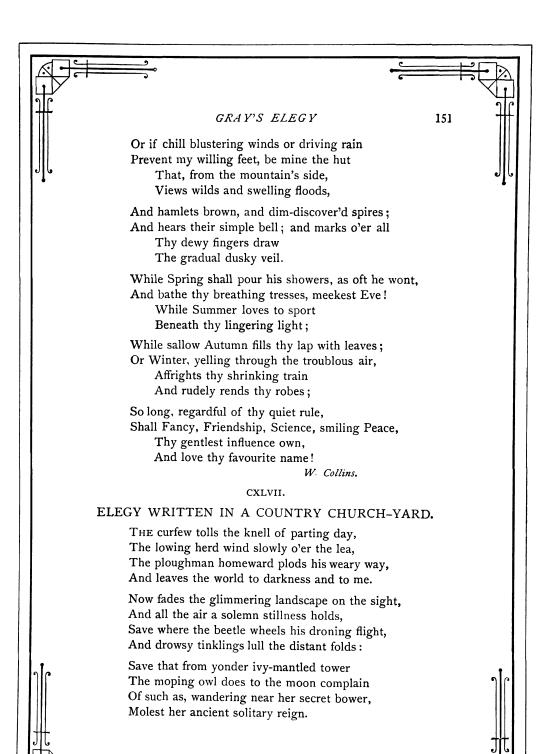
W Cowper.

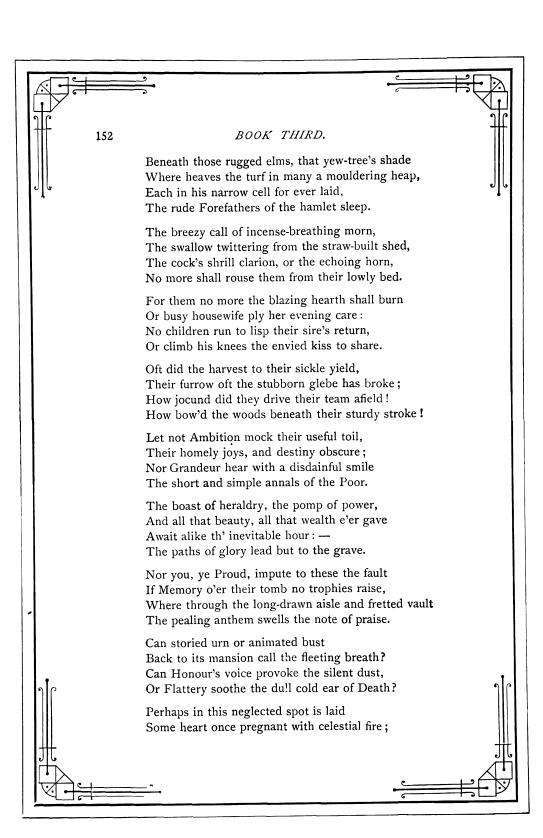




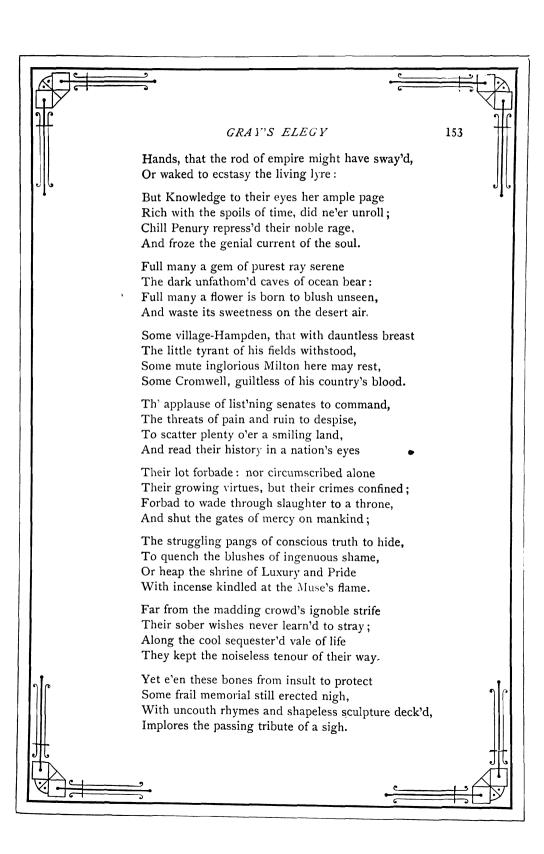


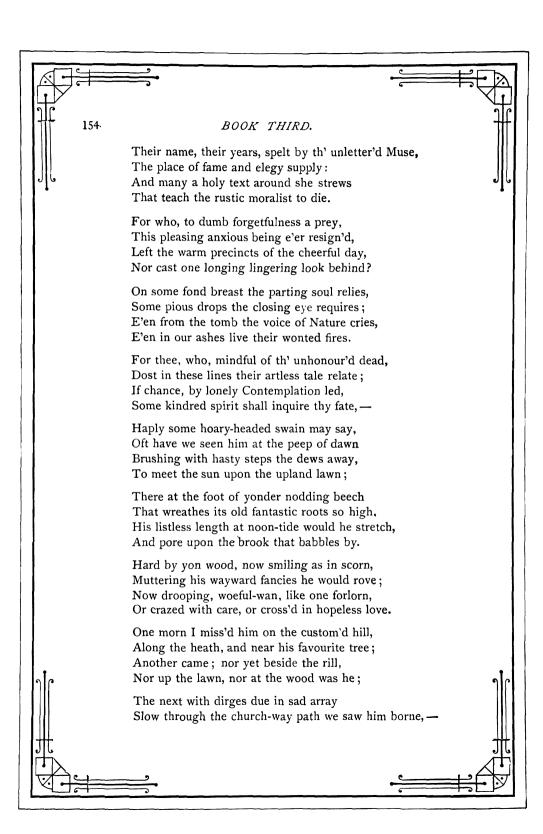


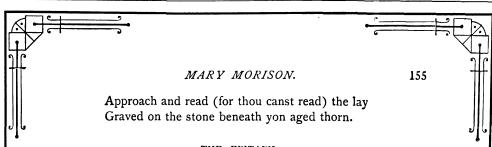












THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown; Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth, And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere; Heaven did a recompense as largely send: He gave to Misery all he had, a tear, He gain'd from Heaven, 'twas all he wish'd, a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose, Or draw his frailties from their dread abode, (There they alike in trembling hope repose,) The bosom of his Father and his God.

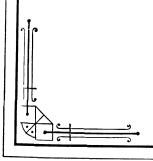
T Gray.

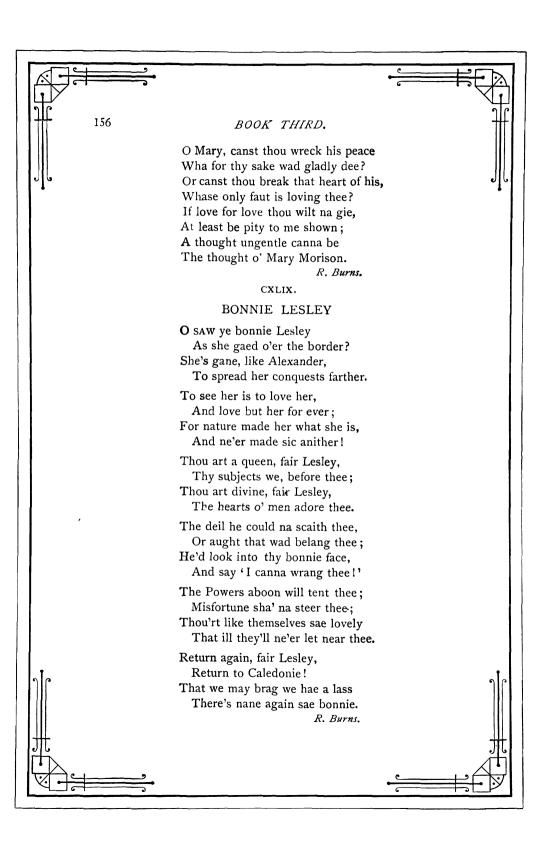
CXLVIII.

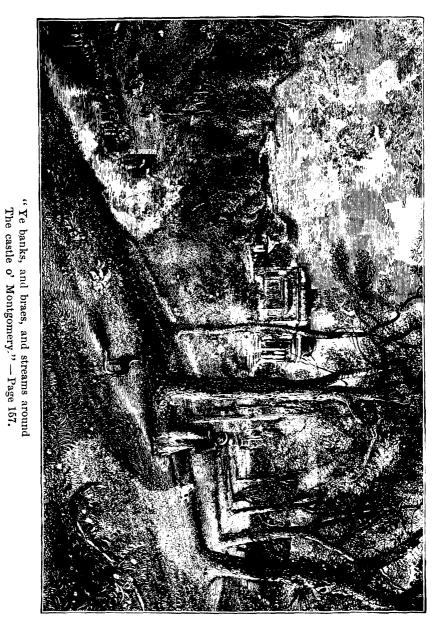
MARY MORISON.

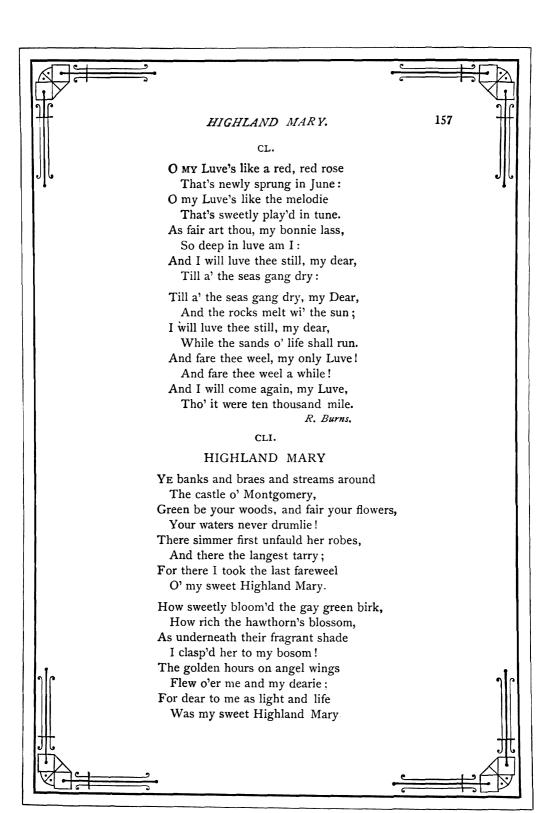
O MARY, at thy window be, It is the wish'd, the trysted hour! Those smiles and glances let me see That make the miser's treasure poor: How blythely wad I bide the stoure, A weary slave frae sun to sun, Could I the rich reward secure, The lovely Mary Morison.

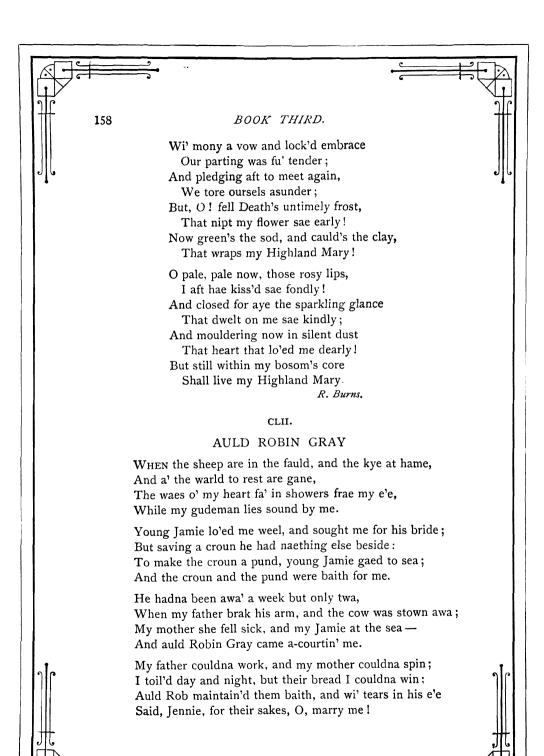
Yestreen when to the trembling string The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha', To thee my fancy took its wing,— I sat, but neither heard nor saw: Tho' this was fair, and that was braw, And yon the toast of a' the town, I sigh'd, and said amang them a', 'Ye are na Mary Morison.'

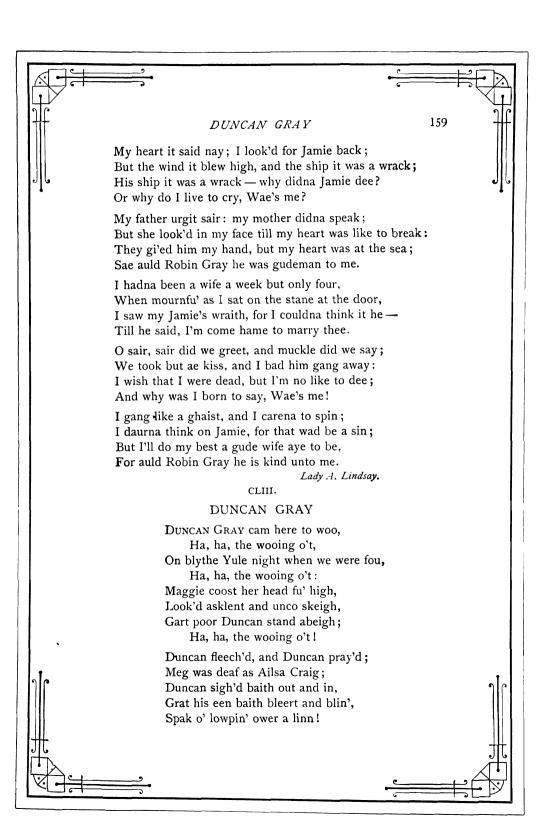


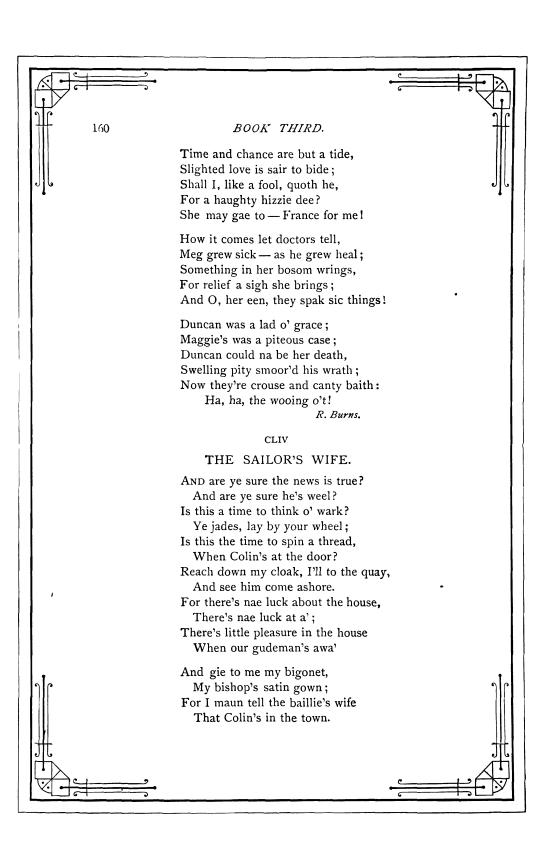


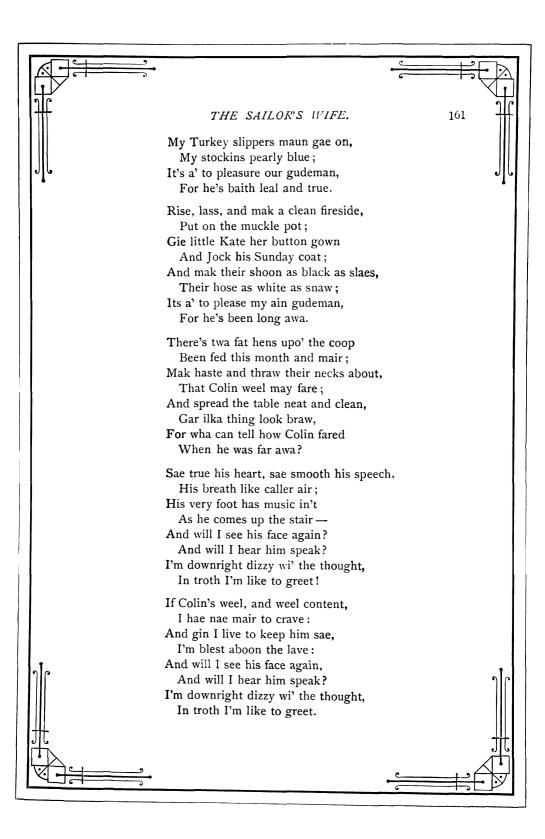


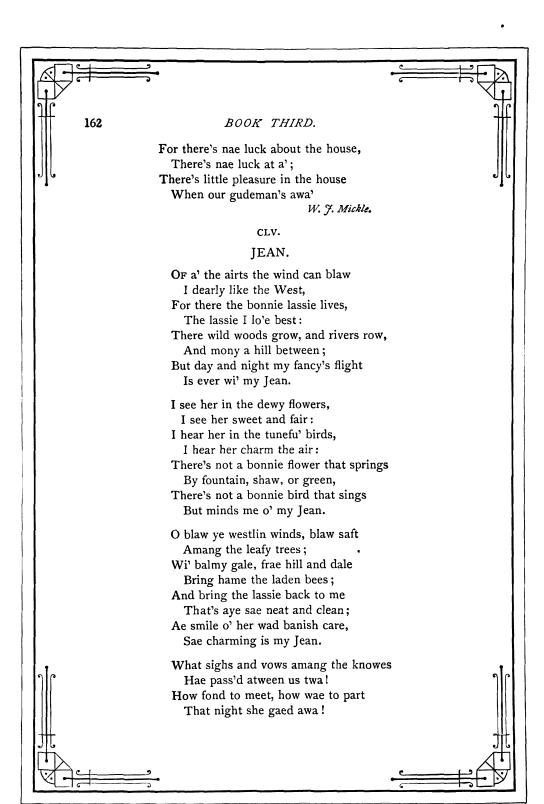








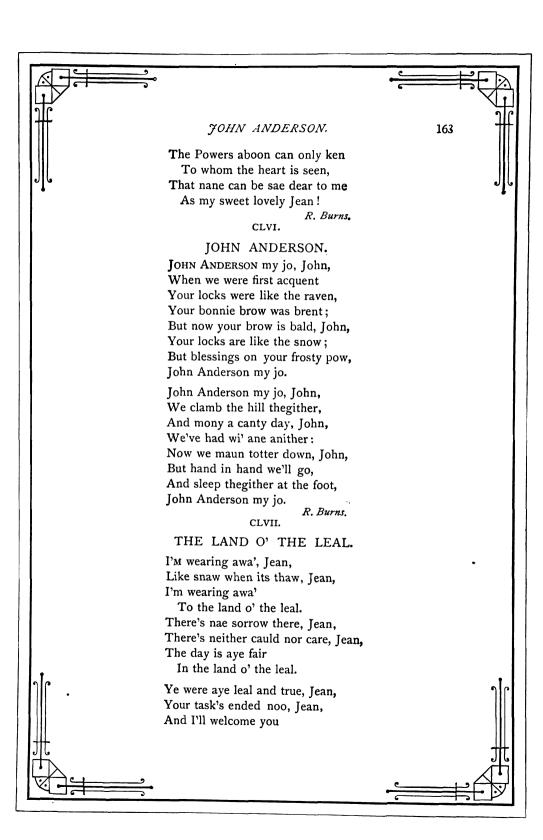


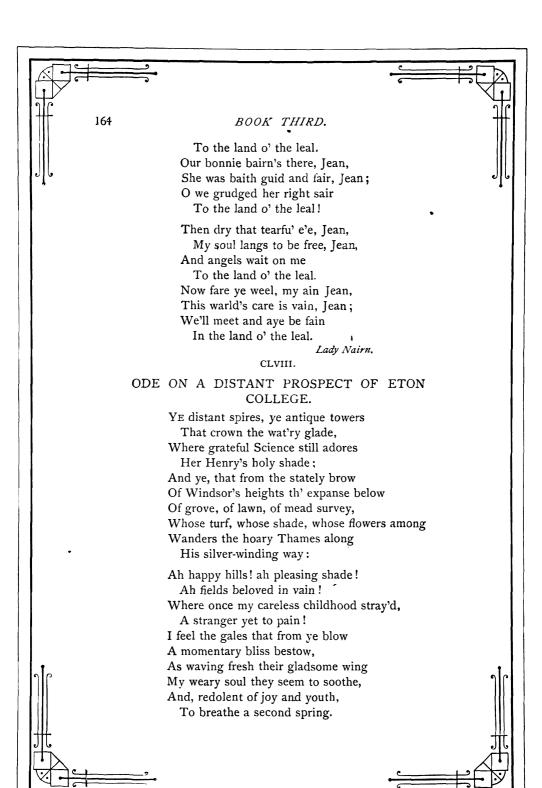


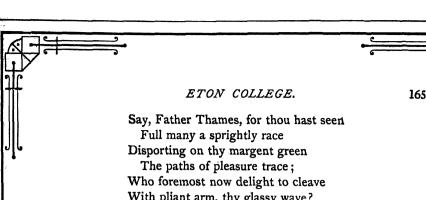


"John Anderson, my jo, John, When we were first acquent."

Page 163.





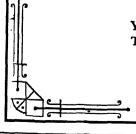


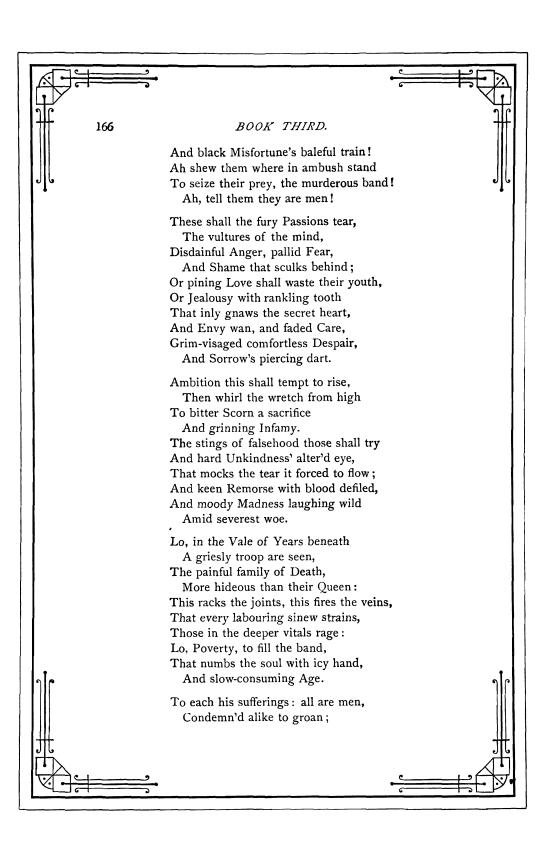
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave? The captive linnet which enthral? What idle progeny succeed To chase the rolling circle's speed Or urge the flying ball?

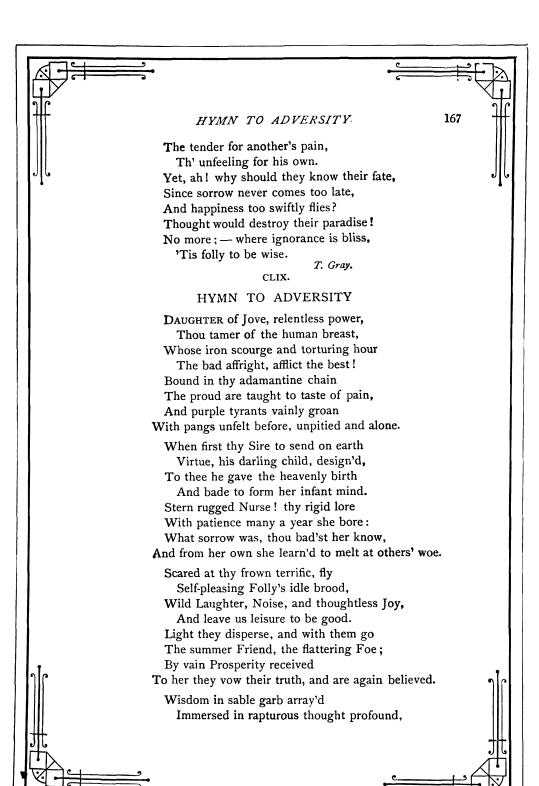
While some on earnest business bent Their murmuring labours ply 'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint To sweeten liberty: Some bold adventurers disdain The limits of their little reign And unknown regions dare descry: Still as they run they look behind. They hear a voice in every wind And snatch a fearful joy.

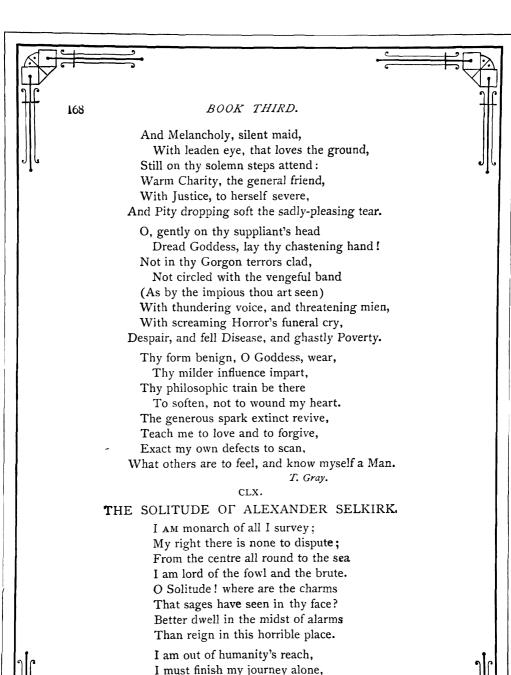
Gay Hope is theirs by fancy fed, Less pleasing when possest; The tear forgot as soon as shed, The sunshine of the breast: Theirs buxom Health, of rosy hue, Wild Wit, Invention ever new, And lively Cheer, of Vigour born; The thoughtless day, the easy night, The spirits pure, the slumbers light That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom The little victims play! No sense have they of ills to come Nor care beyond to-day: Yet see how all around 'em wait The ministers of human fate



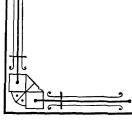


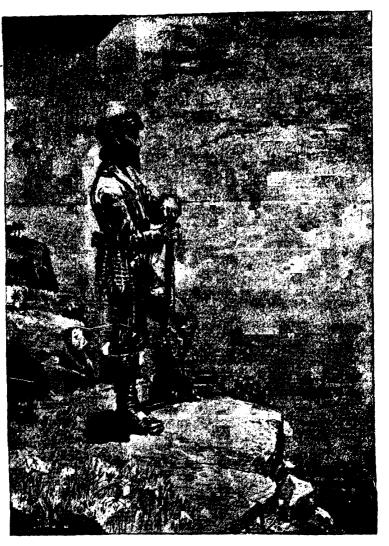




Never hear the sweet music of speech;

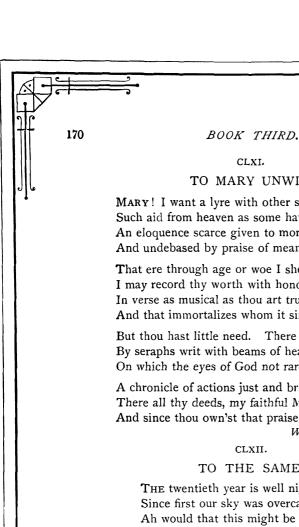
I start at the sound of my own.





"I am monarch of all I survey;
My right there is none to dispute."—Page 168.





TO MARY UNWIN.

MARY! I want a lyre with other strings, Such aid from heaven as some have feign'd they drew, An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new And undebased by praise of meaner things,

That ere through age or woe I shed my wings I may record thy worth with honour due, In verse as musical as thou art true And that immortalizes whom it sings: -

But thou hast little need. There is a Book By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light, On which the eyes of God not rarely look,

A chronicle of actions just and bright — There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine; And since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine. W. Cowper.

CLXII.

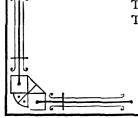
TO THE SAME.

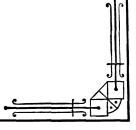
THE twentieth year is well nigh past Since first our sky was overcast; Ah would that this might be the last! My Mary!

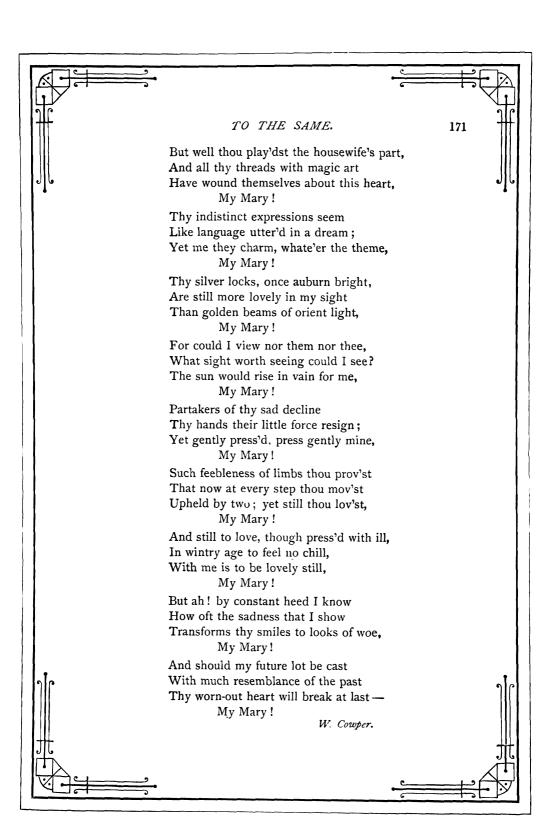
Thy spirits have a fainter flow, I see thee daily weaker grow -'Twas my distress that brought thee low, My Mary!

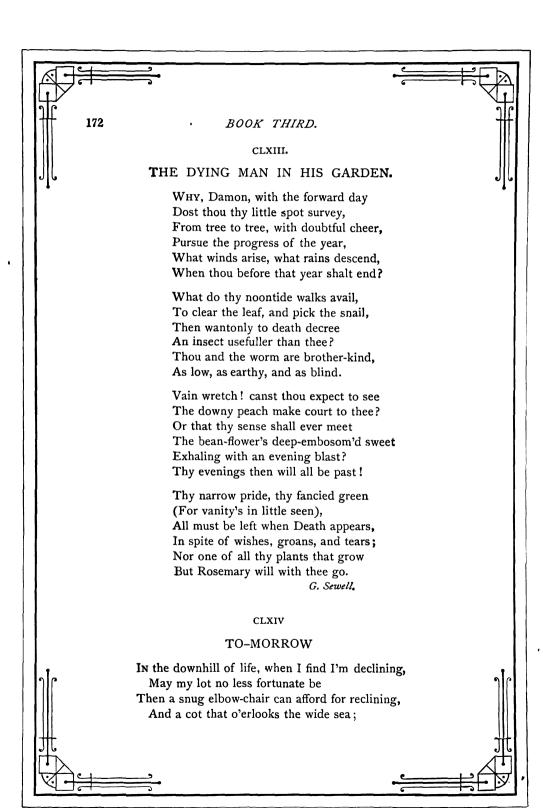
Thy needles, once a shining store, For my sake restless heretofore, Now rust disused, and shine no more: My Mary!

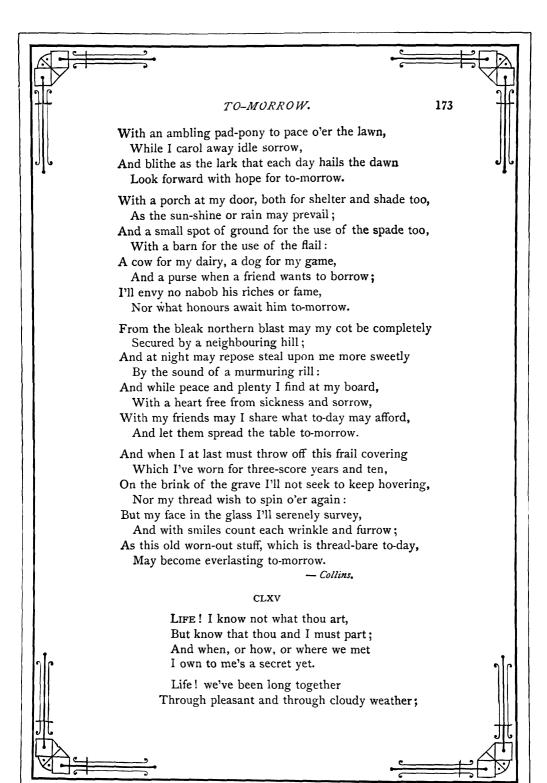
For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil The same kind office for me still, Thy sight now seconds not thy will, My Mary!

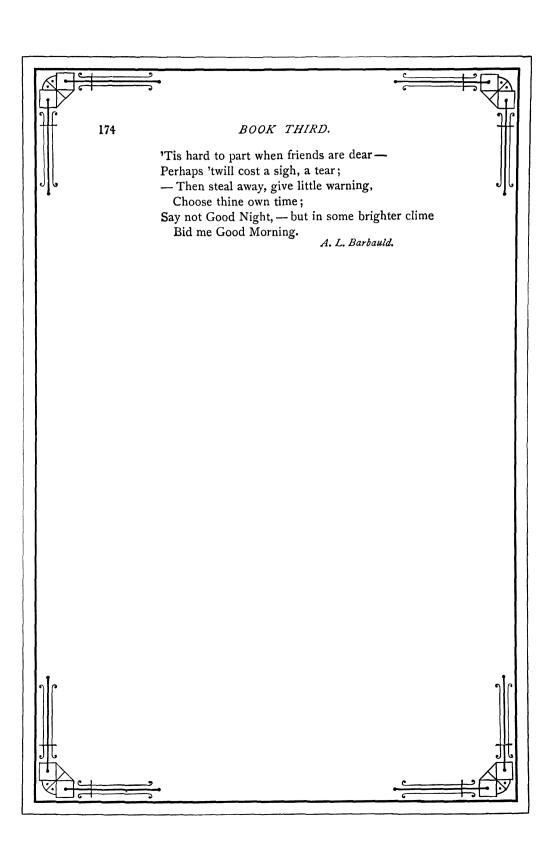


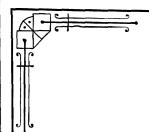


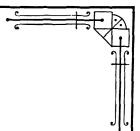












THE GOLDEN TREASURY.

Book Fourth.

CLXVI.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold And many goodly states and kingdoms seen; Round many western islands have I been Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne: Yet did I never breathe its pure serene Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:

— Then felt I like some watcher of the skies When a new planet swims into his ken; Or like stout Cortez—when with eagle eyes

He stared at the Pacific, and all his men Look'd at each other with a wild surmise— Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

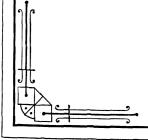
J. Keats.

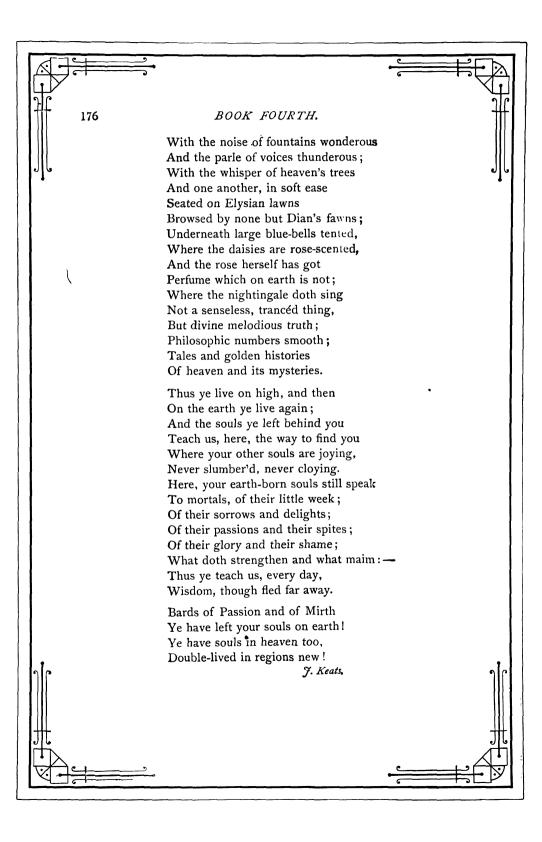
CLXVII.

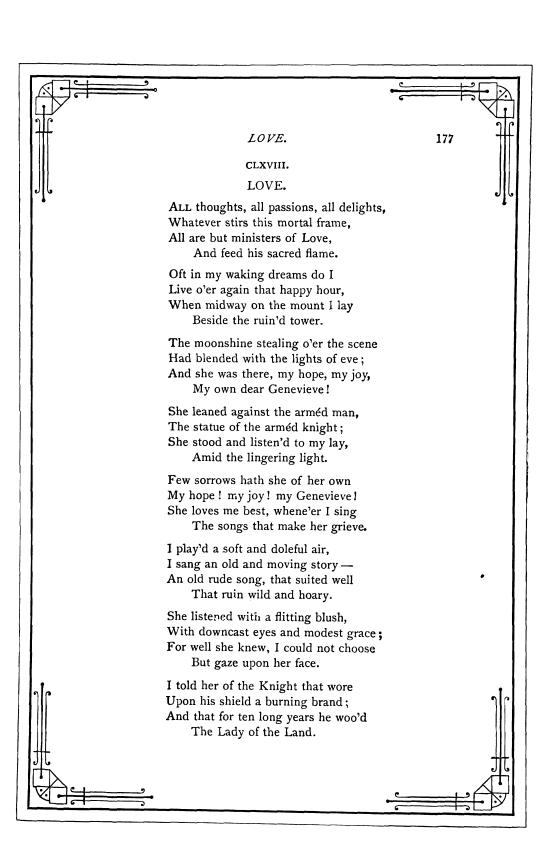
ODE ON THE POETS.

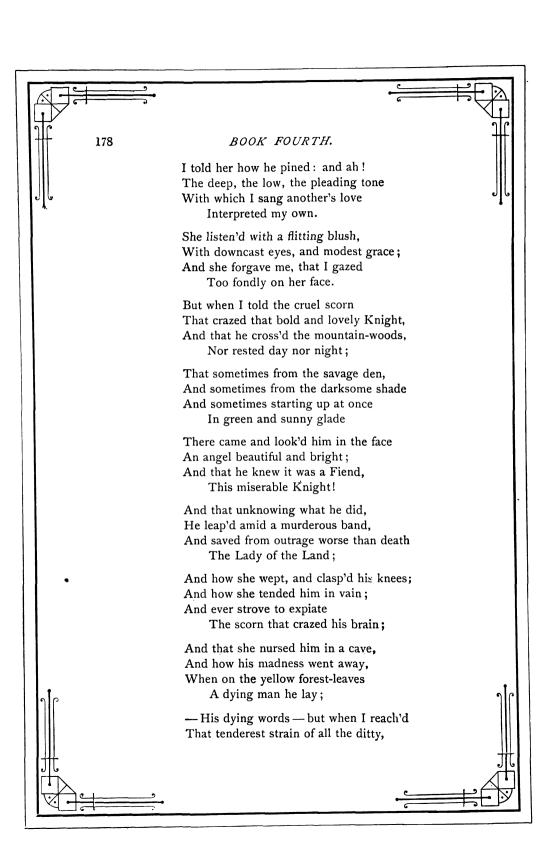
BARDS of Passion and of Mirth Ye have left your souls on earth! Have ye souls in heaven too, Double-lived in regions new?

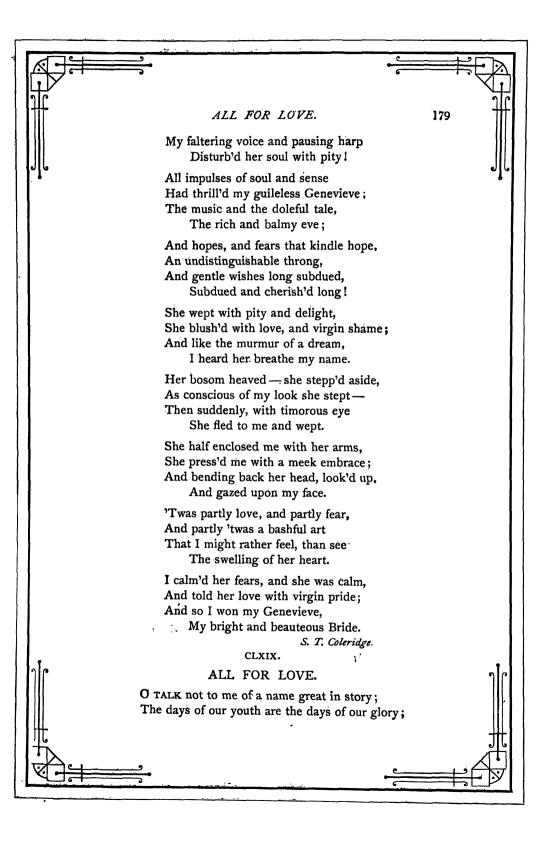
— Yes, and those of heaven commune With the spheres of sun and moon;

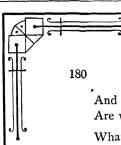












BOOK FOURTH.

And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled? 'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew besprinkled: Then away with all such from the head that is hoary — What care I for the wreaths that can only give glory?

O Fame!—if I e'er took delight in thy praises, 'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases, Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover She thought that I was not unworthy to love her

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found thee; Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee; When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story, I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

Lord Byron.

CLXX.

THE OUTLAW

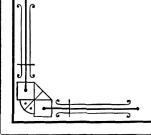
O BRIGNALL banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer-queen.
And as I rode by Dalton-Hall
Beneath the turrets high,
A Maiden on the castle-wall
Was singing merrily:
O Brignall Banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green;

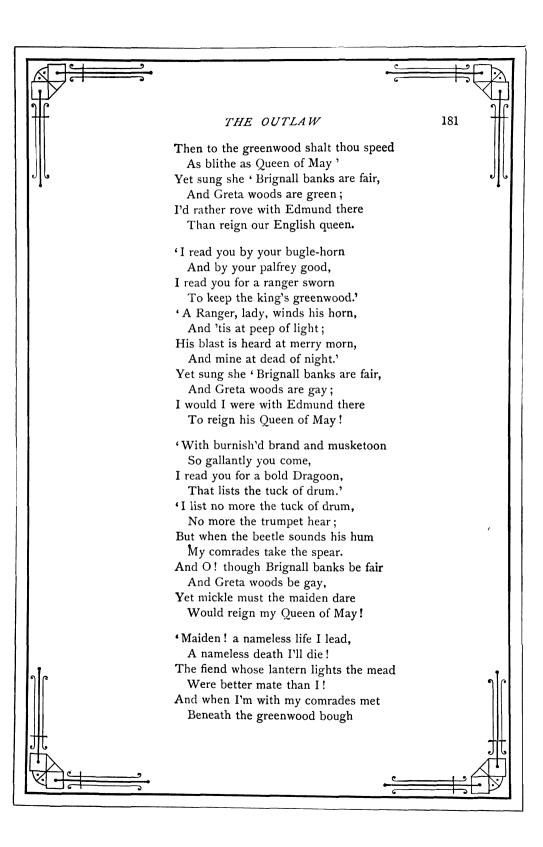
And Greta woods are green;

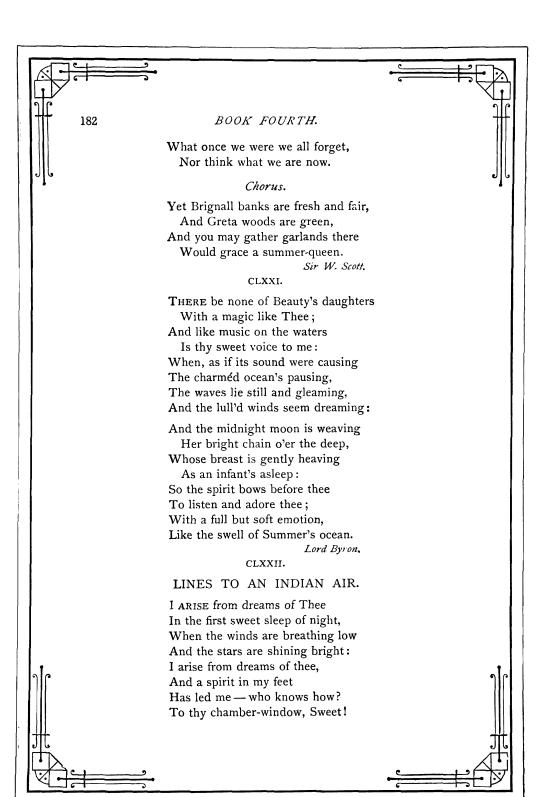
I'd rather rove with Edmund there

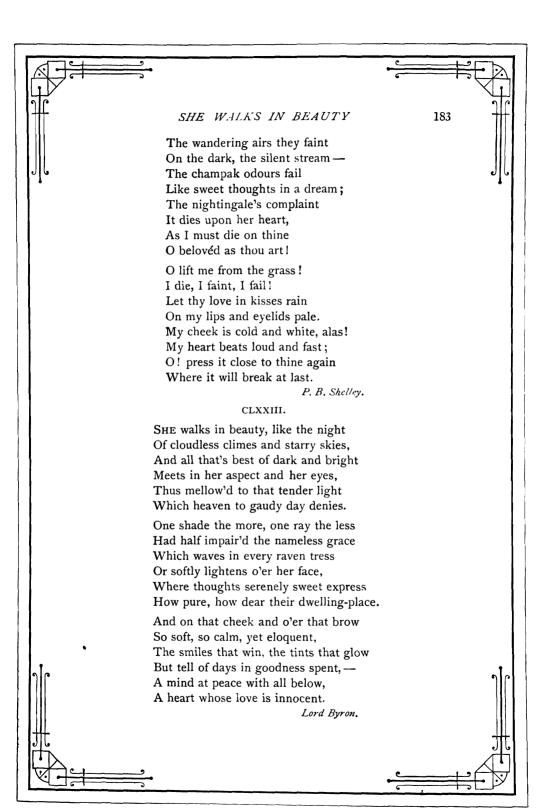
Than reign our English queen.'

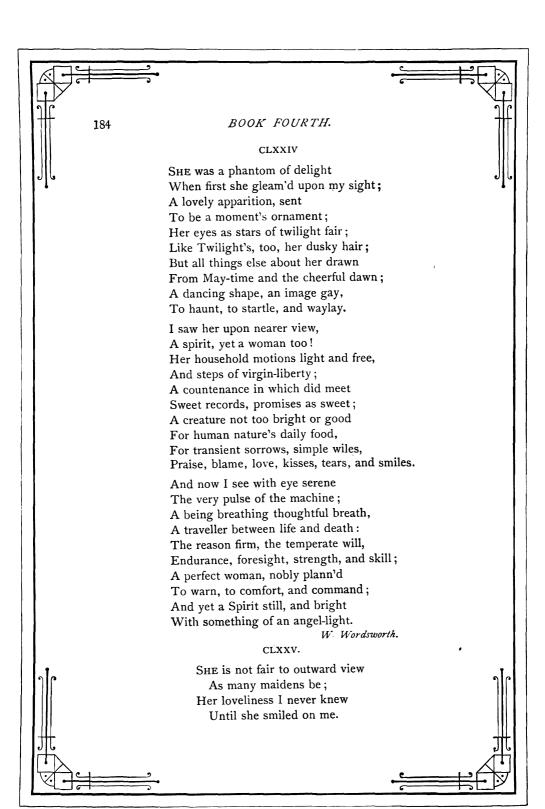
If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we
That dwell by dale and down.
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,

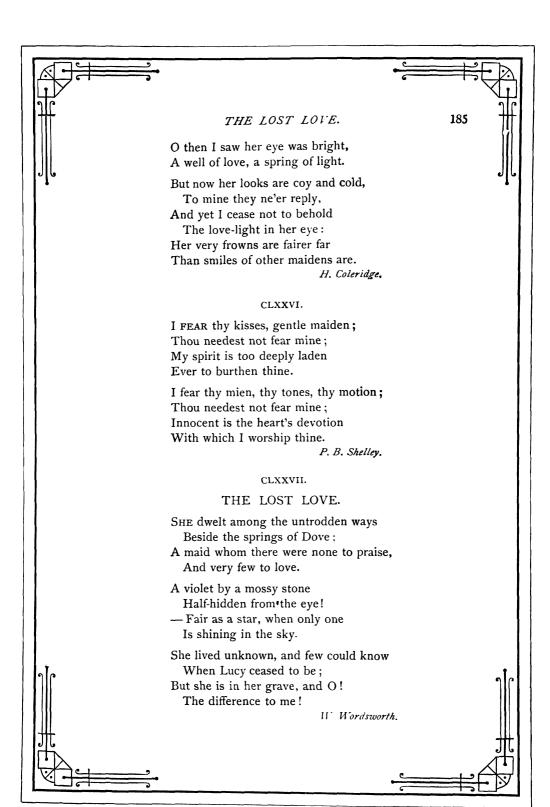


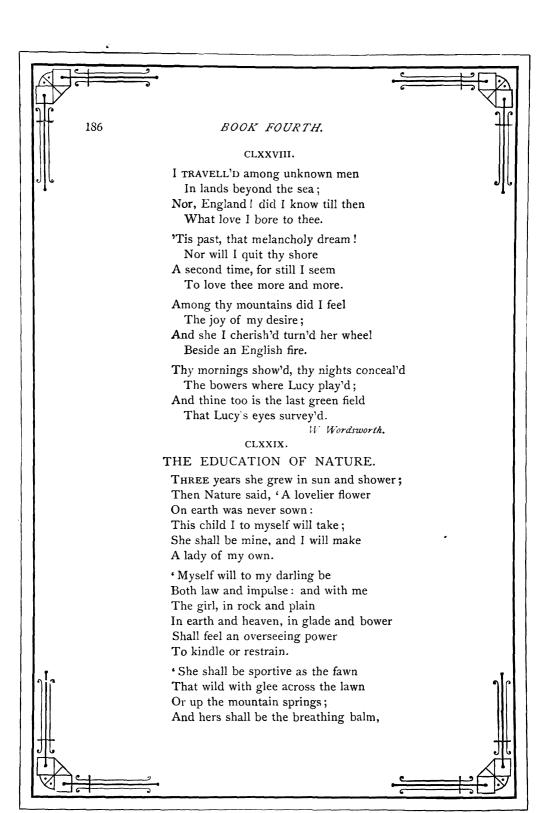




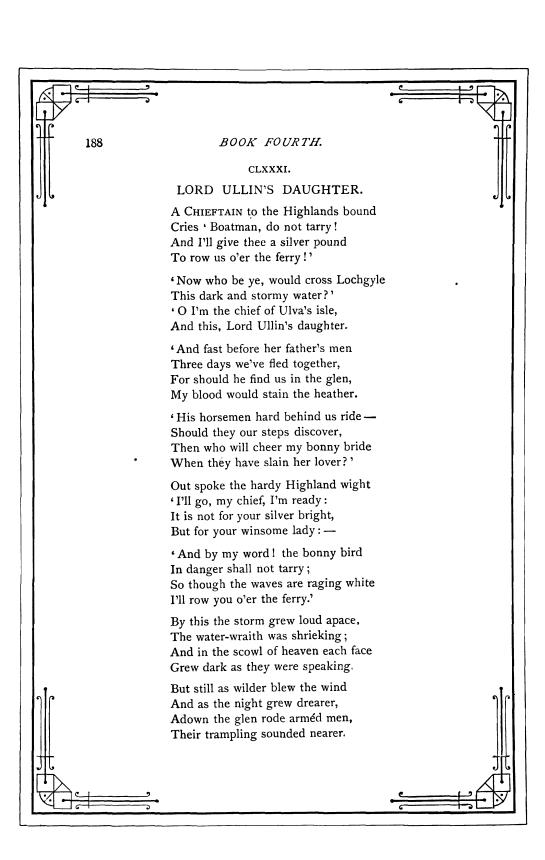


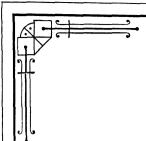












JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

'O haste thee, haste!' the lady cries, 'Though tempests round us gather; I'll meet the raging of the skies, But not an angry father.'

The boat has left a stormy land, A stormy sea before her, — When, O! too strong for human hand The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade His child he did discover:— One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid, And one was round her lover.

- 'Come back! come back!' he cried in grief
- 'Across this stormy water:

And I'll forgive your Highland chief, My daughter! — O my daughter!'

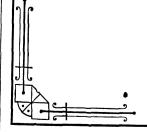
'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore, Return or aid preventing: The waters wild went o'er his child, And he was left lamenting.

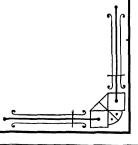
T Campbell.

CLXXXII.

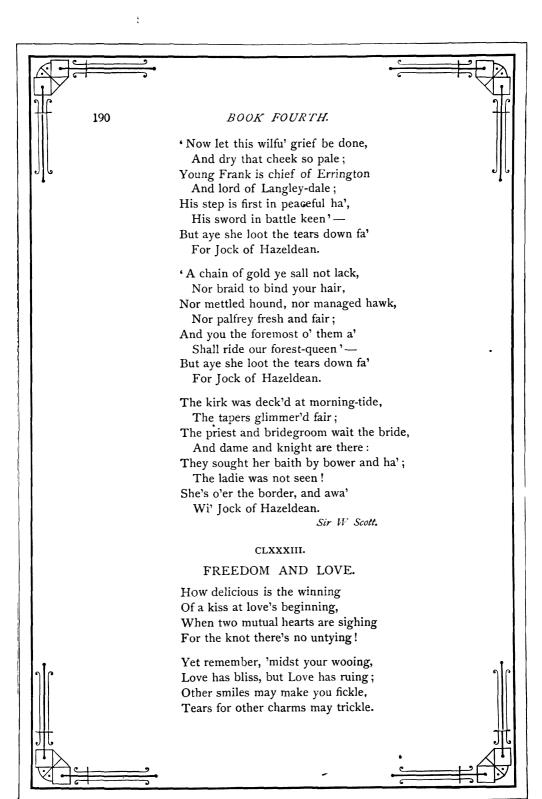
JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

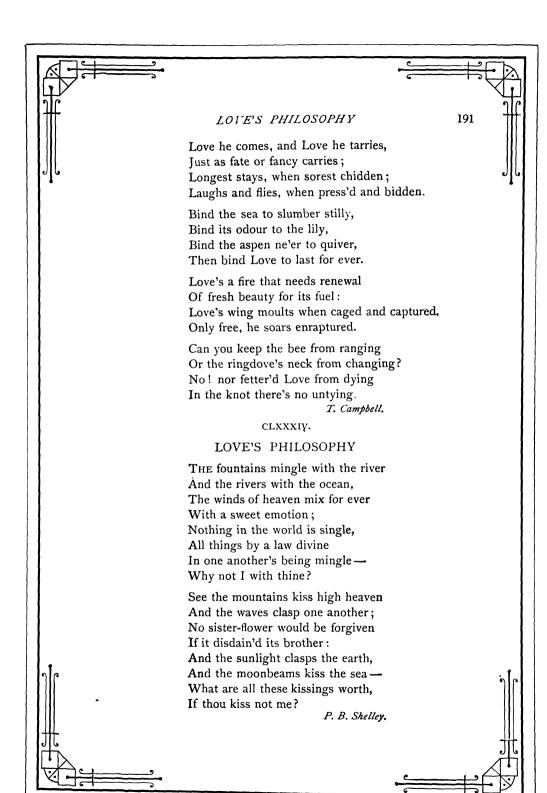
Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son.
And ye sall be his bride:
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen'—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

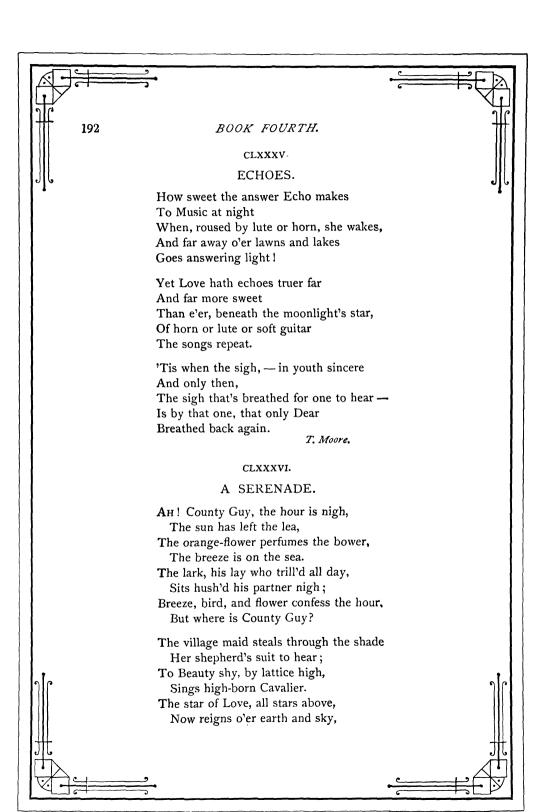


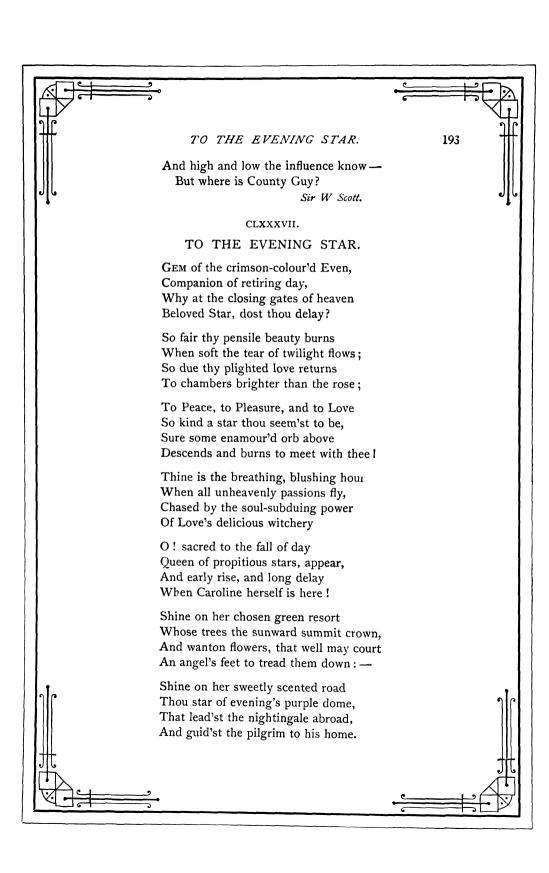


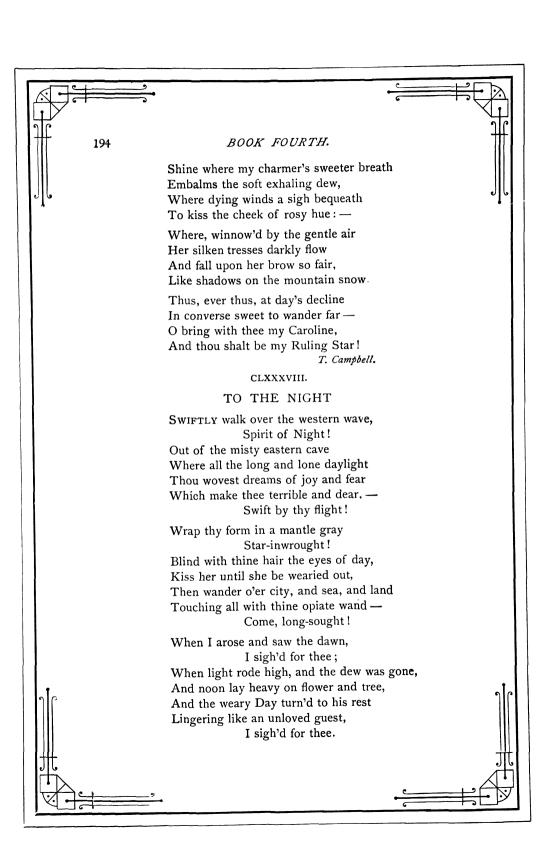
189

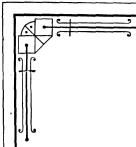












TO A DISTANT FRIEND.

195

Thy brother Death came, and cried Would'st thou me?

Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed, Murmur'd like a noon-tide bee
Shall I nestle near thy side?

Would'st thou me? — And I replied
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!
P. B. Shelley,

CLXXXIX.

TO A DISTANT FRIEND.

Why art thou silent! Is thy love a plant Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air Of absence withers what was once so fair? Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?

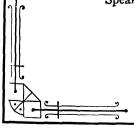
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant, Bound to thy service with unceasing care— The mind's least generous wish a mendicant For nought but what thy happiness could spare.

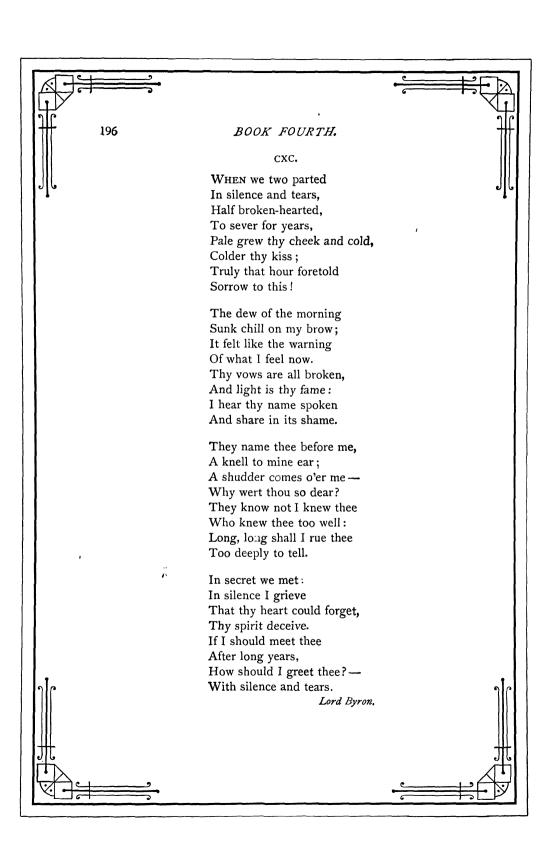
Speak!—though this soft warm heart, once free to hold A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine, Be left more desolate, more dreary cold

Than a forsaken birds-nest fill'd with snow 'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—

Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

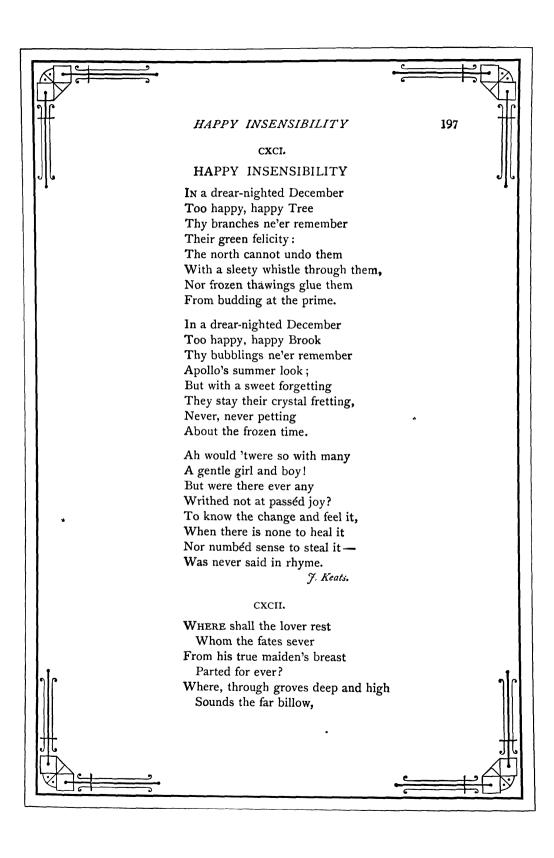
W. Wordsworth.

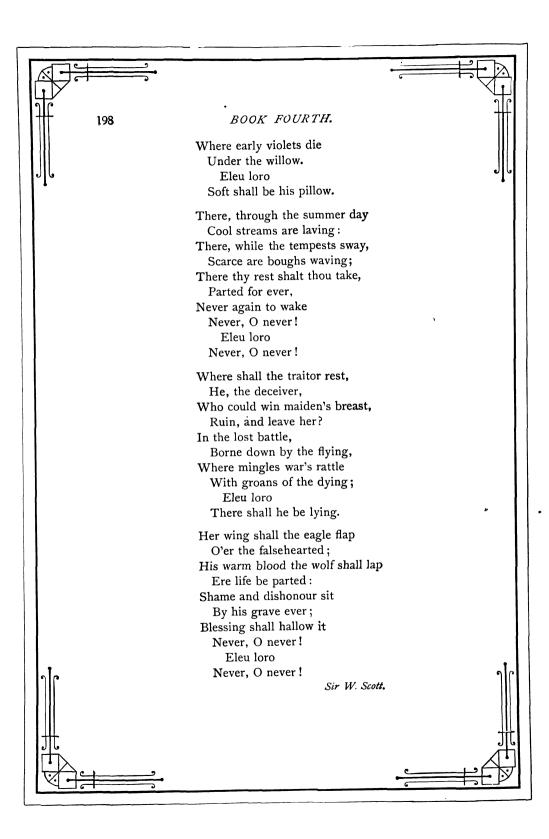


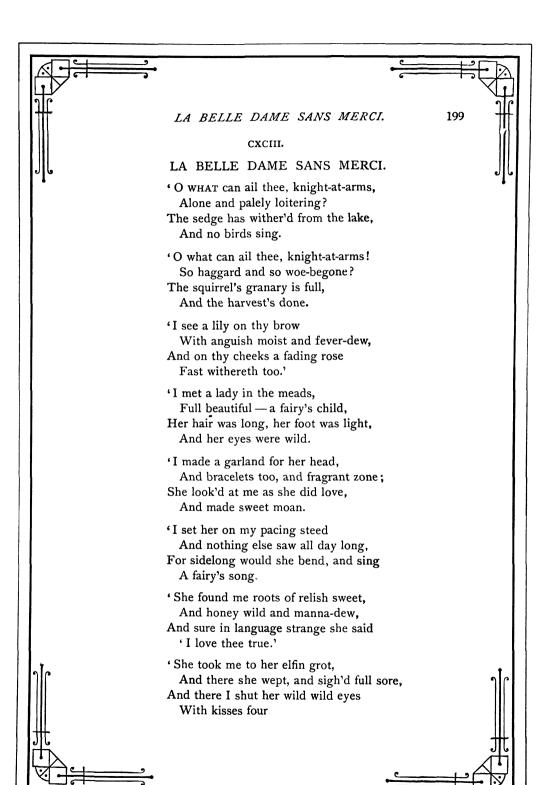


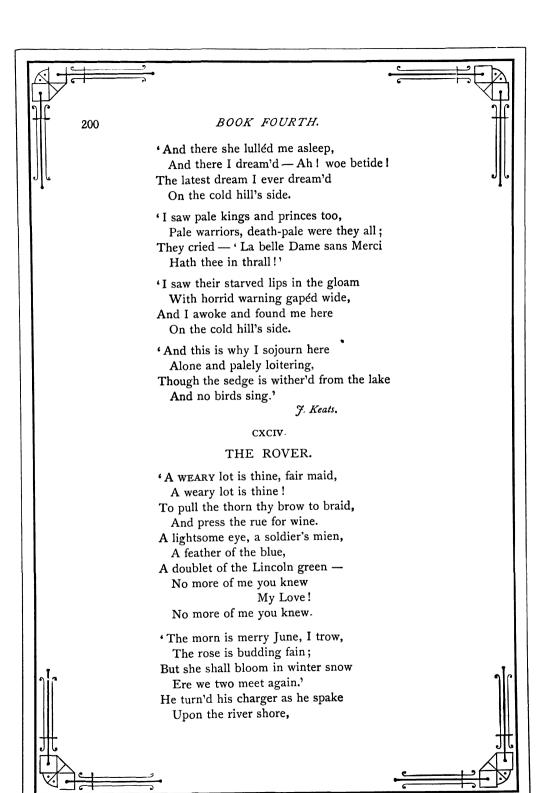


"In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy Tree."—Page 197



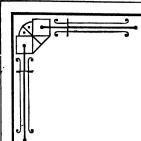








"A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!"—Page 200.



THE FLIGHT OF LOVE.

201

He gave the bridle-reins a shake, Said 'Adieu for evermore My Love!

And adieu for evermore.'

Sir W. Scott.

CXCV-

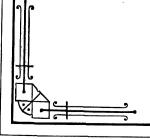
THE FLIGHT OF LOVE.

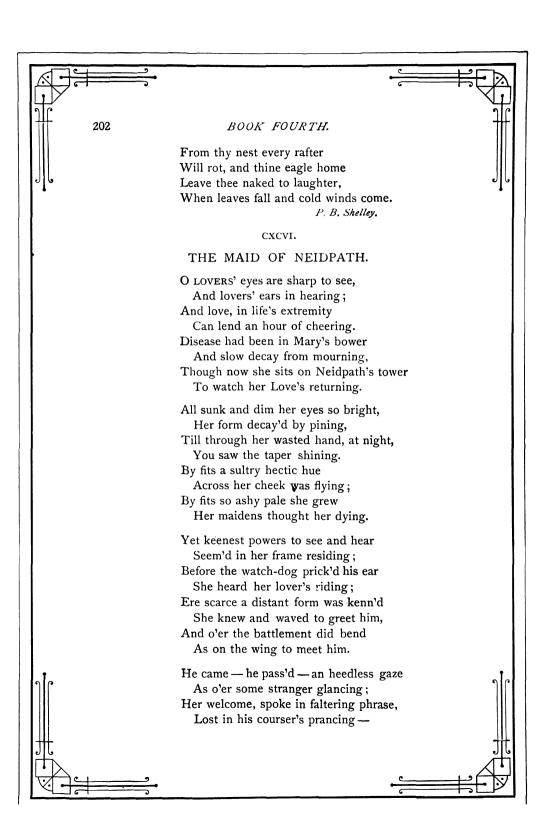
When the lamp is shatter'd
The light in the dust lies dead —
When the cloud is scatter'd,
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remember'd not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

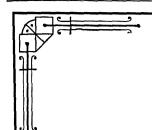
As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute—
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruin'd cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,
Love first leaves the well-built nest;
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possesst.
O Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high;
Bright reason will mock thee
Like the sun from a wintry sky.







THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.

203

The castle-arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan
Which told her heart was broken.

Sir W. Scott.

CXCVII.

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.

EARL MARCH look'd on his dying child, And smit with grief to view her— The youth, he cried, whom I exiled Shall be restored to woo her.

She's at the window many an hour His coming to discover: And he look'd up to Ellen's bower And she look'd on her lover—

But ah! so pale, he knew her not,

Though her smile on him was dwelling —
And am I then forgot — forgot?

It broke the heart of Ellen.

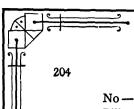
In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs,
Her cheek is cold as ashes;
Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes
To lift their silken lashes.

T. Campbell.

CXCVIII.

BRIGHT Star! would I were steadfast as thou art—Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like nature's patient sleepless Eremite,

The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask.
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors:



No — yet still steadfast, still unchangeable, Pillow'd upon my fair Love's ripening breast To feel for ever its soft fall and swell, Awake for ever in a sweet unrest;

Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath, And so live ever, — or else swoon to death.

J. Keats.

CXCIX.

THE TERROR OF DEATH.

WHEN I have fears that I may cease to be Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain, Before high-piléd books, in charact'ry Hold like rich garners the full-ripen'd grain;

When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face, Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance, And think that I may never live to trace Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;

And when I feel; fair Creature of an hour! That I shall never look upon thee more, Never have relish in the fairy power Of unreflecting love — then on the shore Of the wide world I stand alone, and think Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

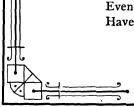
7. Keats.

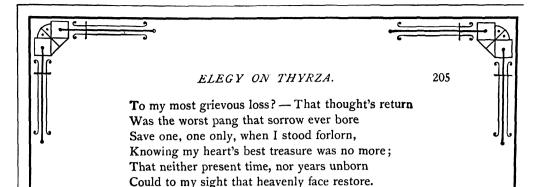
CC.

DESIDERIA.

Surprized by joy — impatient as the wind — I turn'd to share the transport — O with whom But Thee — deep buried in the silent tomb, That spot which no vicissitude can find?

Love, faithful love recall'd thee to my mind— But how could I forget thee? through what power Even for the least division of an hour Have I been so beguiled as to be blind





CCI.

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in thine eye;
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of air
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there
And tell me our love is remember'd, even in the sky!

W. Wordsworth.

Then I sing the wild song it once was rapture to hear When our voices, commingling, breathed like one on the ear; And as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls, I think, O my Love! 'tis thy voice, from the Kingdom of Souls Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

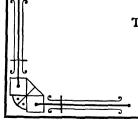
T. Moore.

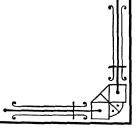
CCII.

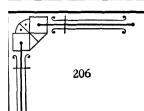
ELEGY ON THYRZA.

And thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth;
And forms so soft and charms so rare
Too soon return'd to Earth!
Though Earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest lowNor gaze upon the spot;There flowers or weeds at will may growSo I behold them not:







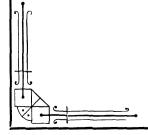
It is enough for me to prove
That what I loved and long must love
Like common earth can rot;
To me there needs no stone to tell
'Tis Nothing that I loved so well.

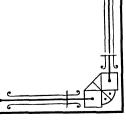
Yet did I love thee to the last,
As fervently as thou
Who didst not change through all the past
And canst not alter now.
The love where Death has set his seal
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow:
And, what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

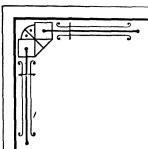
The better days of life were ours;
The worst can be but mine:
The sun that cheers, the storm that lours
Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep;
Nor need I to repine
That all those charms have pass'd away
I might have watch'd through long decay.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd Must fall the earliest prey;
Though by no hand untimely snatch'd,
The leaves must drop away.
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
Than see it pluck'd to-day;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne
To see thy beauties fade;
The night that follow'd such a morn
Had worn a deeper shade:







ONE WORD.

Thy day without a cloud hath past, And thou wert lovely to the last, Extinguish'd, not decay'd; As stars that shoot along the sky Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept if I could weep,
My tears might well be shed
To think I was not near, to keep
One vigil o'er thy bed:
To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,
To fold thee in a faint embrace,
Uphold thy drooping head;
And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

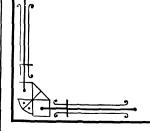
Yet how much less it were to gain,
Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain
Than thus remember thee!
The all of thine that cannot die
Through dark and dread Eternity
Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught except its living years.

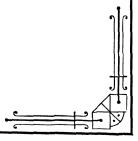
Lord Byron.

CCIII.

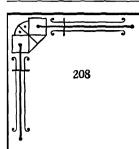
One word is too often profaned
For me to profane it,
One feeling too falsely disdain'd
For thee to disdain it.
One hope is too like despair
For prudence to smother,
And Pity from thee more dear
Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love; But wilt thou accept not The worship the heart lifts above





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And the Heavens reject not:
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow?

P. B. Shelley.

CCIV

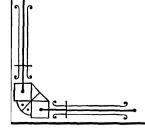
GATHERING SONG OF DONALD THE BLACK.

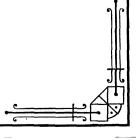
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu
Pibroch of Donuil
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war-array,
Gentles and commons.

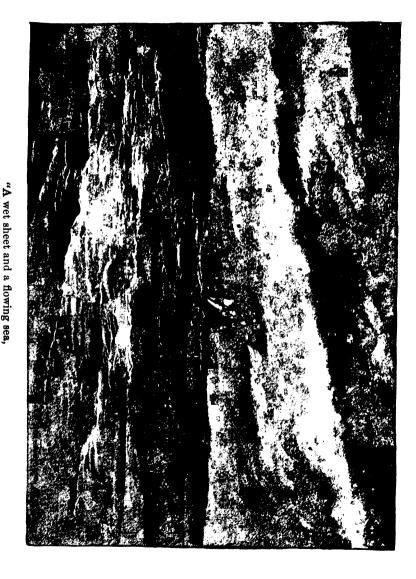
Come from deep glen, and
From mountains so rocky;
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlocky.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

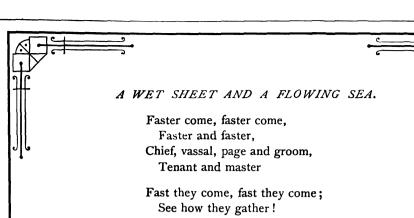
Come as the winds come, when Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come, when Navies are stranded:







"A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast." — Page 209.



Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume
Blended with heather
Cast your plaids, draw your blades.
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu
Knell for the onset!

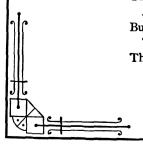
Sir W. Scott.

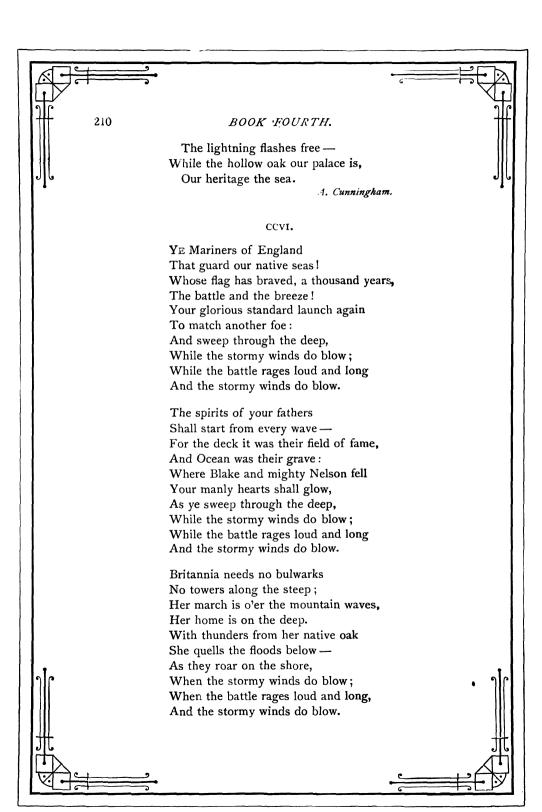
ccv.

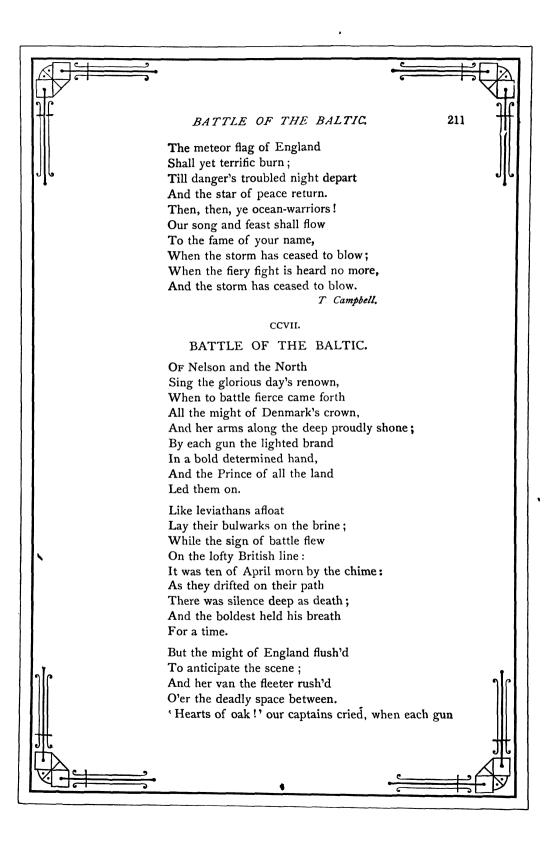
A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

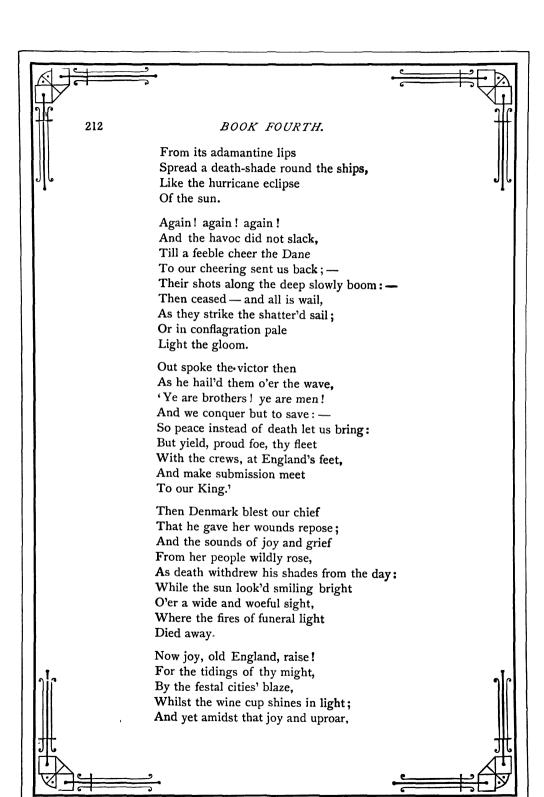
O for a soft and gentle wind!
I hear a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

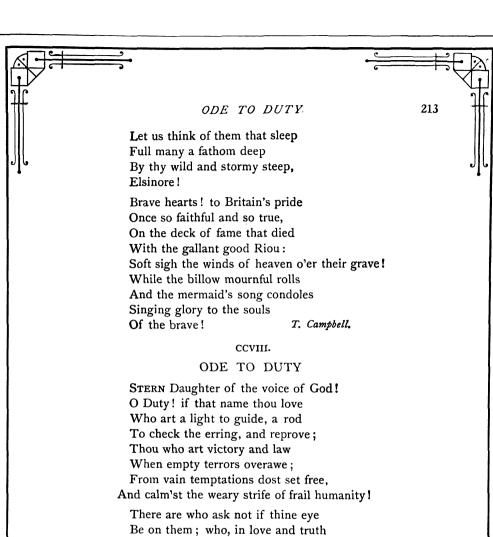
There's tempest in yon hornéd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,











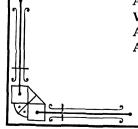
Where no misgiving is, rely

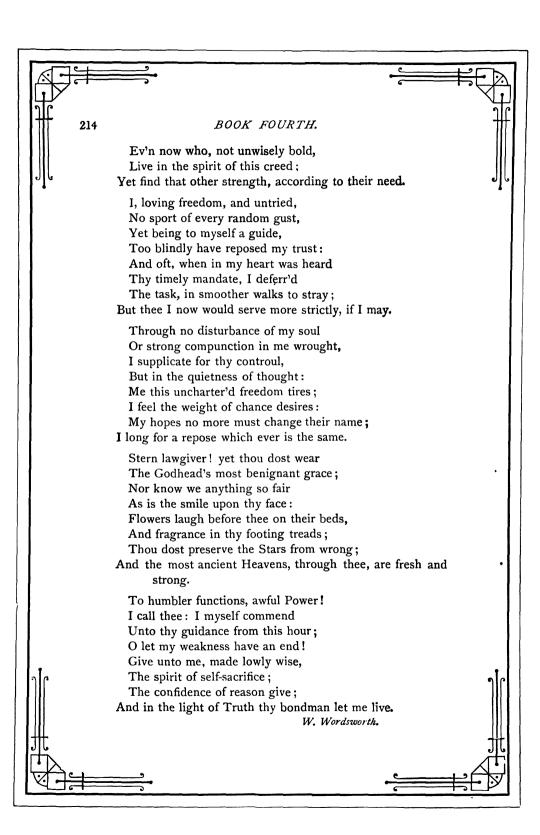
Upon the genial sense of youth: Glad hearts! without reproach or blot,

Who do thy work, and know it not: O! if through confidence misplaced

They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright And happy will our nature be When love is an unerring light, And joy its own security. And they a blissful course may hold

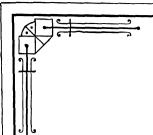






THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

Page 215.



ON THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

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CCIX.

ON THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art —
For there thy habitation is the heart —
The heart which love of Thee alone can bind;

And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd, To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom, Their country conquers with their martyrdom And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.

Chillon! thy prison is a holy place
And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

Lord Byron.

CCX.

ENGLAND AND SWITZERLAND.

1802.

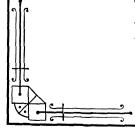
Two Voices are there, one is of the Sea, One of the Mountains, each a mighty voice: In both from age to age thou didst rejoice, They were thy chosen music, Liberty! There came a tyrant, and with holy glee

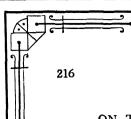
There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him, — but hast vainly striven:
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.

— Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft; Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left For, high-soul'd Maid, what sorrow would it be

That Mountain floods should thunder as before, And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore, And neither awful Voice be heard by Thee!

W. Wordsworth.





CCXI.

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC.

ONCE did She hold the gorgeous East in fee And was the safeguard of the West; the worth Of Venice did not fall below her birth, Venice, the eldest child of liberty.

She was a maiden city, bright and free; No guile seduced, no force could violate; And when she took unto herself a mate, She must espouse the everlasting Sea.

And what if she had seen those glories fade, Those titles vanish, and that strength decay, -Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid When her long life hath reach'd its final day: Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade Of that which once was great has pass'd away.

W Wordsworth.

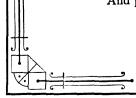
CCXII.

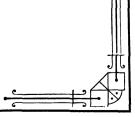
LONDON, MDCCCII.

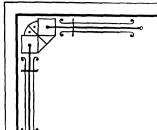
O FRIEND! I know not which way I must look For comfort, being, as I am, opprest To think that now our life is only drest For show; mean handiwork of craftsman, cook, Or groom! — We must run glittering like a brook In the open sunshine, or we are unblest; The wealthiest man among us is the best: No grandeur now in Nature or in book Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense, This is idolatry; and these we adore: Plain living and high thinking are no more:

The homely beauty of the good old cause Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence, And pure religion breathing household laws.

W. Wordsworth.







THE SAME.



CCXIII.

THE SAME.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour: England hath need of thee: she is a fen Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen, Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,

Have forfeited their ancient English dower Of inward happiness. We are selfish men: O! raise us up, return to us again; And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.

Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart: Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea, Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free;

So didst thou travel on life's common way In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

W. Wordsworth.

CCXIV

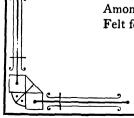
WHEN I have borne in memory what has tamed Great nations; how ennobling thoughts depart When men change swords for ledgers, and desert The student's bower for gold, — some fears unnamed

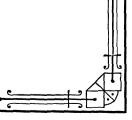
I had, my Country!—am I to be blamed? But when I think of thee, and what thou art, Verily, in the bottom of my heart Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.

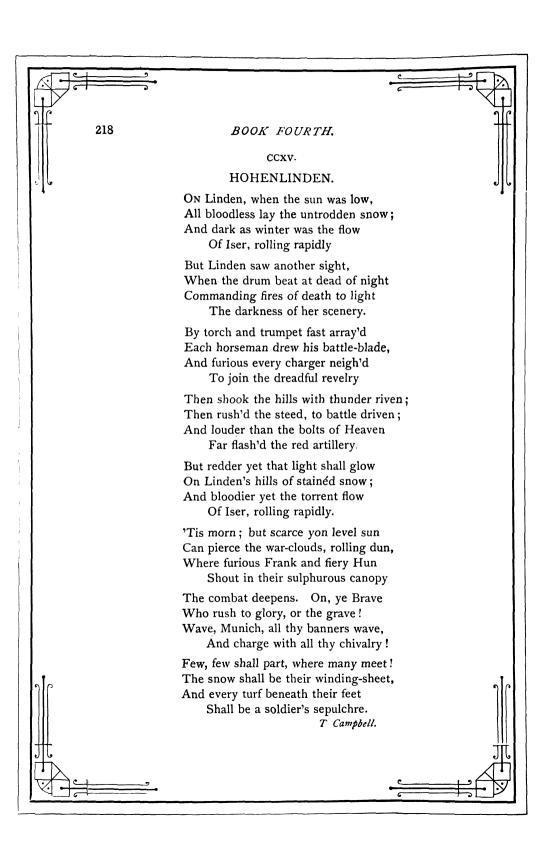
For dearly must we prize thee; we who find In thee a bulwark of the cause of men; And I by my affection was beguiled:

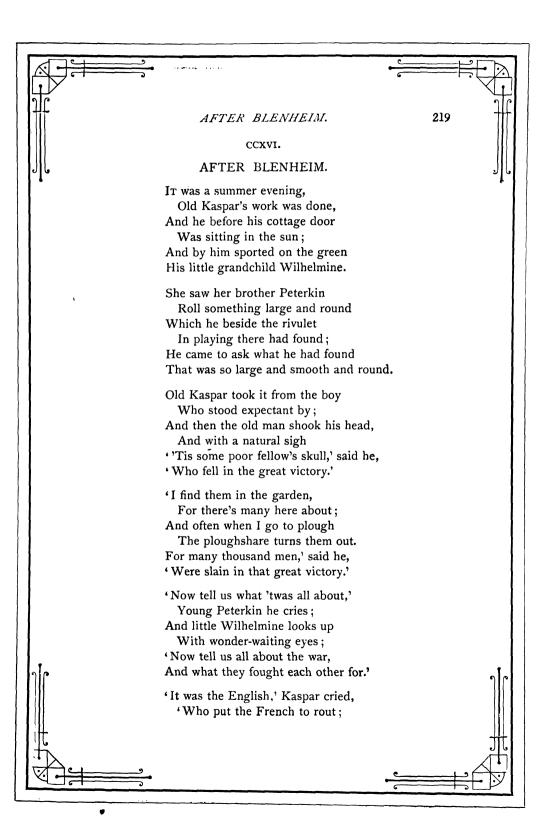
What wonder if a Poet now and then, Among the many movements of his mind, Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

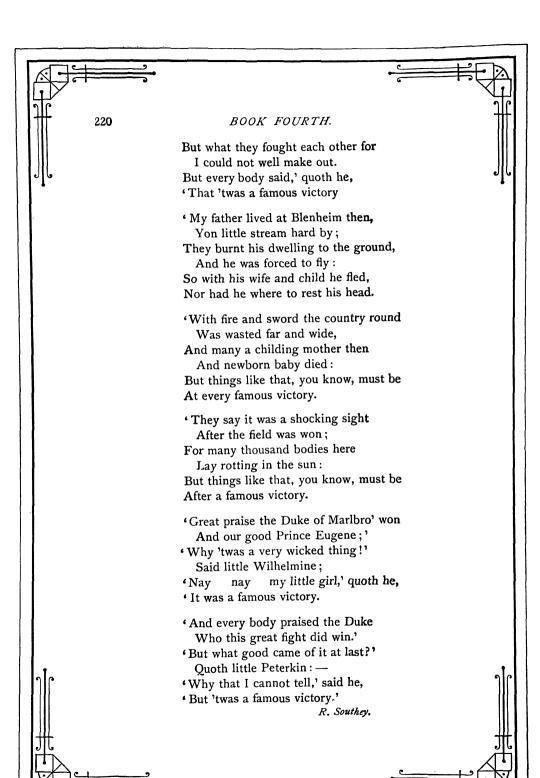
W Wordsworth.

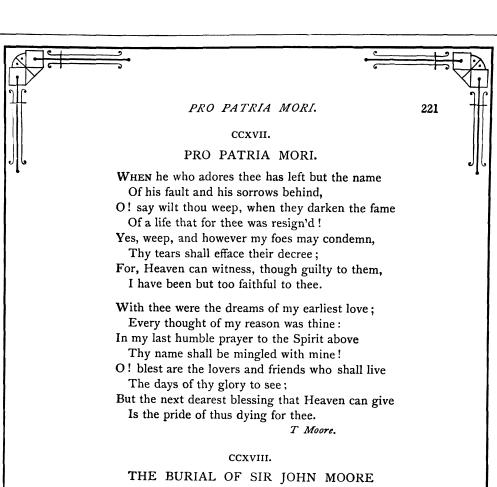










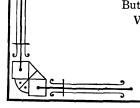


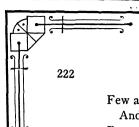
AT CORUNNA.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note, As his corpse to the rampart we hurried; Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night, The sods with our bayonets turning; By the struggling moonbeam's misty light And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast, Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him; But he lay like a warrior taking his rest With his martial cloak around him.





BOOK FOURTH.

Few and short were the prayers we said
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow

We thought as we hollow'd his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him, —
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,

From the field of his fame fresh and gory;

We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone —

But we left him alone with his glory.

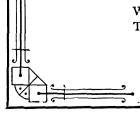
C. Wolfe.

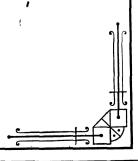
CCXIX.

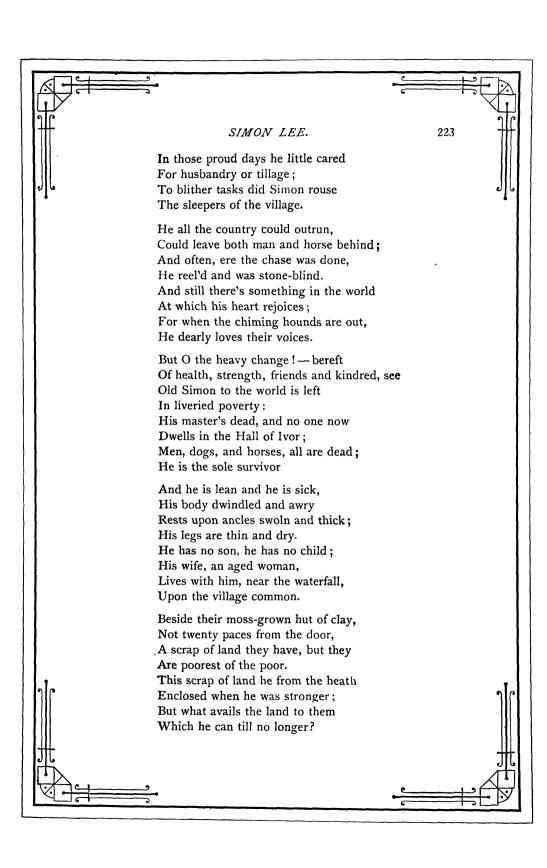
SIMON LEE THE OLD HUNTSMAN.

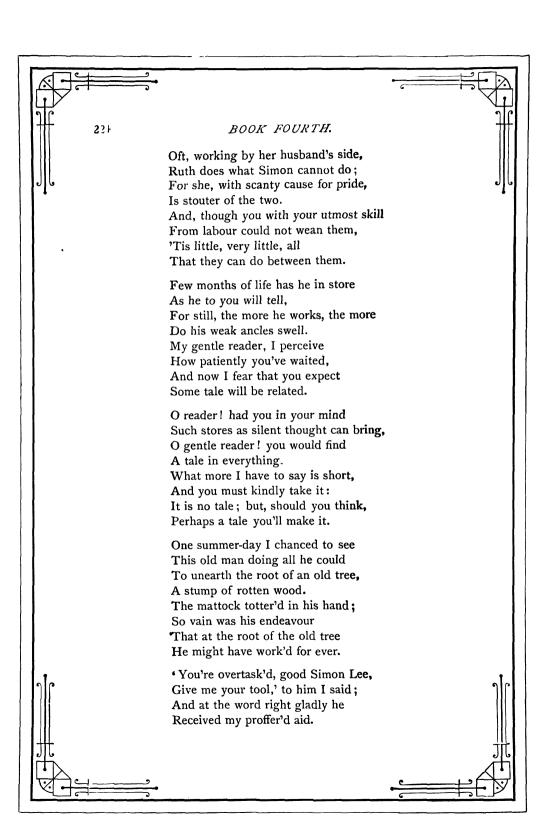
In the sweet shire of Cardigan, Not far from pleasant Ivor Hall, An old man dwells, a little man, I've heard he once was tall. Full five-and-thirty years he lived A running huntsman merry; And still the centre of his cheek Is red as a ripe cherry.

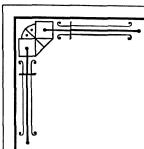
No man like him the horn could sound, And hill and valley rang with glee, When Echo bandied round and round The halloo of Simon Lee.











THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I struck, and with a single blow The tangled root I sever'd, At which the poor old man so long And vainly had endeavour'd.

The tears into his eyes were brought, And thanks and praises seem'd to run So fast out of his heart, I thought They never would have done. - I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds With coldness still returning; Alas! the gratitude of men Has oftener left me mourning.

W. Wordsworth.

CCXX.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days; All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

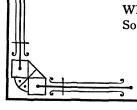
I have been laughing, I have been carousing, Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies; All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

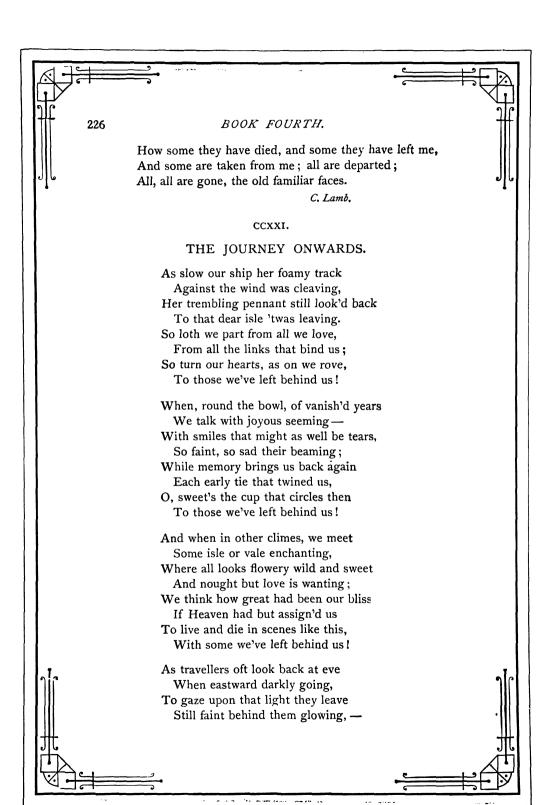
I loved a Love once, fairest among women: Closed are her doors on me. I must not see her -All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

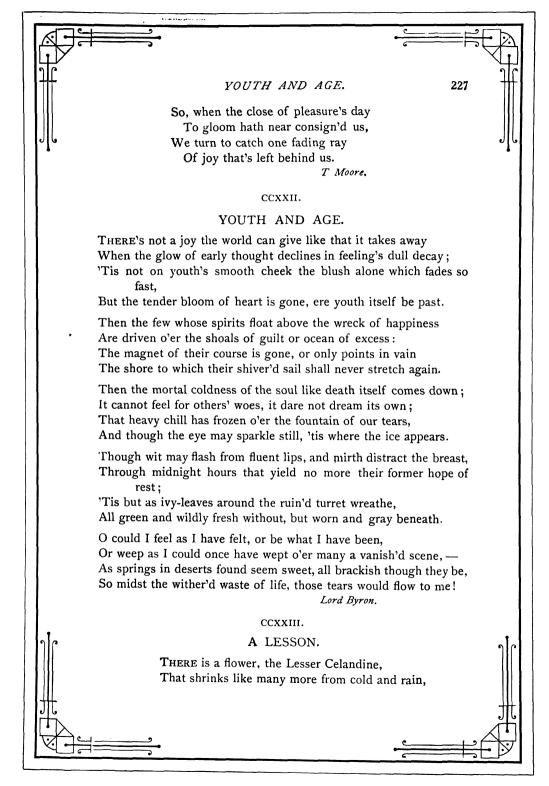
I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man: Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly; Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

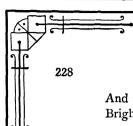
Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood, Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse, Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother, Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling? So might we talk of the old familiar faces,









BOOK FOURTH.

And the first moment that the sun may shine, Bright as the sun himself, 'tis out again!

When hailstones have been falling, swarm on swarm, Or blasts the green field and the trees distrest, Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm In close self-shelter, like a thing at rest.

But lately, one rough day, this flower I past, And recognized it, though an alter'd form, Now standing forth an offering to the blast, And buffeted at will by rain and storm.

I stopp'd and said, with inly-mutter'd voice, 'It doth not love the shower, nor seek the cold; This neither is its courage nor its choice, But its necessity in being old.

'The sunshine may not cheer it, nor the dew; It cannot help itself in its decay; Stiff in its members, wither'd, changed of hue,' And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was gray.

To be a prodigal's favourite — then, worse truth, A miser's pensioner — behold our lot!

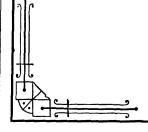
O Man! that from thy fair and shining youth Age might but take the things Youth needed not!

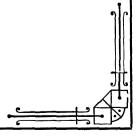
W. Wordsworth.

CCXXIV.

PAST AND PRESENT

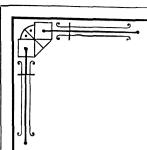
I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away







"Oft, in the stilly night, Ere Slumber's chain has bound me."



THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

229

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—

The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy

T. Hood.

CCXXV-

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

OFT in the stilly night

Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light

Of other days around me:

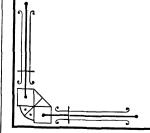
The smiles, the tears

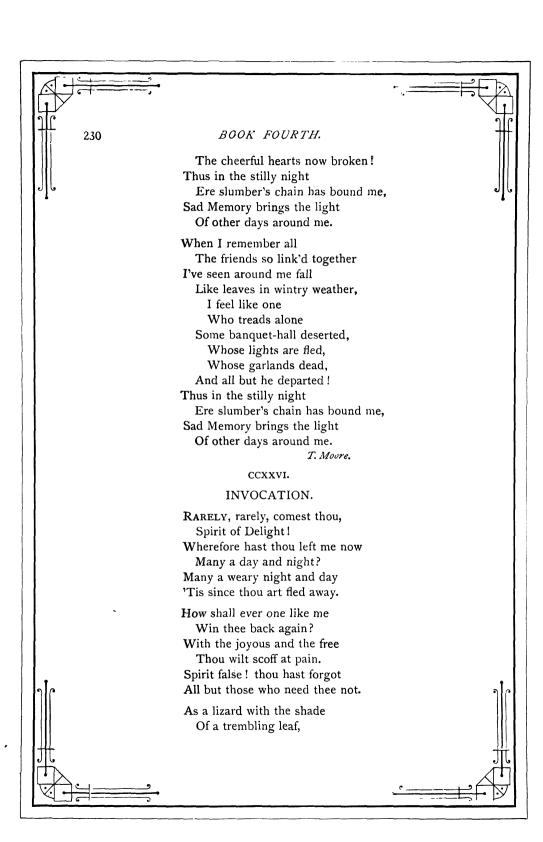
Of boyhood's years,

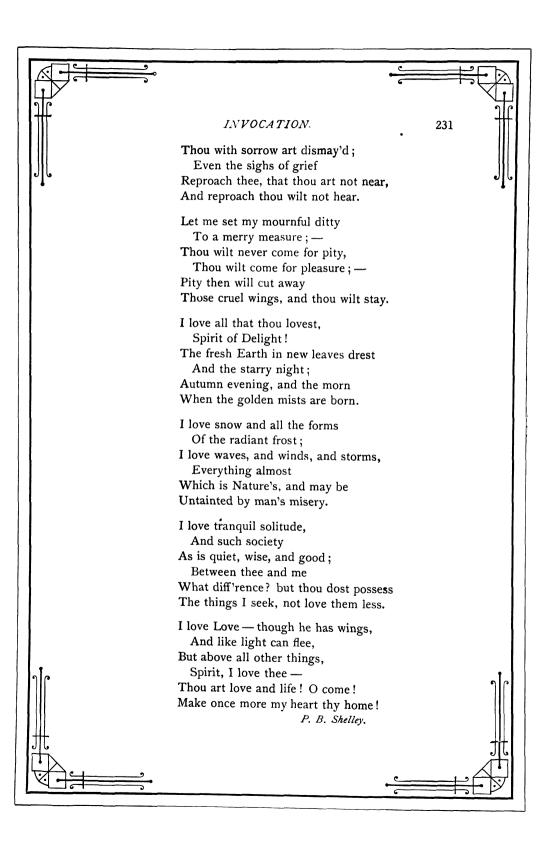
The words of love then spoken;

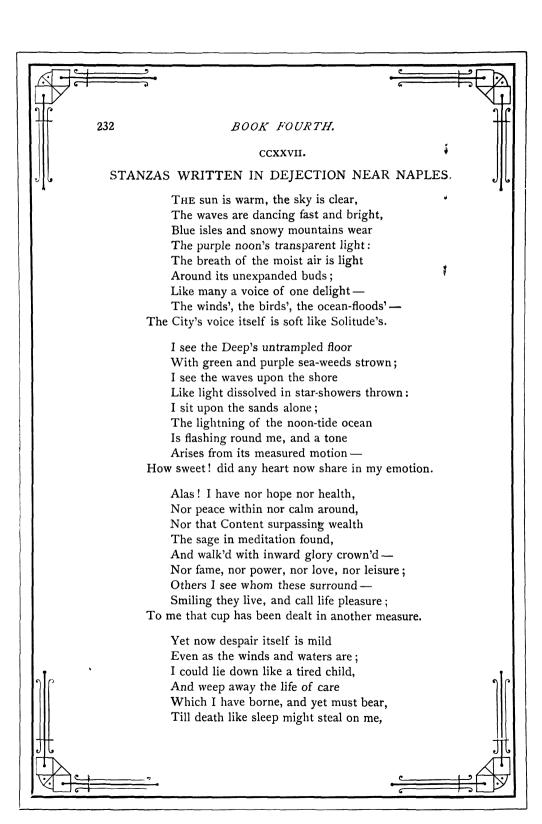
The eyes that shone,

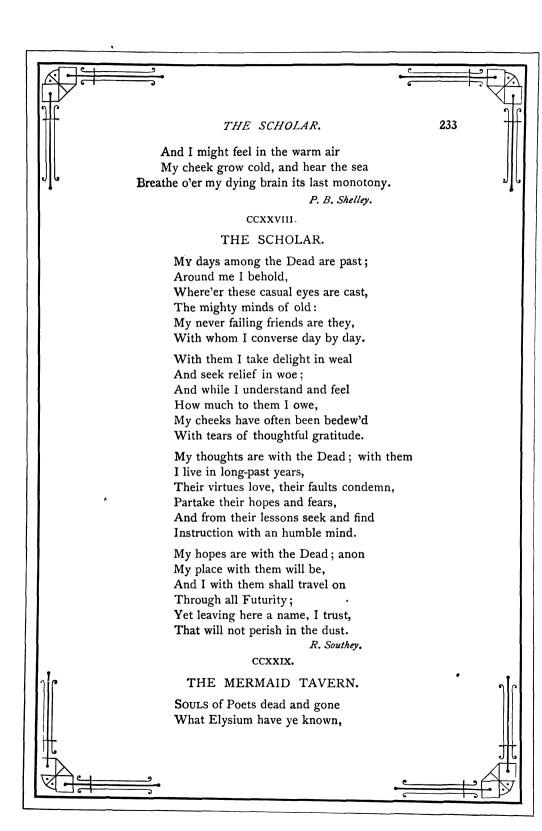
Now dimm'd and gone,

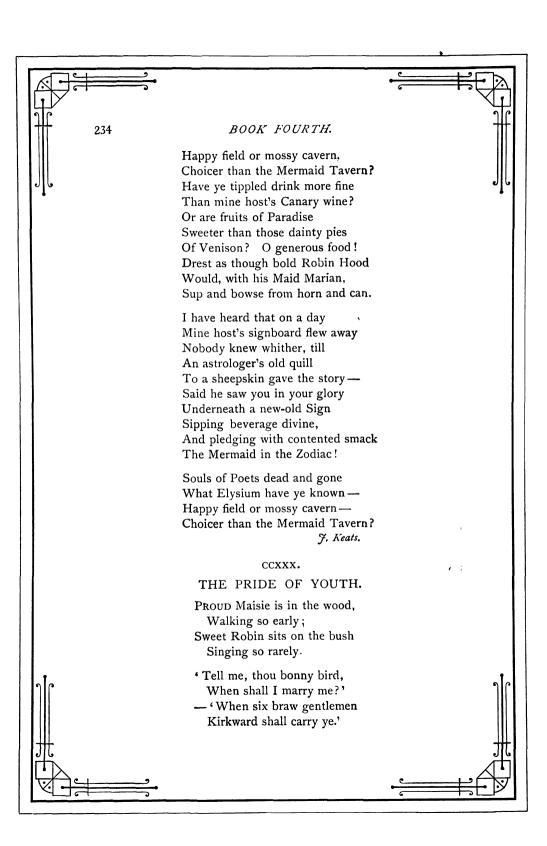








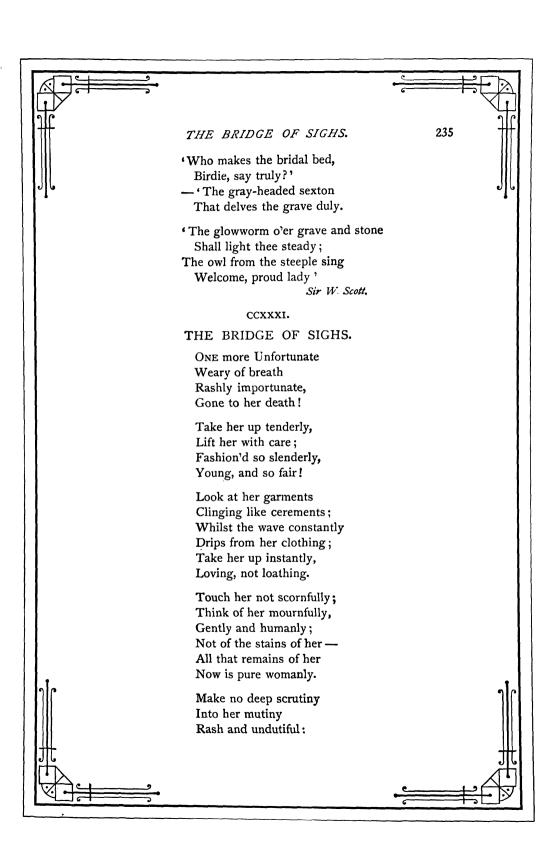




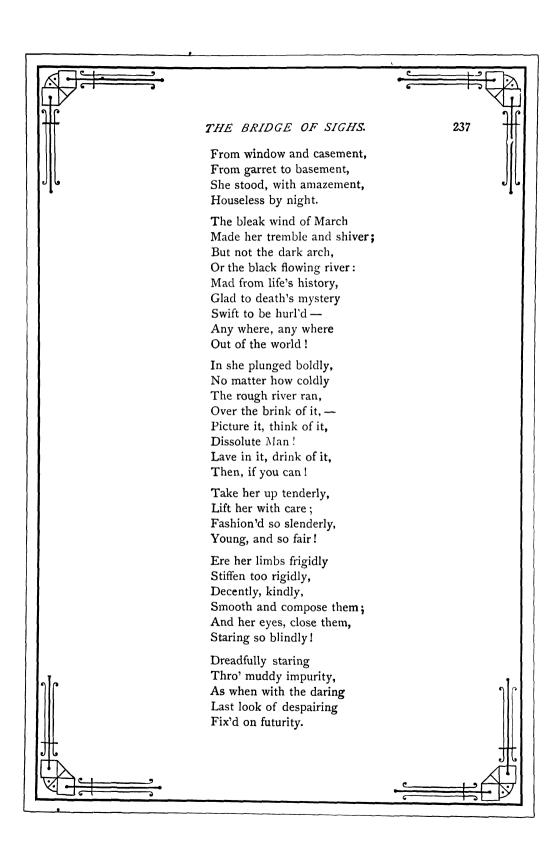


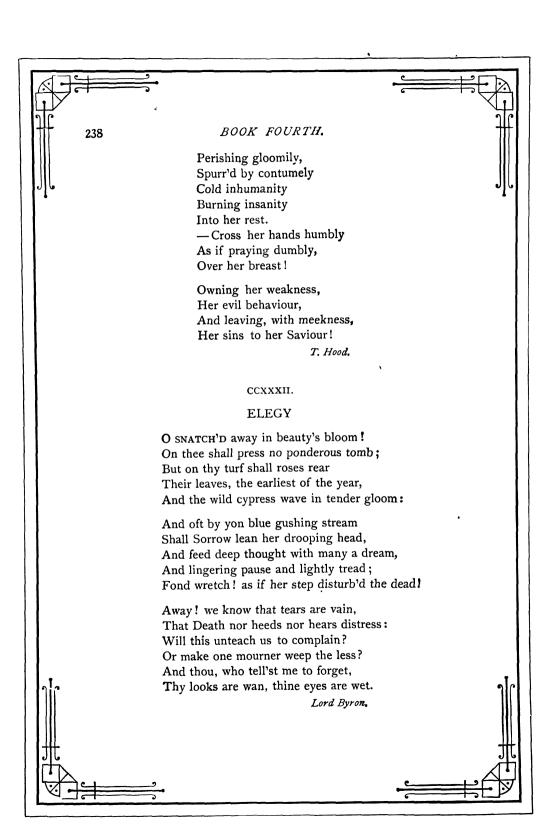
THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

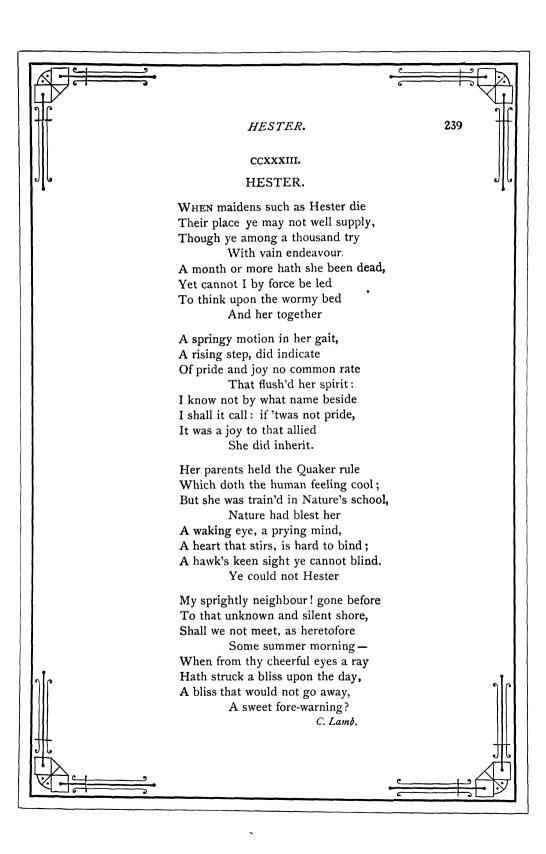
Page 235.

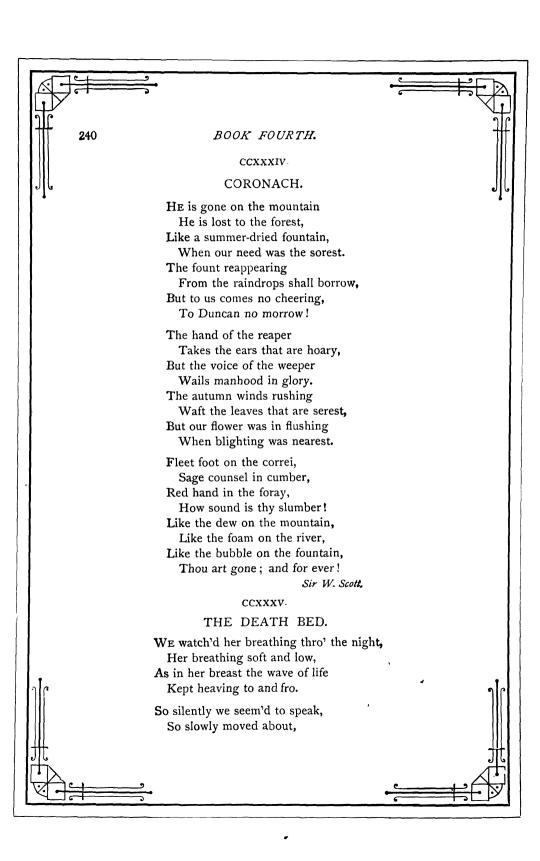


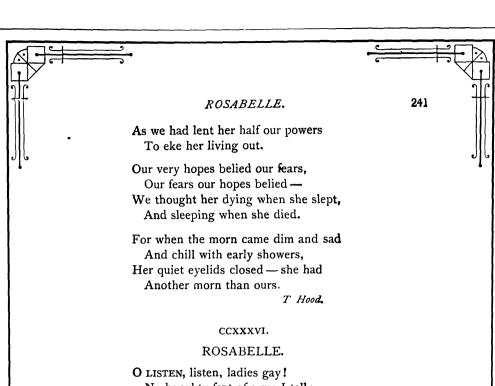












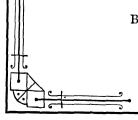
O LISTEN, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

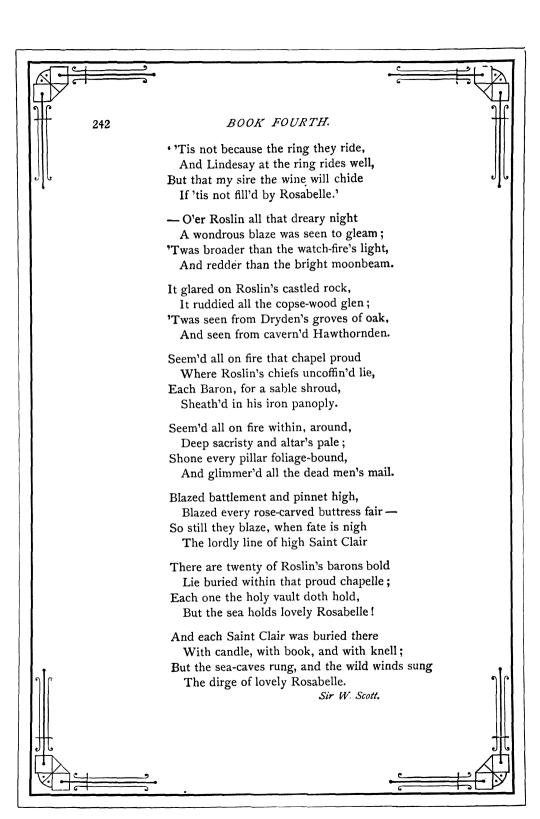
'Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew, And, gentle lady, deign to stay! Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch, Nor tempt the stormy firth today.

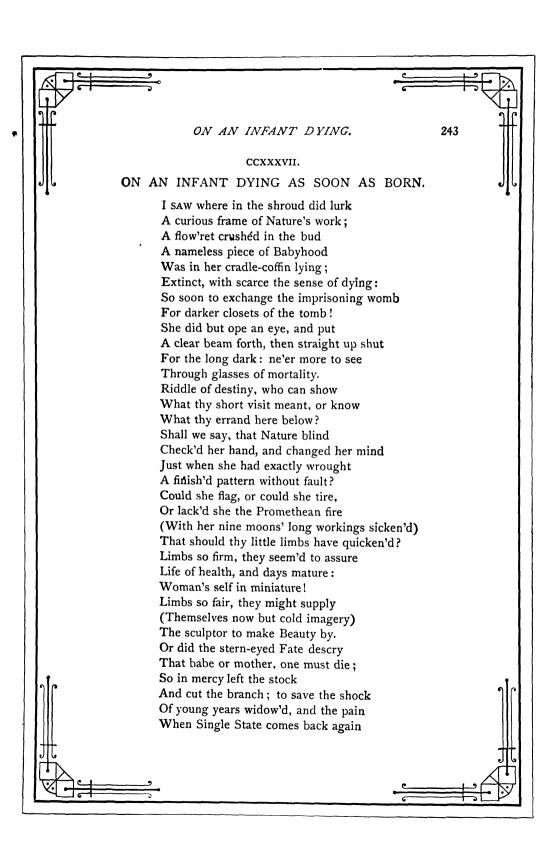
The blackening wave is edged with white;
 To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
 The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
 Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

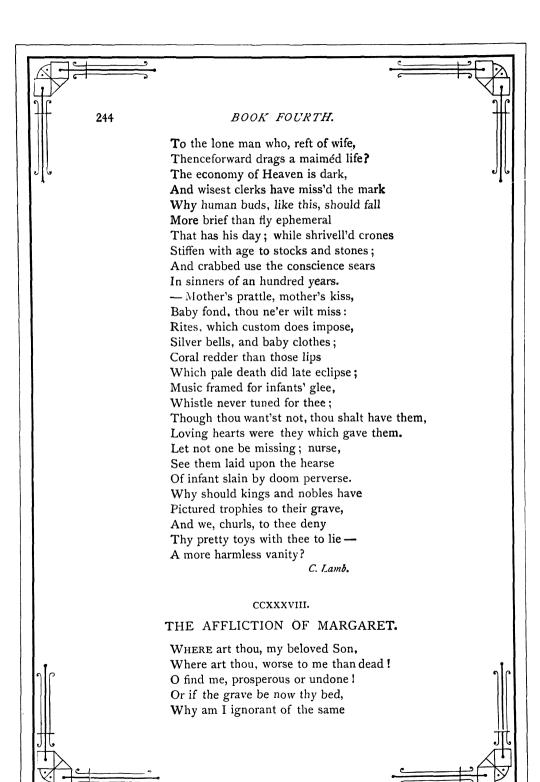
Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round lady gay;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch;
Why cross the gloomy firth today?

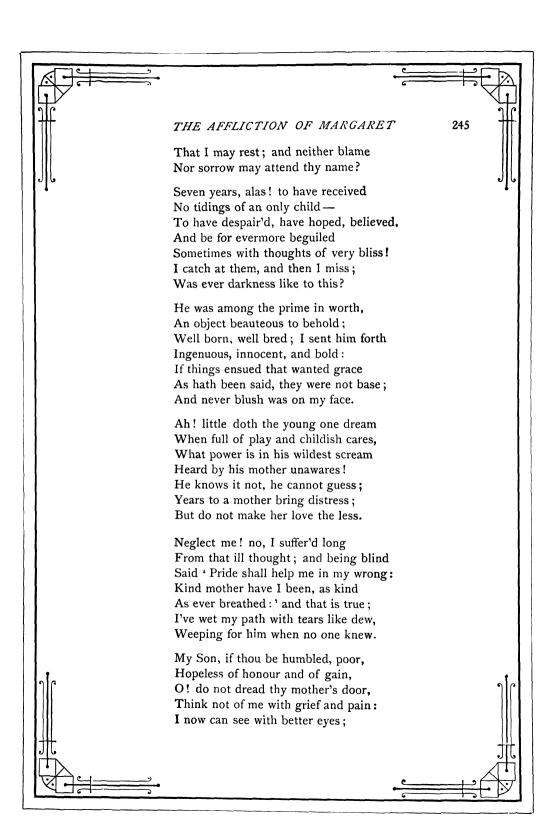
'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir Tonight at Roslin leads the ball, But that my lady-mother there Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

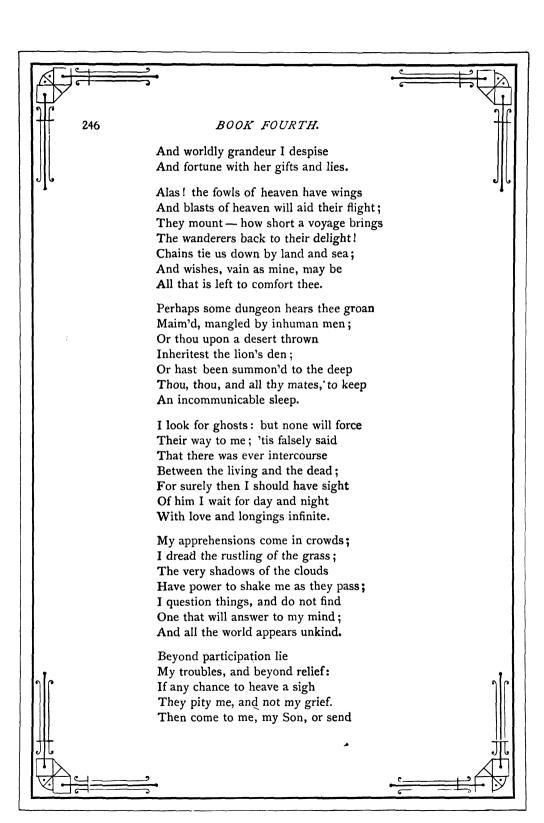






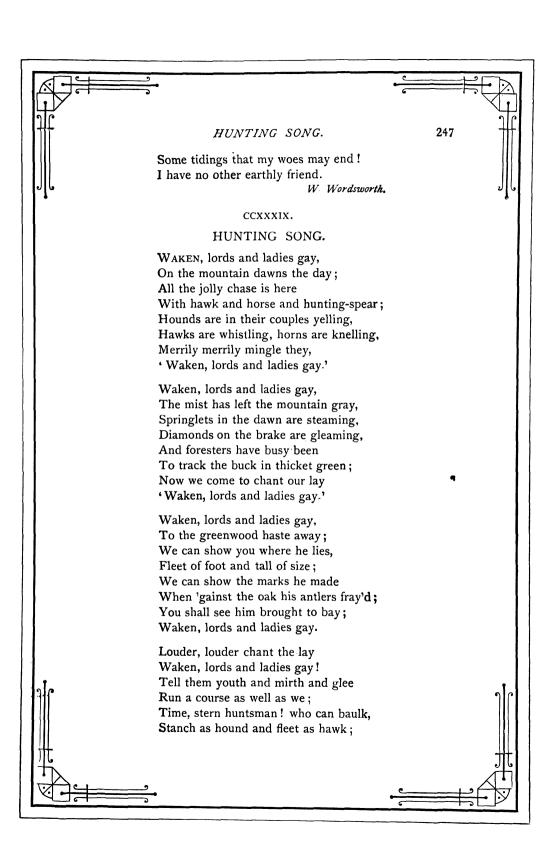


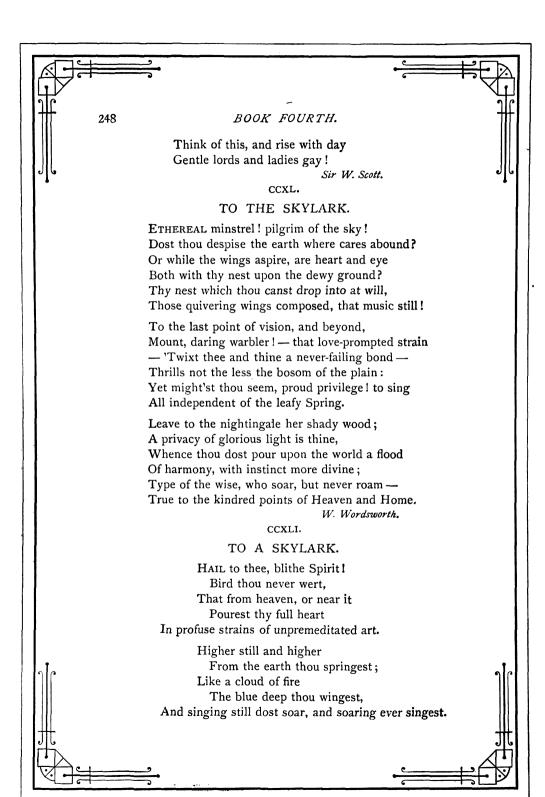


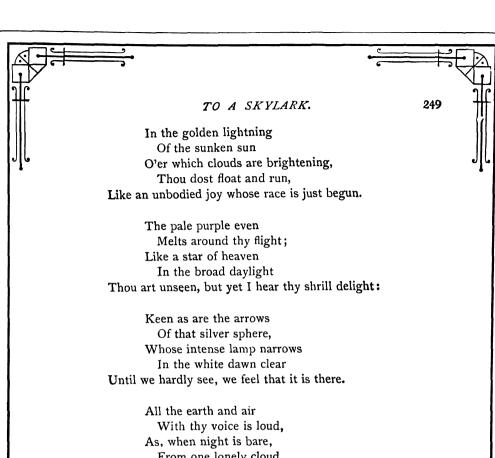




"Waken, lords and ladies gay!
On the mountain dawns the day."—Page 247.





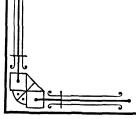


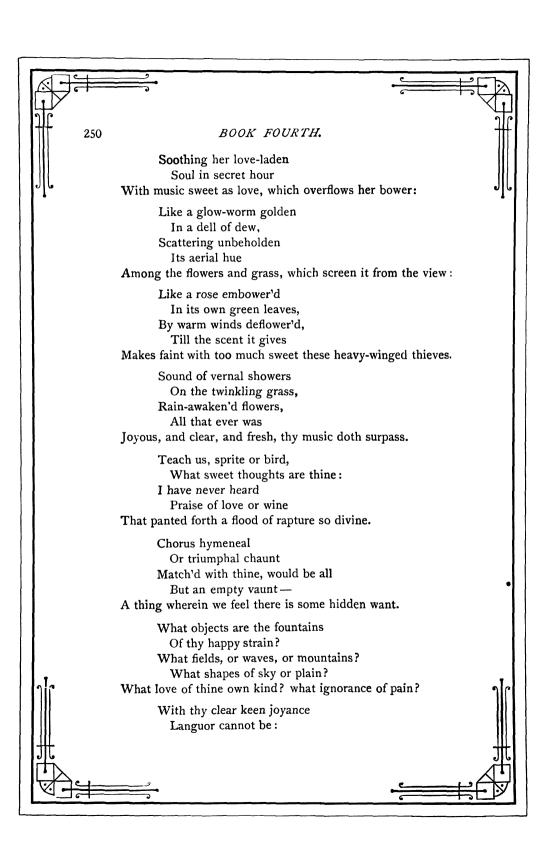
From one lonely cloud The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd.

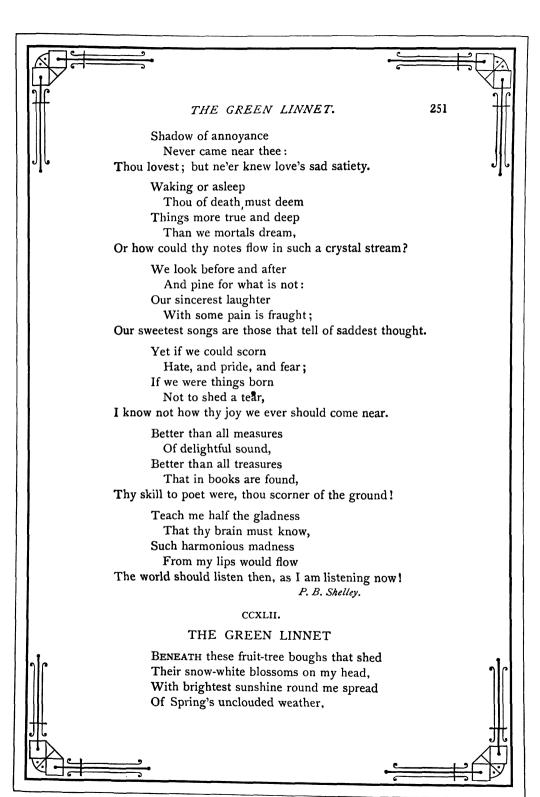
What thou art we know not: What is most like thee? From rainbow clouds there flow not Drops so bright to see As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

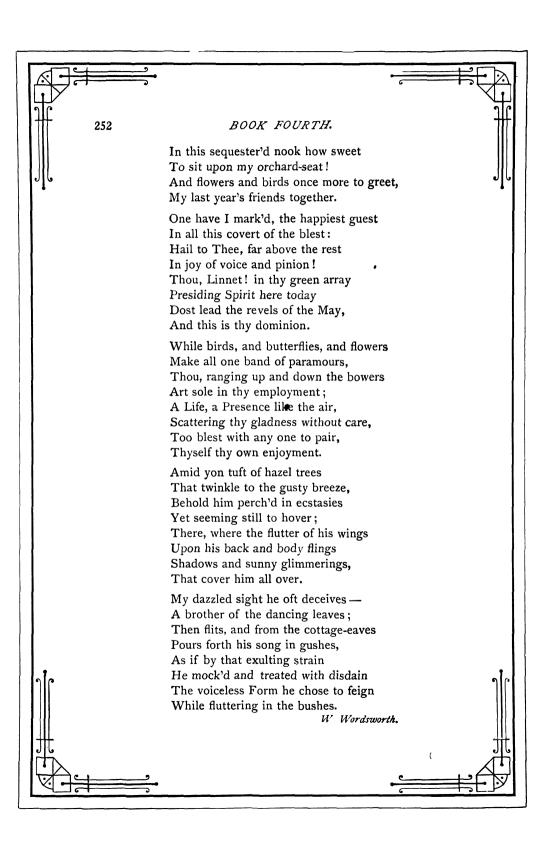
Like a poet hidden In the light of thought, Singing hymns unbidden, Till the world is wrought To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

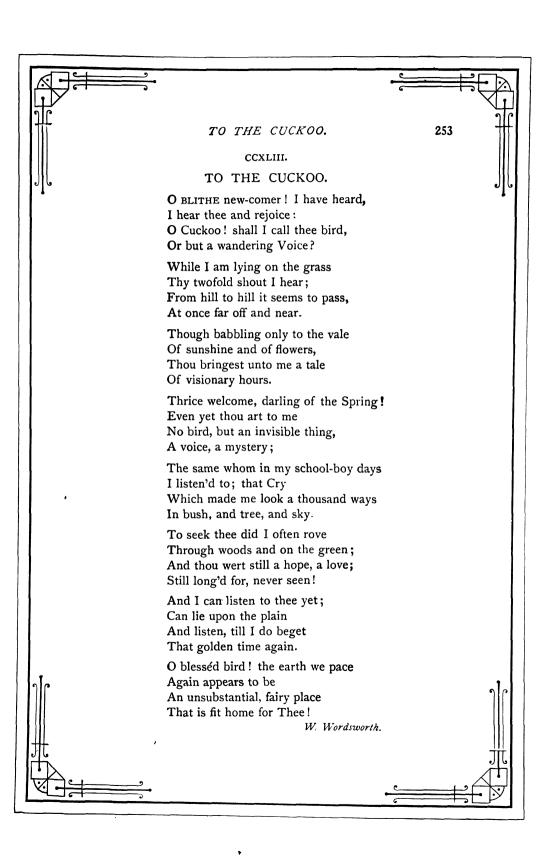
> Like a high-born maiden In a palace tower,

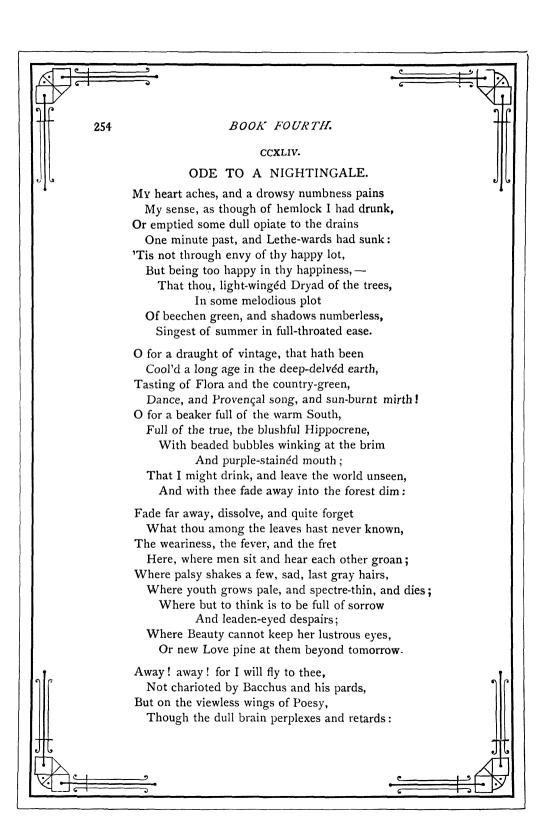


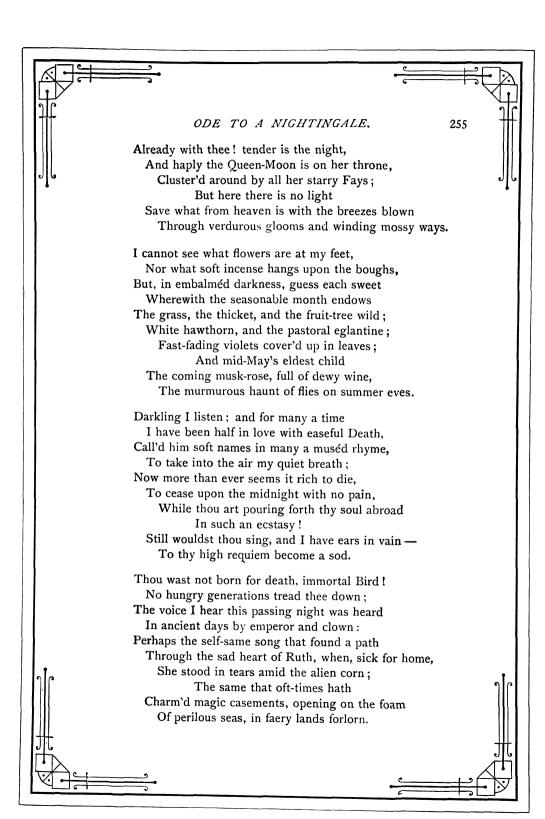


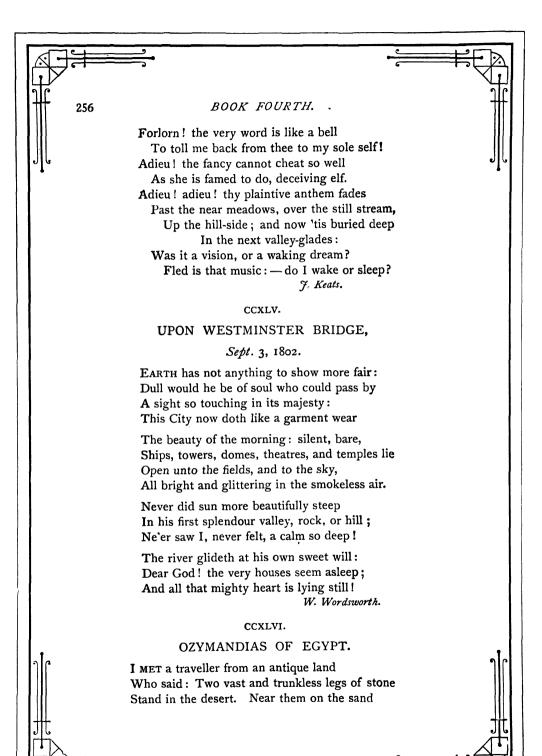


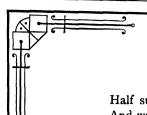




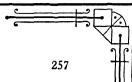








NEIDPATH.



Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command Tell that its sculptor well those passions read Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things, The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed; And on the pedestal these words appear: 'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings: Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!' Nothing beside remains. Round the decay Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare, The lone and level sands stretch far away.

CCXLVII.

COMPOSED AT NEIDPATH CASTLE, THE PROPERTY OF LORD QUEENSBERRY, 1803.

DEGENERATE Douglas! O the unworthy lord! Whom mere despite of heart could so far please And love of havoc (for with such disease Fame taxes him) that he could send forth word

To level with the dust a noble horde, A brotherhood of venerable trees, Leaving an ancient dome, and towers like these Beggar'd and outraged!—Many hearts deplored

The fate of those old trees; and oft with pain The traveller at this day will stop and gaze On wrongs, which Nature scarcely seems to heed;

For shelter'd places, bosoms, nooks, and bays, And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed, And the green silent pastures, yet remain.

W. Wordsworth.

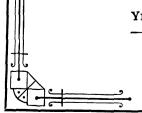
P. B. Shelley.

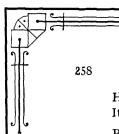
CCXLVIII.

ADMONITION TO A TRAVELLER.

YES, there is holy pleasure in thine eye!

— The lovely cottage in the guardian nook





Hath stirr'd thee deeply; with its own dear brook, Its own small pasture, almost its own sky!

But covet not the abode — O do not sigh As many do, repining while they look; Intruders who would tear from Nature's book This precious leaf with harsh impiety:

— Think what the home would be if it were thine, Even thine, though few thy wants! — Roof, window, door, The very flowers are sacred to the Poor,

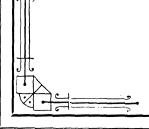
The roses to the porch which they entwine:
Yea, all that now enchants thee, from the day
On which it should be touch'd would melt away!

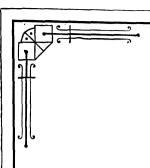
W. Wordsmorth.

CCXLIX.

TO THE HIGHLAND GIRL OF INVERSNAID.

SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower Of beauty is thy earthly dower! Twice seven consenting years have shed Their utmost bounty on thy head: And these gray rocks, this household lawn. These trees — a veil just half withdrawn, This fall of water that doth make A murmur near the silent lake. This little bay, a quiet road That holds in shelter thy abode; In truth together ye do seem Like something fashion'd in a dream; Such forms as from their covert peep When earthly cares are laid asleep! But O fair Creature! in the light Of common day, so heavenly bright, I bless Thee, Vision as thou art, I bless thee with a human heart: God shield thee to thy latest years! I neither know thee nor thy peers: And yet my eyes are fill'd with tears.

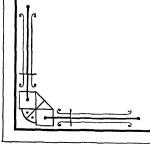




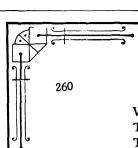
TO THE HIGHLAND GIRL.

With earnest feeling I shall pray For thee when I am far away; For never saw I mien or face In which more plainly I could trace Benignity and home-bred sense Ripening in perfect innocence. Here scatter'd like a random seed. Remote from men. Thou dost not need The embarrass'd look of shy distress, And maidenly shamefacedness: Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear The freedom of a mountaineer: A face with gladness overspread, Soft smiles, by human kindness bred; And seemliness complete, that sways Thy courtesies, about thee plays; With no restraint, but such as springs From quick and eager visitings Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach Of thy few words of English speech: A bondage sweetly brook'd, a strife That gives thy gestures grace and life! So have I, not unmoved in mind, Seen birds of tempest-loving kind, Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull For thee who art so beautiful? O happy pleasure! here to dwell Beside thee in some heathy dell; Adopt your homely ways and dress, A shepherd, thou a shepherdess! But I could frame a wish for thee More like a grave reality: Thou art to me but as a wave Of the wild sea: and I would have Some claim upon thee, if I could, Though but of common neighbourhood.



259



What joy to hear thee, and to see! Thy elder brother I would be, Thy father, anything to thee.

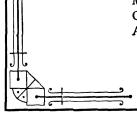
Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace Hath led me to this lonely place; Iov have I had; and going hence I bear away my recompense. In spots like these it is we prize Our memory, feel that she hath eyes: Then why should I be loth to stir? I feel this place was made for her: To give new pleasure like the past, Continued long as life shall last. Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart, Sweet Highland Girl! from thee to part; For I, methinks, till I grow old As fair before me shall behold As I do now, the cabin small, The lake, the bay, the waterfall; And Thee, the spirit of them all! W. Wordsworth.

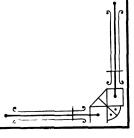
CCL.

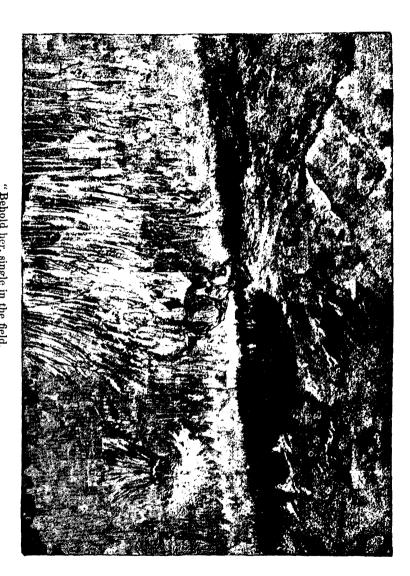
THE REAPER.

BEHOLD her, single in the field, Yon solitary Highland Lass! Reaping and singing by herself; Stop here, or gently pass! Alone she cuts and binds the grain, And sings a melancholy strain; O listen! for the vale profound Is overflowing with the sound.

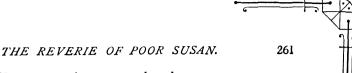
No nightingale did ever chaunt More welcome notes to weary bands Of travellers in some shady haunt, Among Arabian sands:







"Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass!"—Page 260.



No sweeter voice was ever heard In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird, Breaking the silence of the seas Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings? Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow For old, unhappy, far-off things, And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay, Familiar matter of today?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain, That has been, and may be again!

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang As if her song could have no ending; I saw her singing at her work, And o'er the sickle bending; I listen'd till I had my fill; And as I mounted up the hill The music in my heart I bore Long after it was heard no more.

W. Wordsworth.

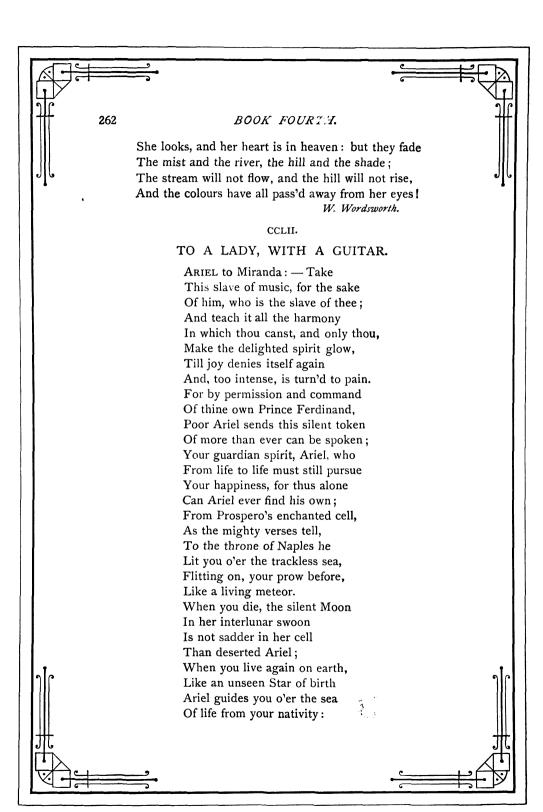
CCLI.

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

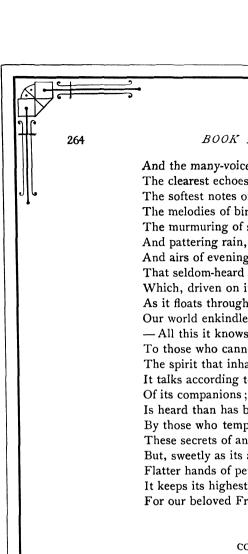
At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears, Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years: Poor Susan has pass'd by the spot, and has heard In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

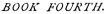
'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? She sees A mountain ascending, a vision of trees; Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide, And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale Down which she so often has tripp'd with her pail; And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's, The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.









And the many-voiced fountains; The clearest echoes of the hills, The softest notes of falling rills, The melodies of birds and bees, The murmuring of summer seas, And pattering rain, and breathing dew, And airs of evening; and it knew That seldom-heard mysterious sound Which, driven on its diurnal round, As it floats through boundless day, Our world enkindles on its way: - All this it knows, but will not tell To those who cannot question well The spirit that inhabits it; It talks according to the wit Of its companions; and no more Is heard than has been felt before By those who tempt it to betray These secrets of an elder day. But, sweetly as its answers will Flatter hands of perfect skill, It keeps its highest holiest tone For our beloved Friend alone.

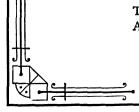
P. B. Shelley.

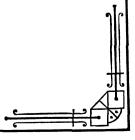
CCLIII.

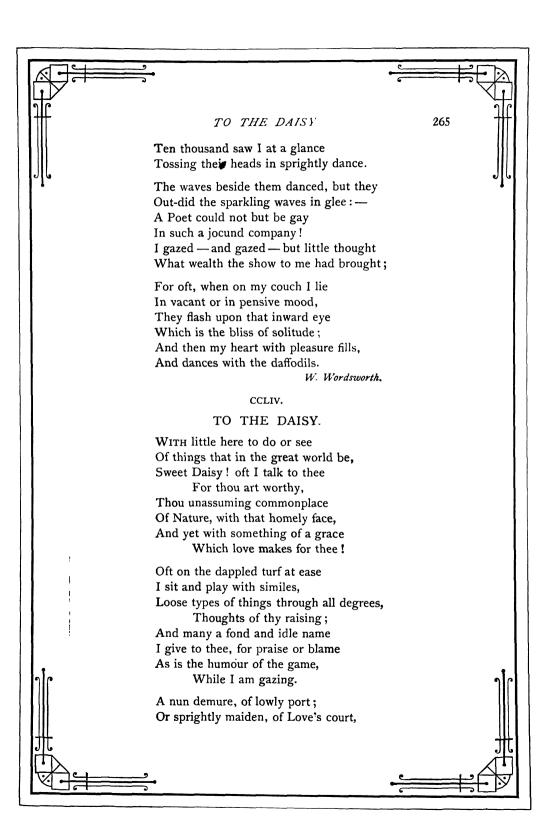
THE DAFFODILS.

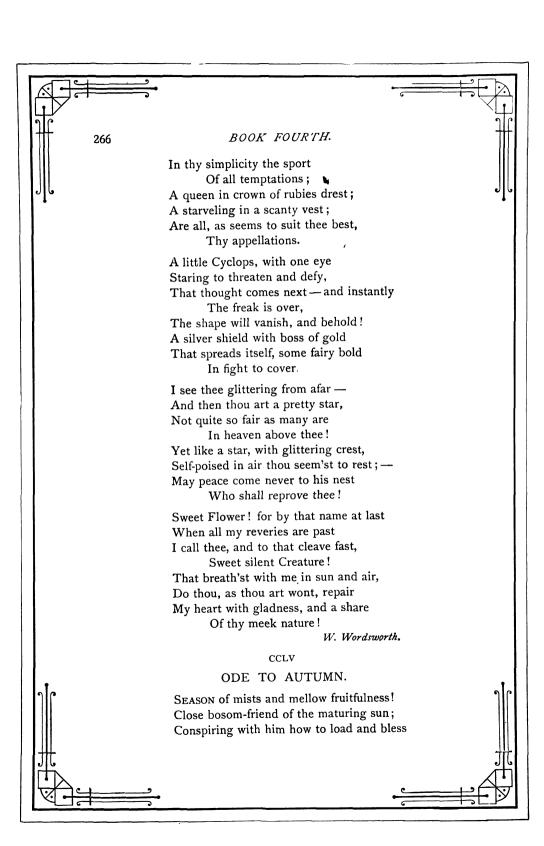
I WANDER'D lonely as a cloud That floats on high o'er vales and hills, When all at once I saw a crowd, A host of golden daffodils, Beside the lake, beneath the trees Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine And twinkle on the milky way, They stretch'd in never-ending line Along the margin of a bay:











ODE TO WINTER.

With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease;
For Summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen Thee oft amid thy store? Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find Thee sitting careless on a granary floor, Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind; Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep, Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook Spares the next swath and all its twinéd flowers; And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep Steady thy laden head across a brook; Or by a cider-press, with patient look, Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they? Think not of them, — thou hast thy music *too, While barréd clouds bloom the soft-dying day And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue; Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn Among the river-sallows borne aloft Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies; And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn; Hedge-crickets sing, and now with treble soft The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft, And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

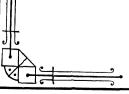
J. Keats.

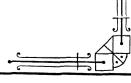
CCLVI.

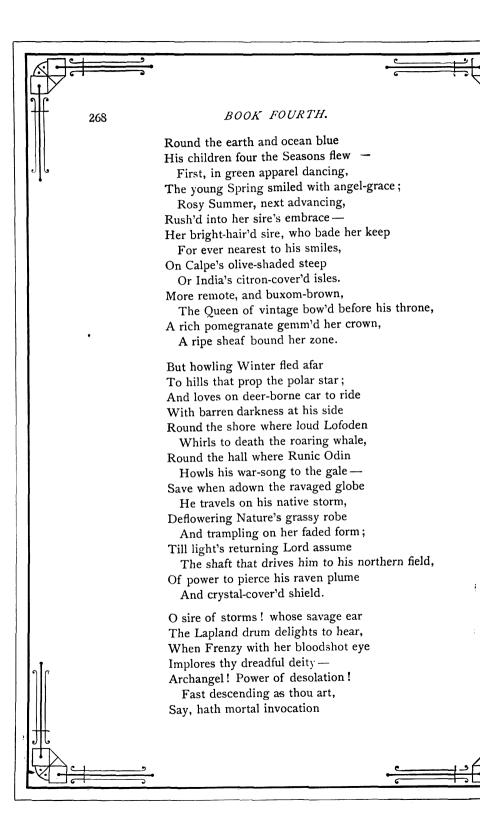
ODE TO WINTER.

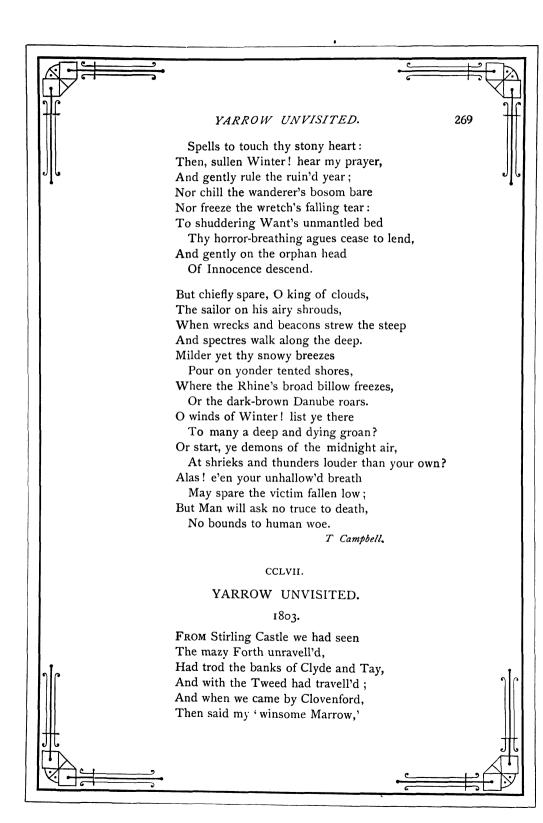
Germany, December, 1800.

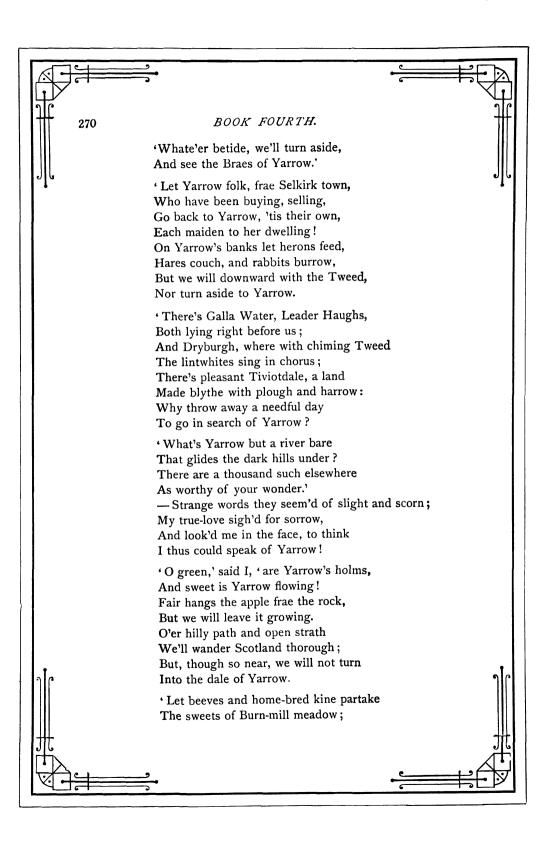
When first the fiery-mantled Sun His heavenly race began to run,

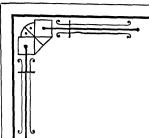


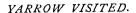


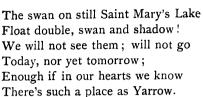












'Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown;
It must, or we shall rue it:
We have a vision of our own,
Ah! why should we undo it?
The treasured dreams of times long past,
We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!
For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow!

'If care with freezing years should come And wandering seem but folly, —
Should we be loth to stir from home,
And yet be melancholy;
Should life be dull, and spirits low,
'Twill soothe us in our sorrow
That earth has something yet to show,
The bonny Holms of Yarrow!'

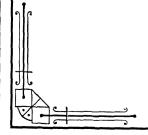
W. Wordsworth.

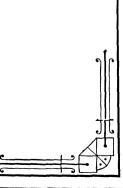
CCLVIII.

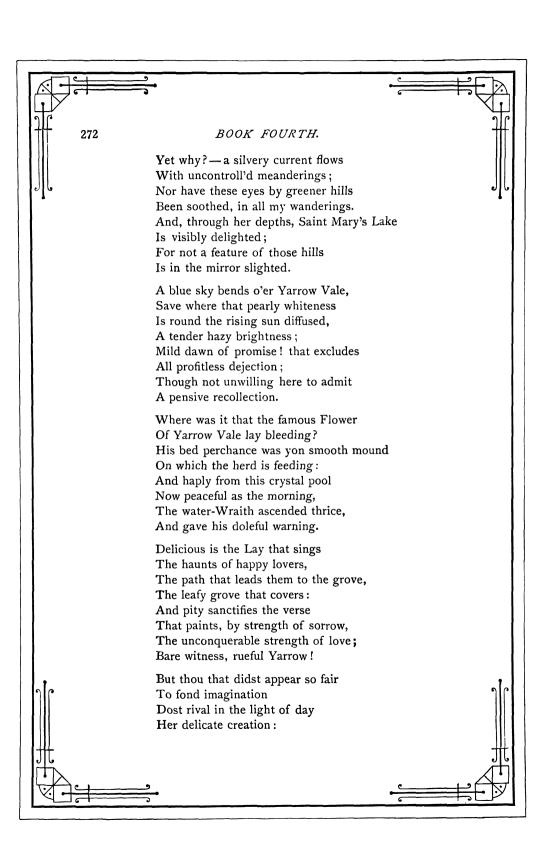
YARROW VISITED.

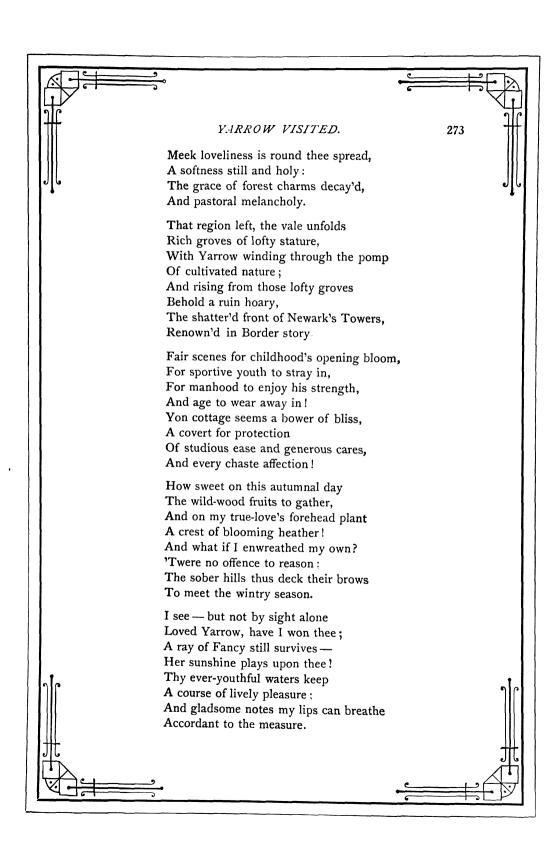
September, 1814.

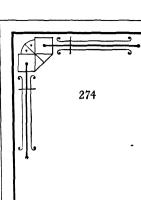
And is this — Yarrow? — This the Stream Of which my fancy cherish'd So faithfully, a waking dream, An image that hath perish'd? O that some minstrel's harp were near To utter notes of gladness And chase this silence from the air, That fills my heart with sadness!











The vapours linger round the heights, They melt, and soon must vanish; One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—Sad thought! which I would banish, But that I know, where'er I go, Thy genuine image, Yarrow! Will dwell with me, to heighten joy And cheer my mind in sorrow.

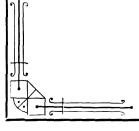
W Wordsworth.

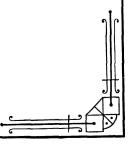
CCLIX.

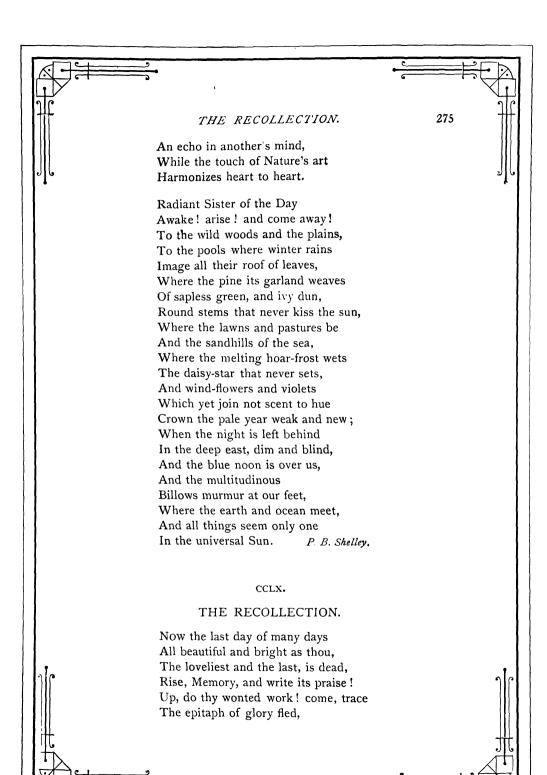
THE INVITATION.

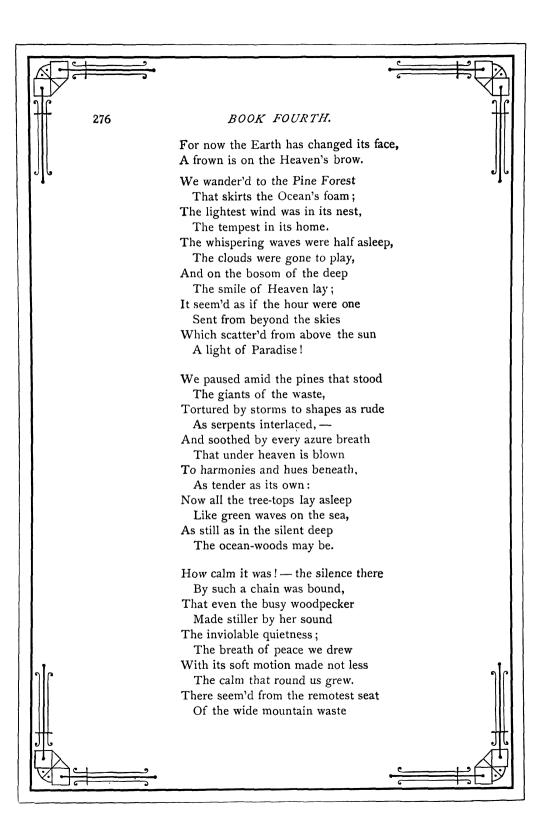
BEST and Brightest, come away, Fairer far than this fair day, Which, like thee, to those in sorrow Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow To the rough year just awake In its cradle on the brake. The brightest hour of unborn Spring Through the winter wandering, Found, it seems, the halcyon morn To hoar February born; Bending from Heaven, in azure mirth, It kiss'd the forehead of the earth, And smiled upon the silent sea, And bade the frozen streams be free, And waked to music all their fountains, And breathed upon the frozen mountains, And like a prophetess of May Strew'd flowers upon the barren way, Making the wintry world appear Like one on whom thou smilest, Dear.

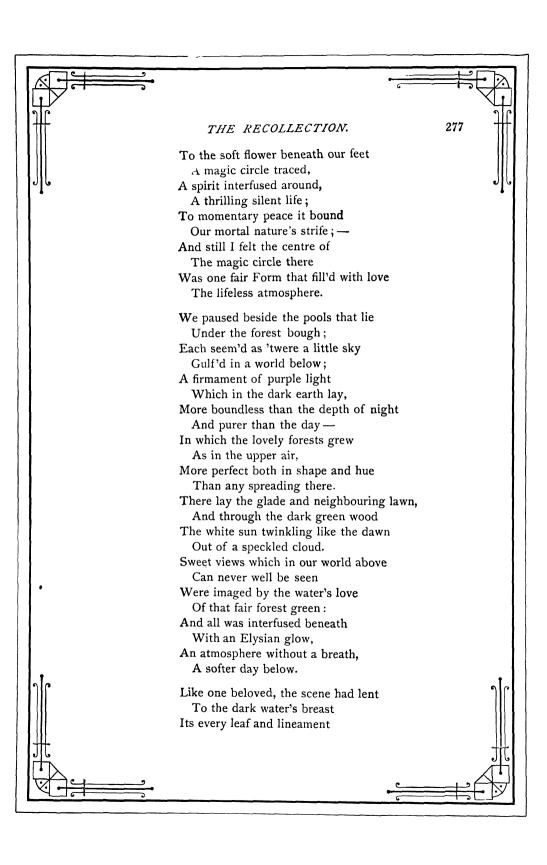
Away, away, from men and towns, To the wild wood and the downs— To the silent wilderness Where the soul need not repress Its music, lest it should not find

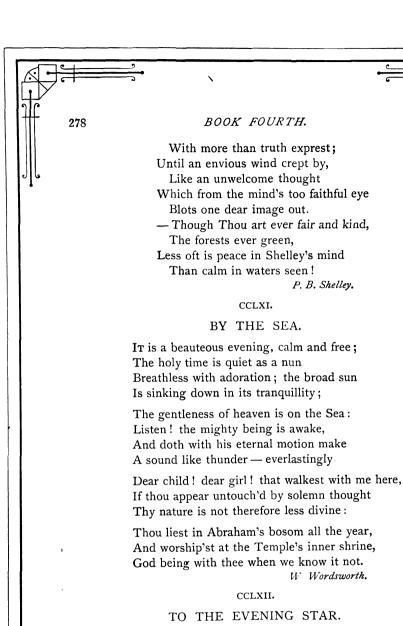








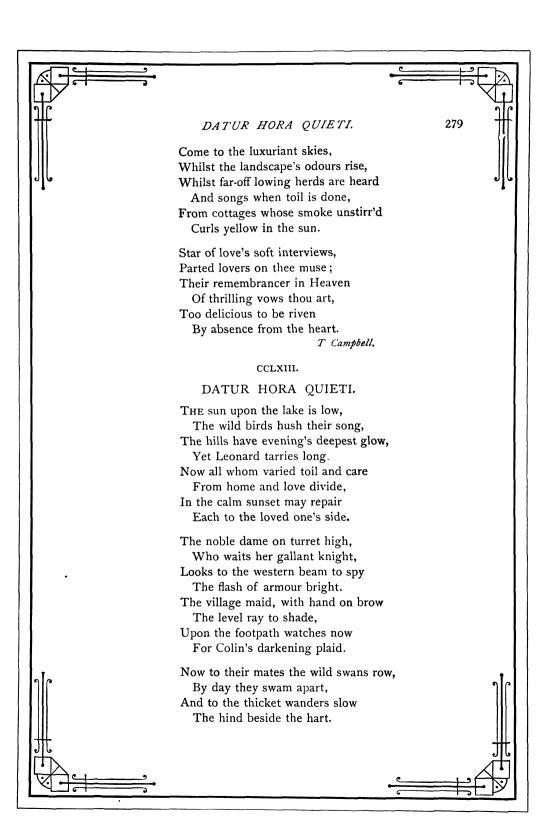


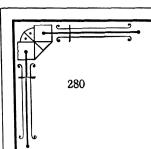


STAR that bringest home the bee, And sett'st the weary labourer free! If any star shed peace, 'tis Thou That send'st it from above, Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow Are sweet as hers we love.



"The gentleness of heaven is on the sea;
Listen! the mighty being is awake."—Page 278.





The woodlark at his partner's side

Twitters his closing song —

All meet whom day and care divide,

But Leonard tarries long!

Sir W. Scott.

CCLXIV

TO THE MOON

ART thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth,—
And ever-changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy?

P. B. Shelley.

CCLXV-

A widow bird sate mourning for her Love Upon a wintry bough; The frozen wind crept on above, The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,
No flower upon the ground,
And little motion in the air
Except the mill-wheel's sound.

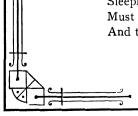
P. B. Shelley.

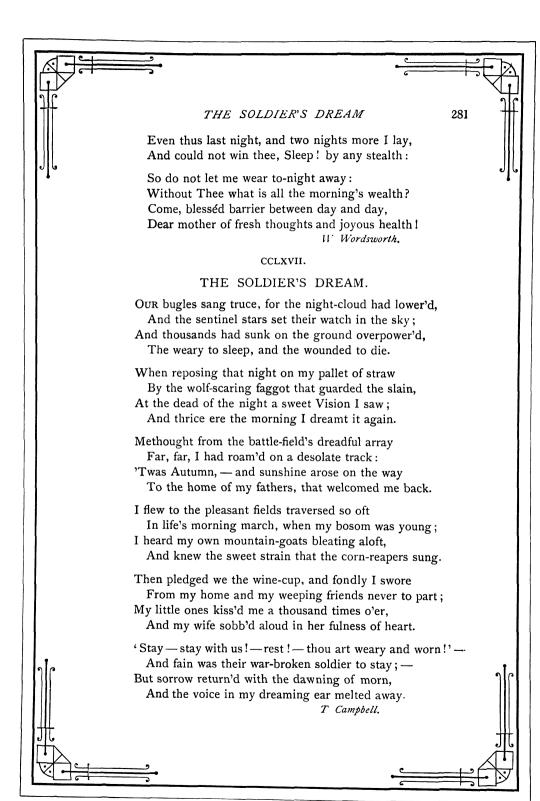
CCLXVI.

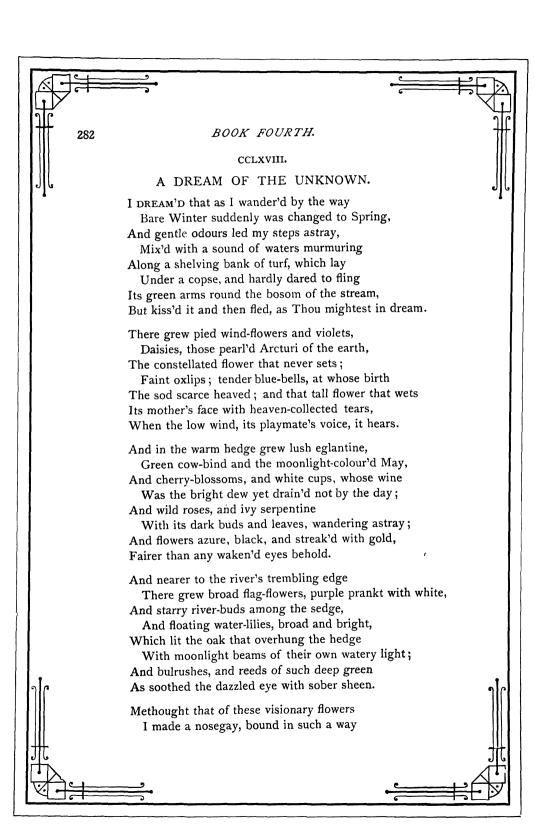
TO SLEEP

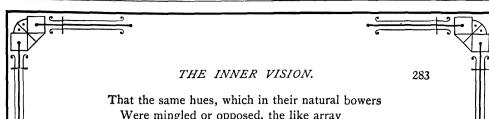
A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds, and seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky;

I've thought of all by turns, and still I lie Sleepless; and soon the small birds' melodies Must hear, first utter'd from my orchard trees, And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.









Were mingled or opposed, the like array

Kept these imprison'd children of the Hours

Within my hand, — and then, elate and gay,

I hasten'd to the spot whence I had come

That I might there present it — O! to whom?

P. B. Shelley.

CCLXIX.

THE INNER VISION.

Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes
To pace the ground, if path be there or none,
While a fair region round the Traveller lies
Which he forbears again to look upon;

Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene , The work of Fancy, or some happy tone Of meditation, slipping in between The beauty coming and the beauty gone.

— If Thought and Love desert us, from that day Let us break off all commerce with the Muse: With Thought and Love companions of our way—

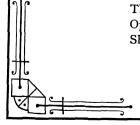
Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,—
The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her dews
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

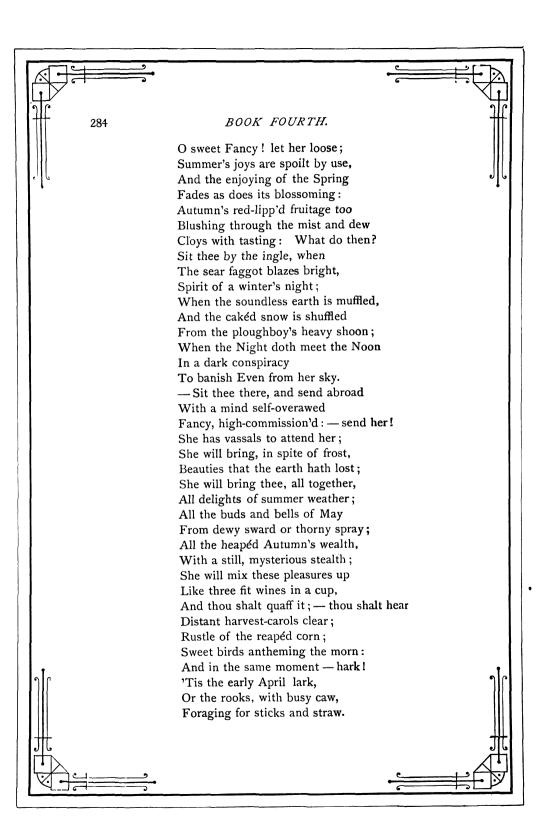
W Wordsworth.

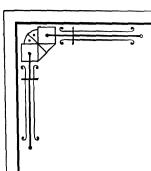
CCLXX.

THE REALM OF FANCY

Ever let the Fancy roam!
Pleasure never is at home:
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;
Then let wingéd Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her;
Open wide the mind's cage-door,
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.





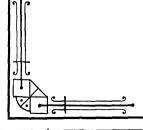


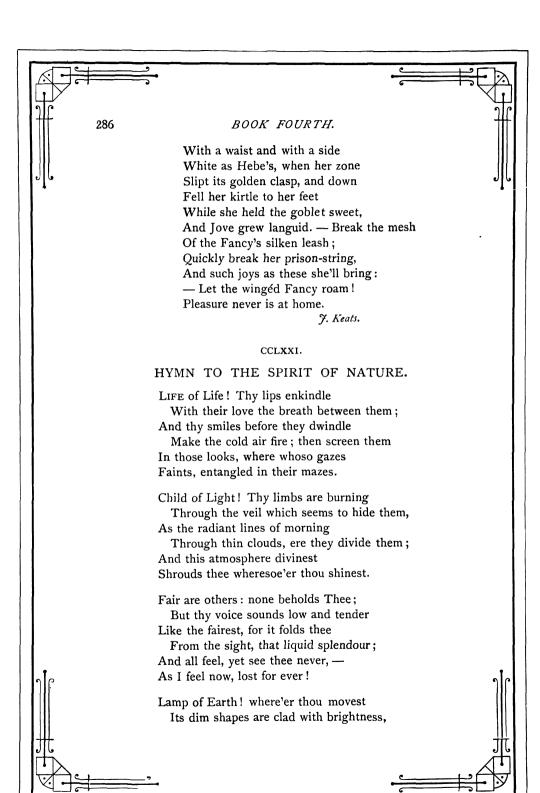
THE REALM OF FANCY

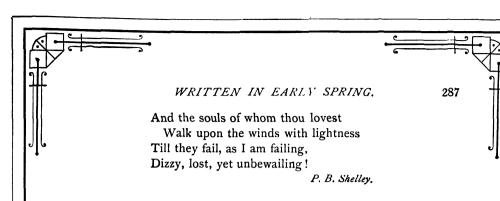
285

Thou shalt, at one glance, behold The daisy and the marigold; White-plumed lilies, and the first Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst; Shaded hyacinth, alway Sapphire queen of the mid-May; And every leaf, and every flower Pearléd with the self-same shower. Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep Meagre from its celléd sleep; And the snake all winter-thin Cast on sunny bank its skin; Freckled nest eggs thou shalt see Hatching in the hawthorn-tree, When the hen-bird's wing doth rest Quiet on her mossy nest; Then the hurry and alarm When the bee-hive casts its swarm; Acorns ripe down-pattering While the autumn breezes sing.

O sweet Fancy! let her loose; Everything is spoilt by use: Where's the cheek that doth not fade. Too much gazed at? Where's the maid Whose lip mature is ever new? Where's the eye, however blue, Doth not weary? Where's the face One would meet in every place? Where's the voice, however soft, One would hear so very oft? At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth Like to bubbles when rain pelteth. Let then wingéd Fancy find Thee a mistress to thy mind: Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter, Ere the God of Torment taught her How to frown and how to chide;







CCLXXII.

WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

I HEARD a thousand blended notes While in a grove I sat reclined, In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What Man has made of Man.

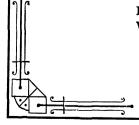
Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower The periwinkle trail'd its wreaths; And 'tis my faith that every flower Enjoys the air it breathes.

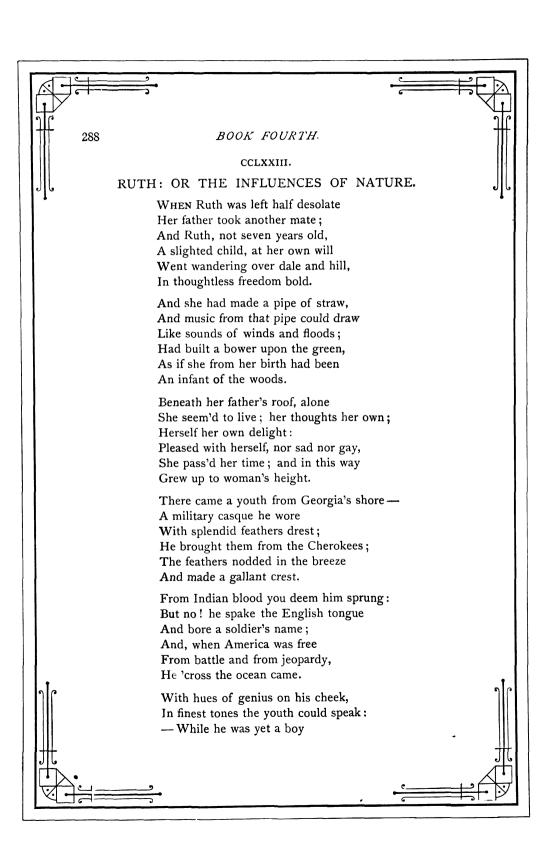
The birds around me hopp'd and play'd, Their thoughts I cannot measure— But the least motion which they made It seem'd a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan To catch the breezy air; And I must think, do all I can, That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent, If such be Nature's holy plan, Have I not reason to lament What Man has made of Man?

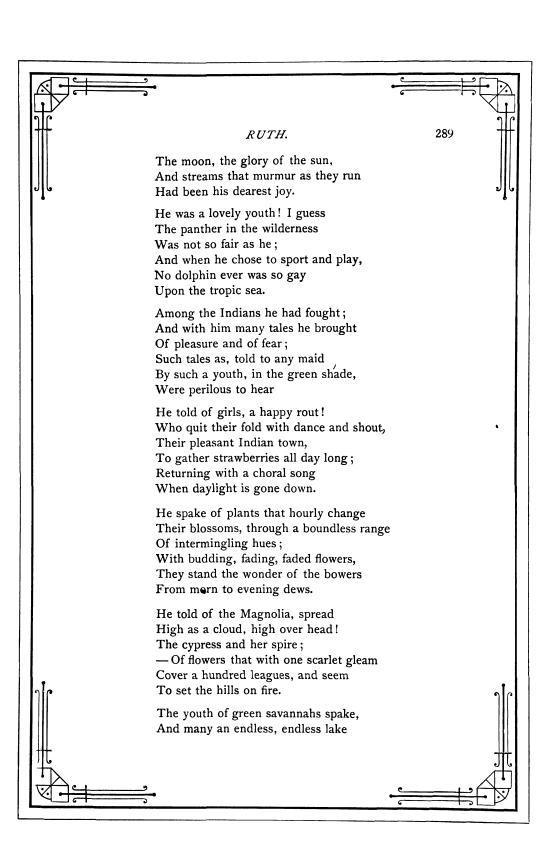
W Wordsworth.

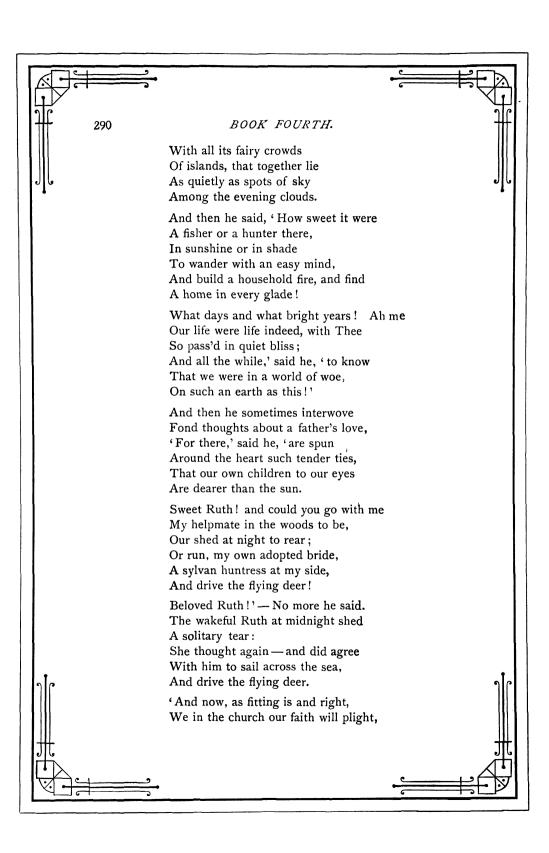




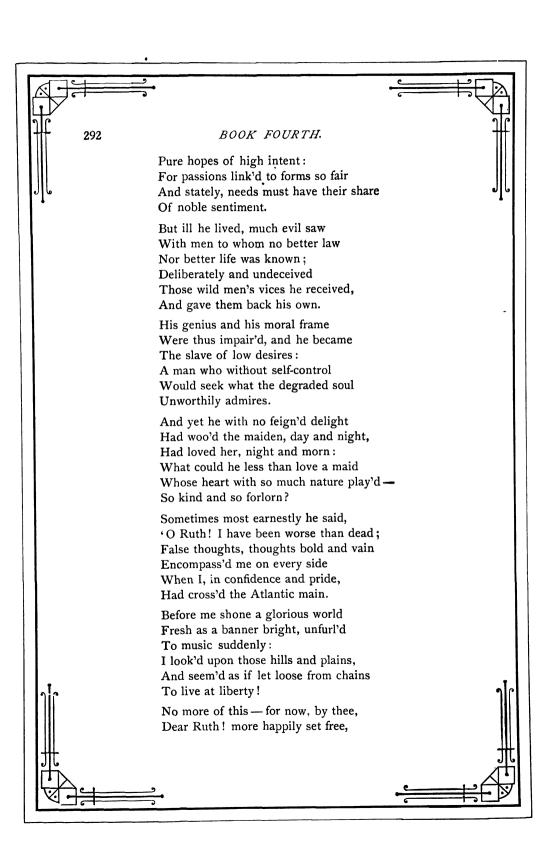


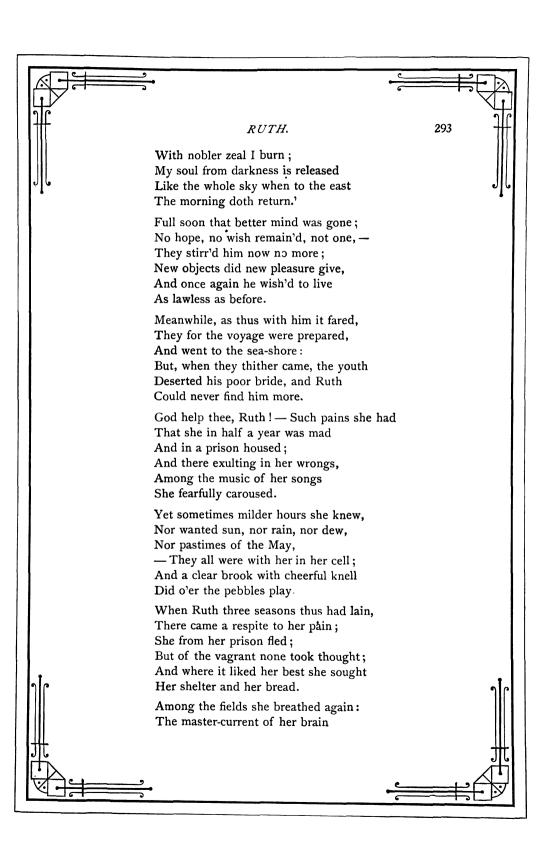
"A military casque he wore
With splendid feathers drest." — Page 288,

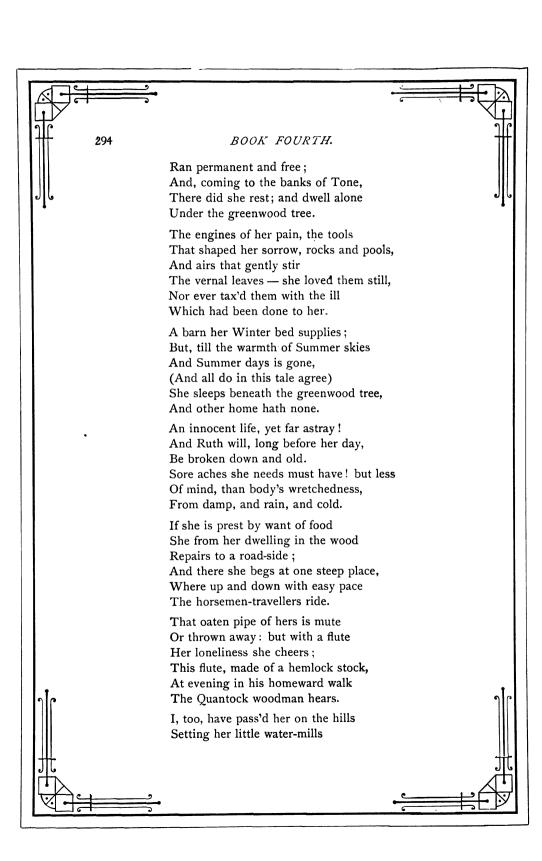


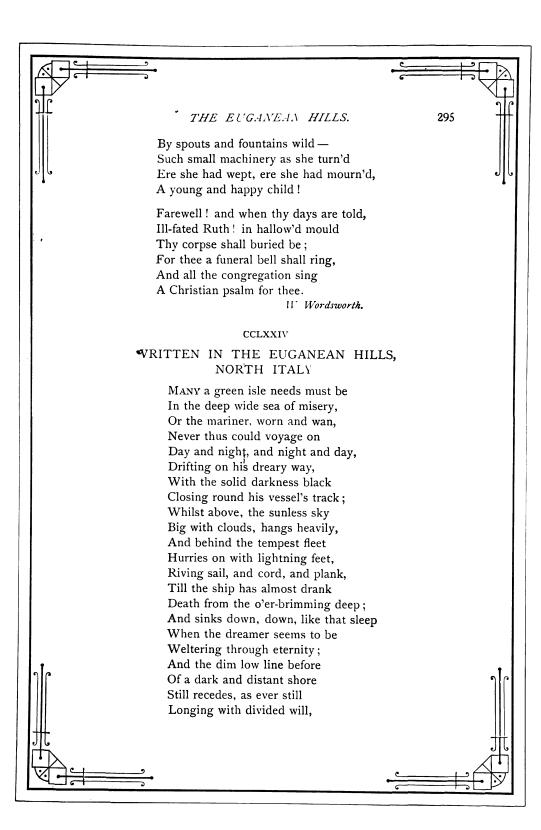


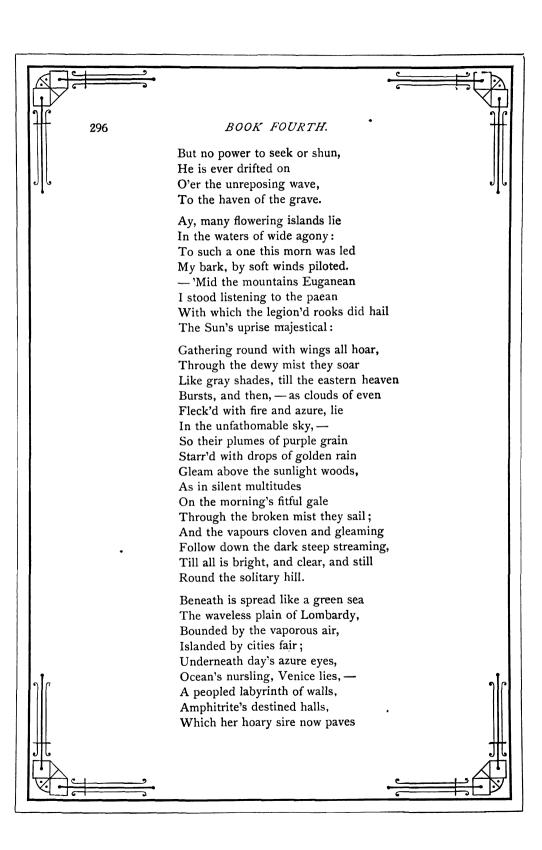


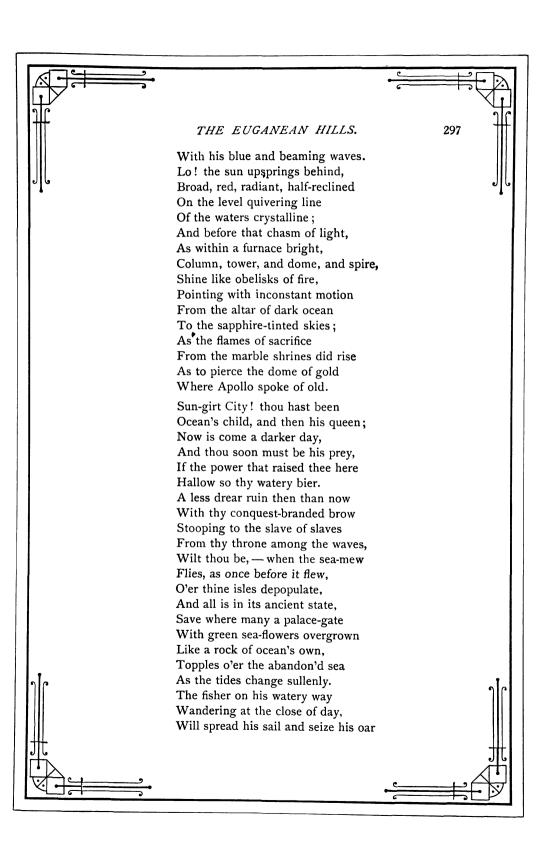


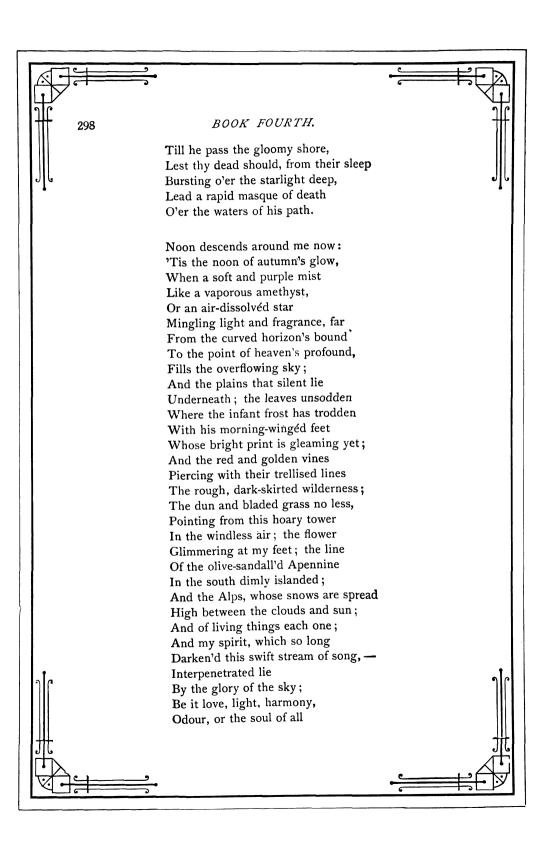


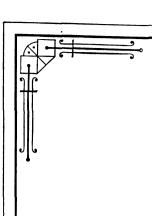










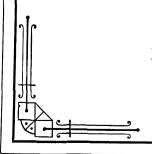


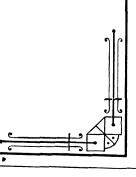
THE EUGANEAN HILLS.

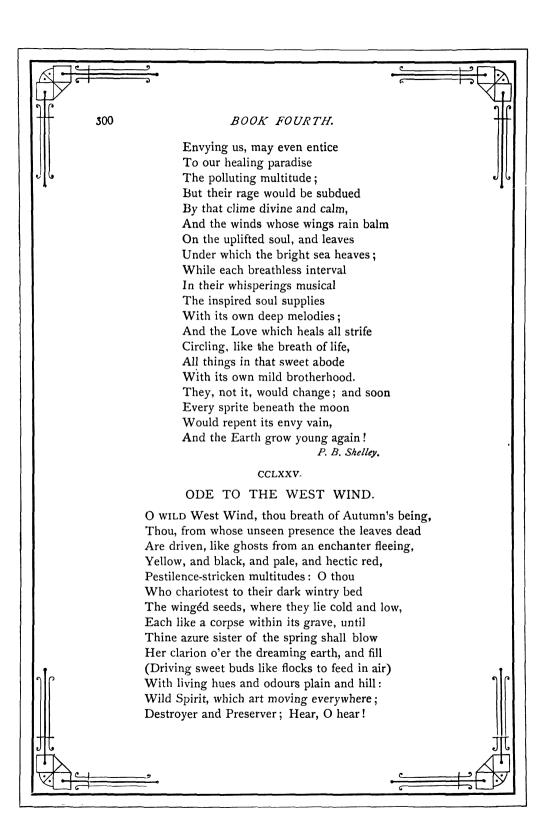
Which from heaven like dew doth fall, Or the mind which feeds this verse Peopling the lone universe.

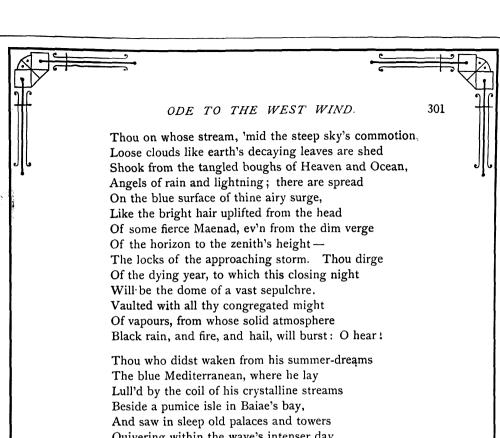
Noon descends, and after noon
Autumn's evening meets me soon,
Leading the infantine moon
And that one star, which to her
Almost seems to minister
Half the crimson light she brings
From the sunset's radiant springs:
And the soft dreams of the morn
(Which like wingéd winds had borne
To that silent isle, which lies
'Mid remember'd agonies,
The frail bark of this lone being),
Pass, to other sufferers fleeing,
And its ancient pilot, Pain,
Sits beside the helm again.

Other flowering isles must be In the sea of life and agony: Other spirits float and flee O'er that gulf: even now, perhaps, On some rock the wild wave wraps, With folding wings they waiting sit For my bark, to pilot it To some calm and blooming cove, Where for me, and those I love, May a windless bower be built, Far from passion, pain, and guilt, In a dell 'mid lawny hills Which the wild sea-murmur fills, And soft sunshine, and the sound Of old forests echoing round, And the light and smell divine Of all flowers that breathe and shine. - We may live so happy there, That the spirits of the air



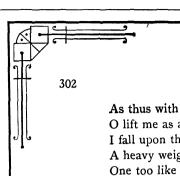






The blue Mediterranean, where he lay
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams
Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,
All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know
Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear
And tremble and despoil themselves: O hear!

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than Thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be
The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip the skyey speed
Scarce seem'd a vision, I would ne'er have striven



BOOK FOURTH.

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.

O lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!

I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd

One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

Make me thy lyre, ev'n as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! be thou me, impetuous one!
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like wither'd leaves to quicken a new birth;
And, by the incantation of this verse,
Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth
The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

P. B. Shelley.

CCLXXVI.

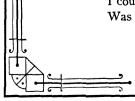
NATURE AND THE POET

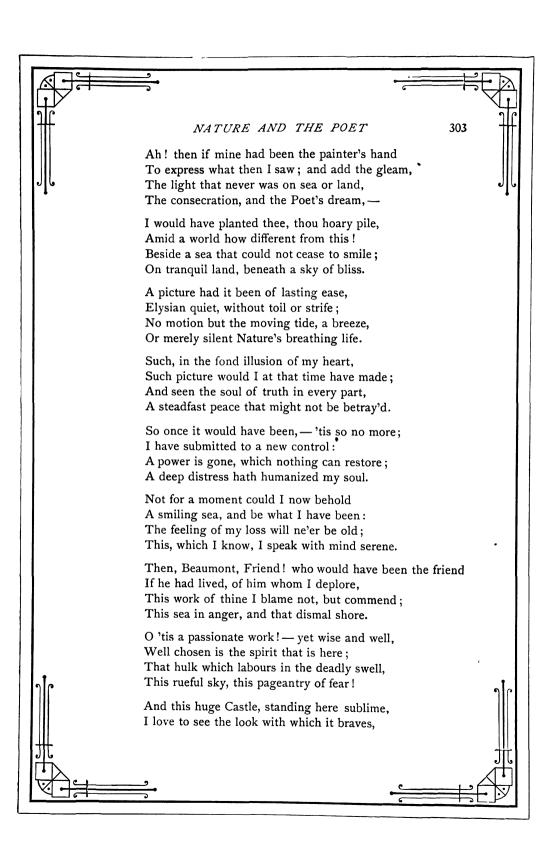
Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle in a Storm, painted by Sir George Beaumont.

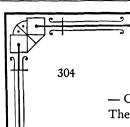
I was thy neighbour once, thou rugged Pile! Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee: I saw thee every day; and all the while Thy form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air!
So like, so very like, was day to day!
Whene'er I look'd, thy image still was there;
It trembled, but it never pass'd away.

How perfect was the calm! It seem'd no sleep, No mood, which season takes away, or brings: I could have fancied that the mighty Deep Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.







BOOK FOURTH.

— Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time — The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone, Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind! Such happiness, wherever it be known, Is to be pitied; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be borne!
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here:
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

W. Wordsworth.

W. Wordswo

CCLXXVII.

THE POET'S DREAM.

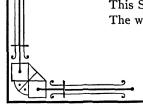
On a Poet's lips I slept
Dreaming like a love-adept
In the sound his breathing kept;
Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
But feeds on the aerial kisses
Of shapes that haunt Thought's wildernesses.
He will watch from dawn to gloom
The lake-reflected sun illume
The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,
Nor heed nor see what things they be—
But from these create he can
Forms more real than living Man,
Nurslings of Immortality!

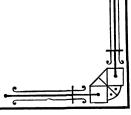
P. B. Shelley.

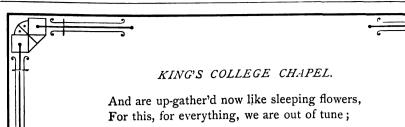
CCLXXVIII.

THE World is too much with us; late and soon, Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers; Little we see in Nature that is ours; We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon, The winds that will be howling at all hours







For this, for everything, we are out of tune;

It moves us not. — Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn, —
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.

W. Wordsworth.

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CCLXXIX.

WITHIN KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense, With ill-match'd aims the Architect who plann'd (Albeit labouring for a scanty band Of white-robed Scholars only) this immense

And glorious work of fine intelligence!

— Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more:

So deem'd the man who fashion'd for the sense

These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof Self-poised, and scoop'd into ten thousand cells Where light and shade repose, where music dwells

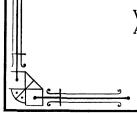
Lingering and wandering on as loth to die— Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof That they were born for immortality

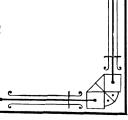
W. Wordsworth.

CCLXXX.

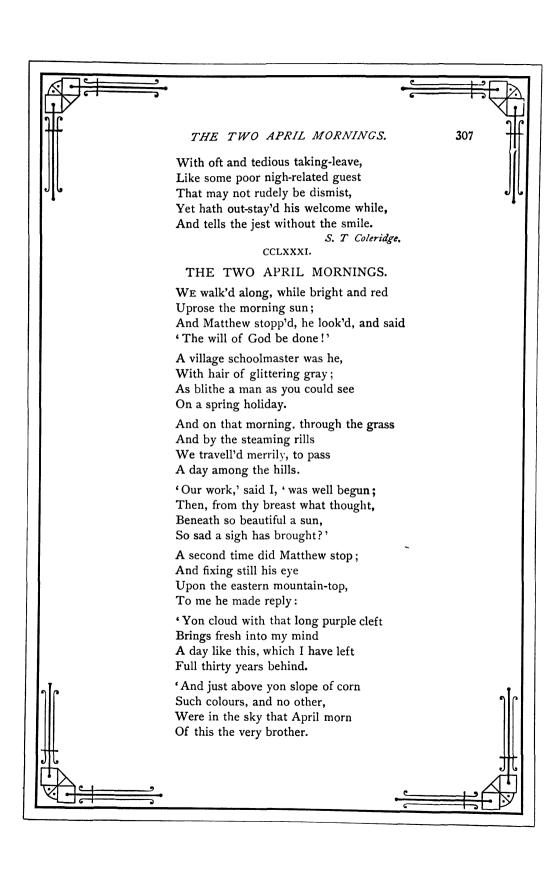
YOUTH AND AGE.

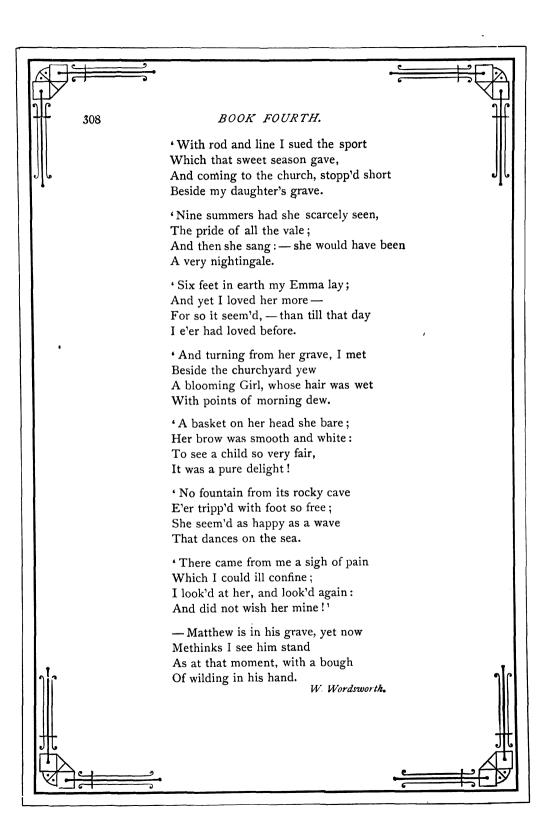
Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!
When I was young!—Ah, woful when!
Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and Then!

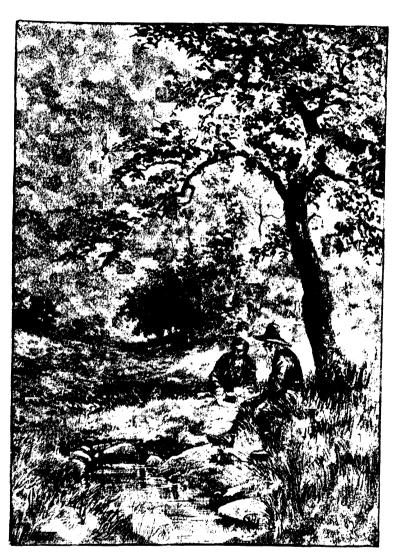




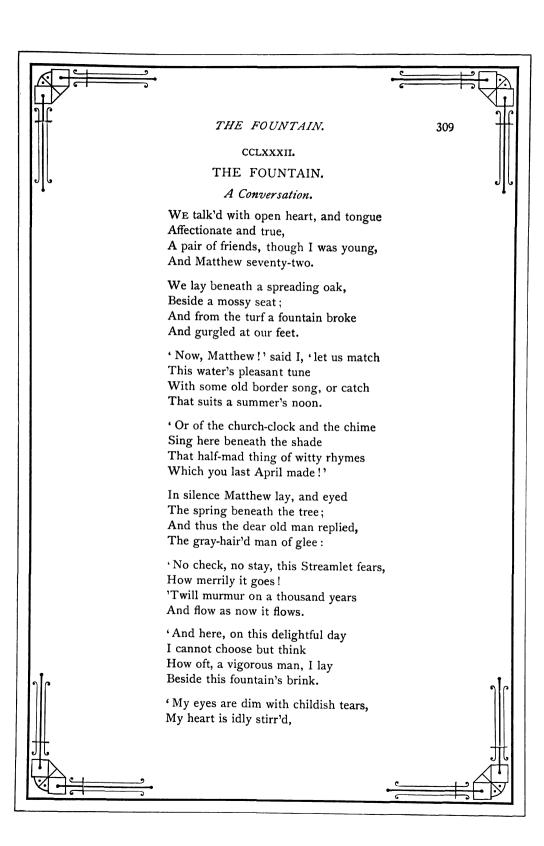




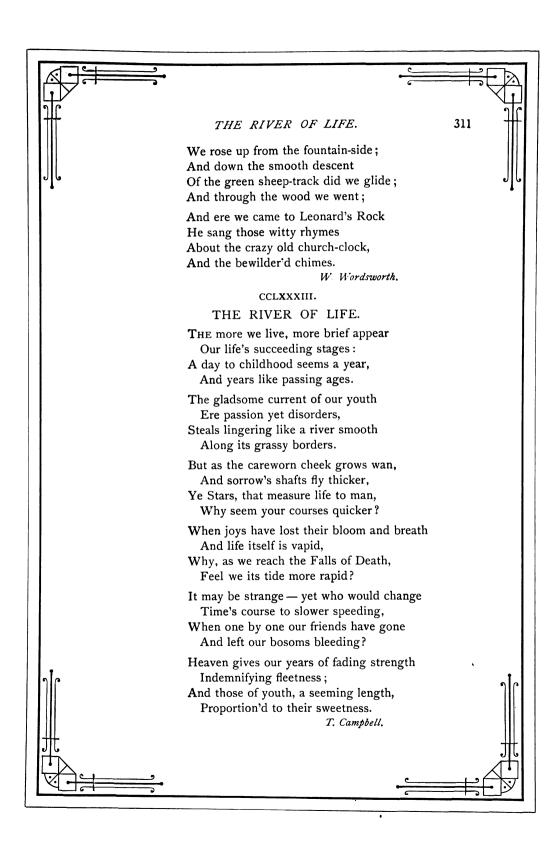


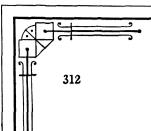


"We lay beneath a spreading oak
Beside a mossy seat." — Page 309.









BOOK FOURTH.

CCLXXXIV

THE HUMAN SEASONS.

Four Seasons fill the measure of the year; There are four seasons in the mind of Man: He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear Takes in all beauty with an easy span:

He has his Summer, when luxuriously Spring's honey'd cud of youthful thought he loves To ruminate, and by such dreaming high Is nearest unto heaven: quiet coves

His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings He furleth close; contented so to look On mists in idleness—to let fair things Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook:—

He has his Winter too of pale misfeature, Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

J. Keats.

CCLXXXV

A LAMENT

O WORLD! O Life! O Time!
On whose last steps I climb,
Trembling at that where I had stood before;
When will return the glory of your prime?
No more — O never more!

Out of the day and night A joy has taken flight:

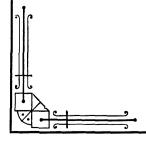
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight

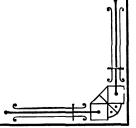
No more — O never more!

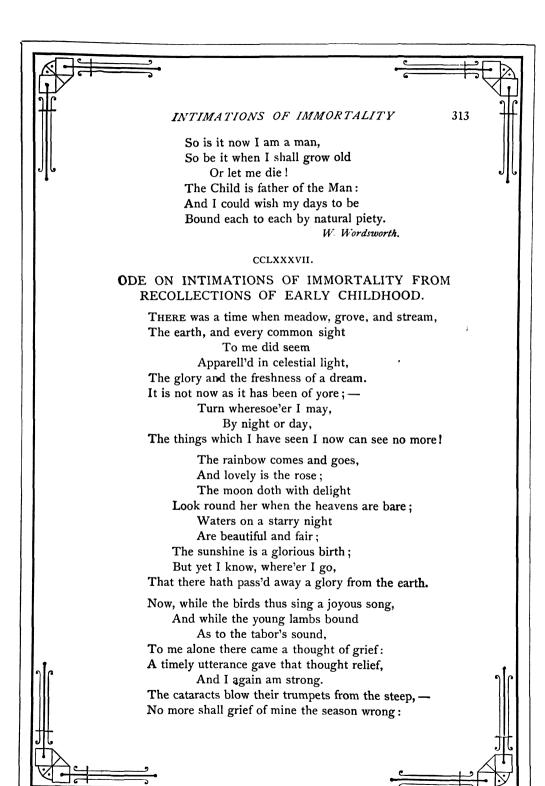
P. B. Shelley.

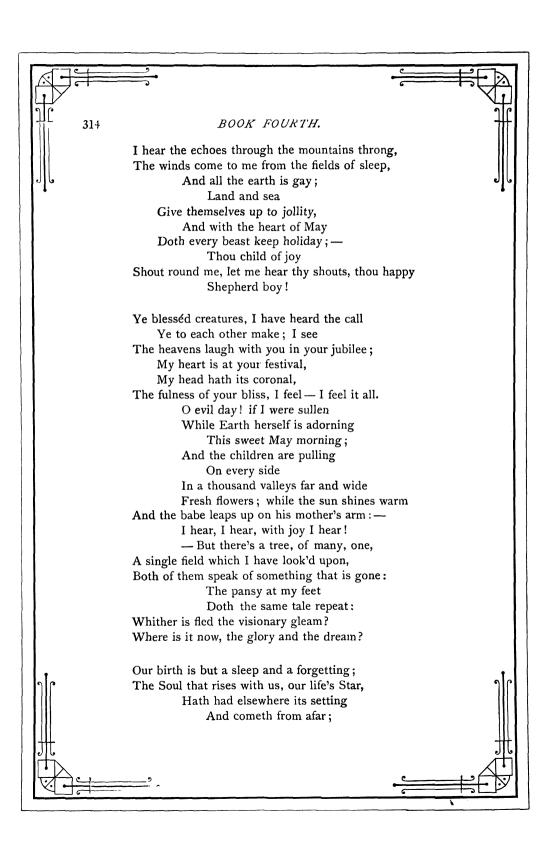
CCLXXXVI.

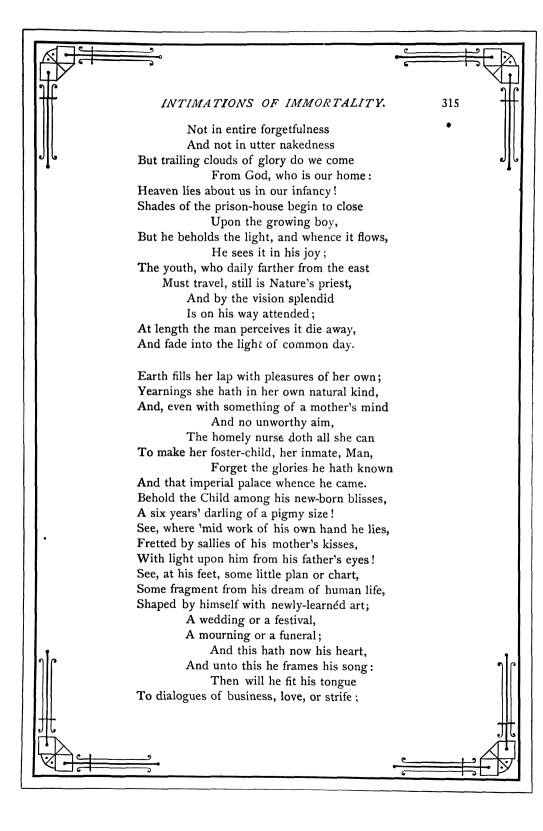
My heart leaps up when I behold A rainbow in the sky: So was it when my life began,

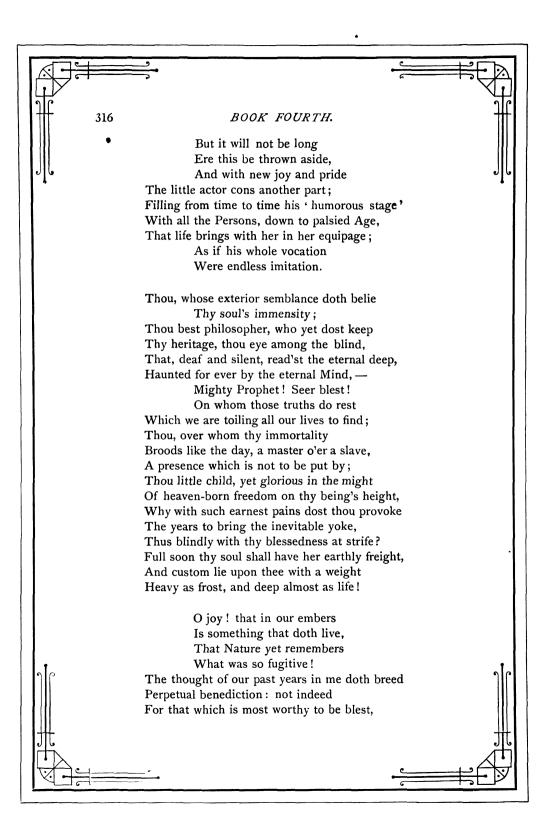


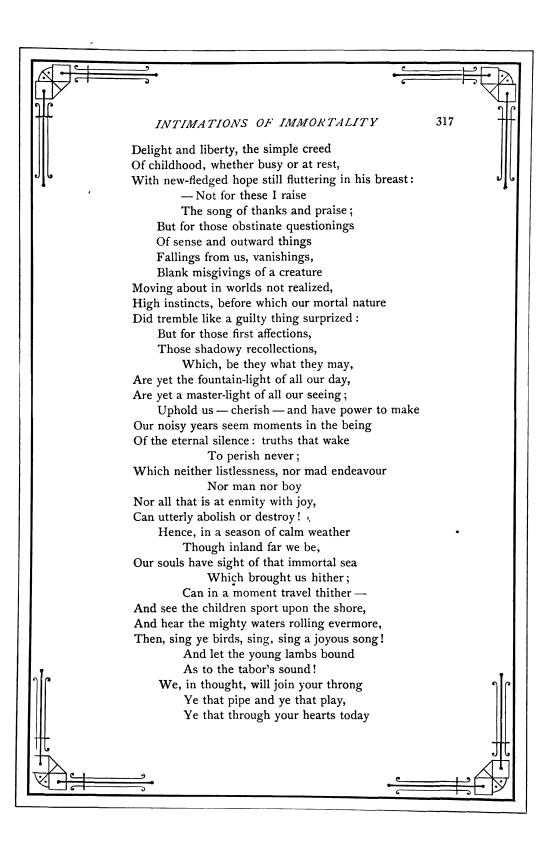


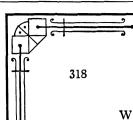












BOOK FOURTH.

Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,

Though nothing can bring back the hour Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;

We will grieve not, rather find Strength in what remains behind, In the primal sympathy Which having been must ever be, In the soothing thoughts that spring Out of human suffering, In the faith that looks through death,

In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves, Forbode not any severing of our loves!

Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;

I only have relinquish'd one delight

To live beneath your more habitual sway;

I love the brooks which down their channels fret

Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they;

The innocent brightness of a new-born day

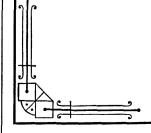
Is lovely yet;

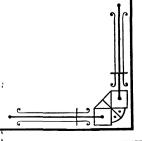
The clouds that gather round the setting sun Do take a sober colouring from an eye That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality; Another race hath been, and other palms are won, Thanks to the human heart by which we live, Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears, To me the meanest flower that blows can give Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

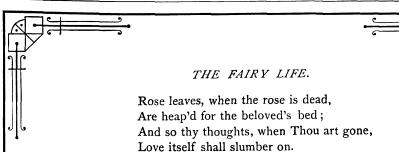
W. Wordsworth.

CCLXXXVIII.

Music, when soft voices die, Vibrates in the memory — Odours, when sweet violets sicken, Live within the sense they quicken.







P. B. Shelley.

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CCLXXXIX.

THE FAIRY LIFE.

T.

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I: In a cowslip's bell I lie; There I couch, when owls do cry: On the bat's back I do fly After summer merrily. Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough!

Come unto these yellow sands, And then take hands: Courtsied when you have, and kiss'd The wild waves whist, Foot it featly here and there; And, sweet Sprites, the burthen bear. Hark, hark!

Bow-wow.

The watch-dogs bark:

Bow-wow.

Hark, hark! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticleer

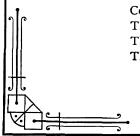
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow!

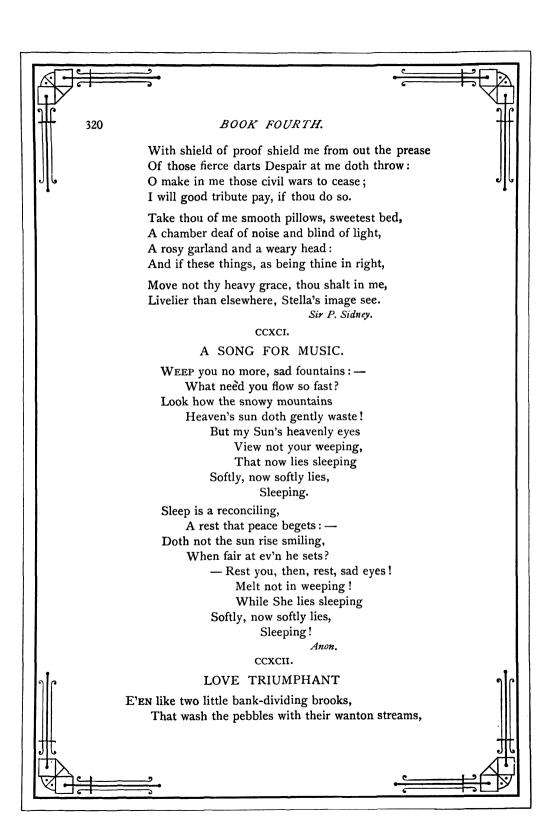
W. Shakespeare.

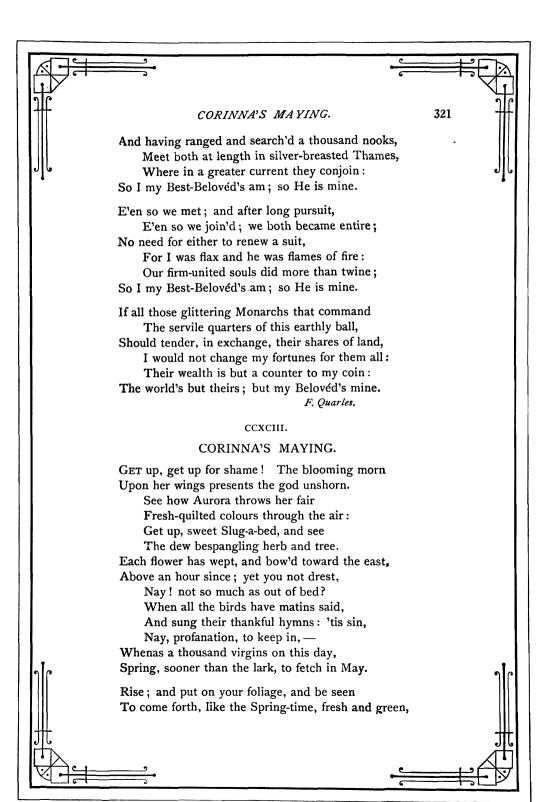
CCXC.

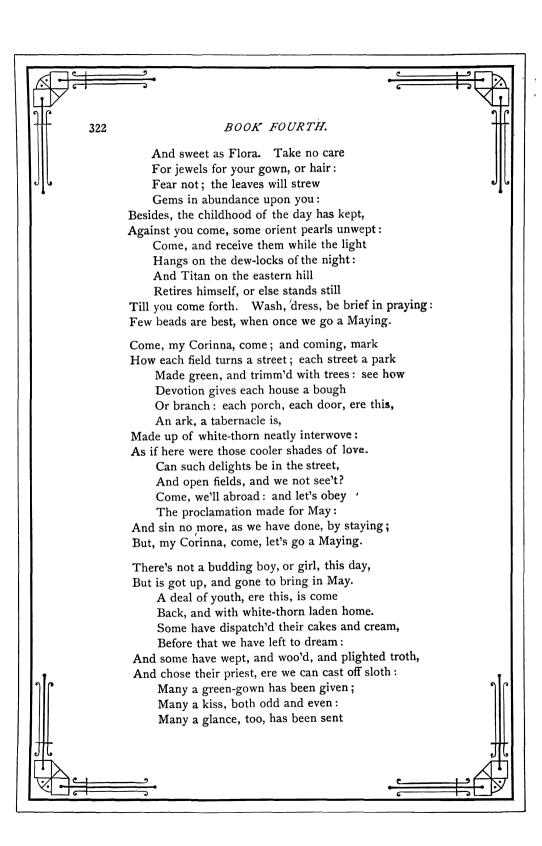
SLEEP.

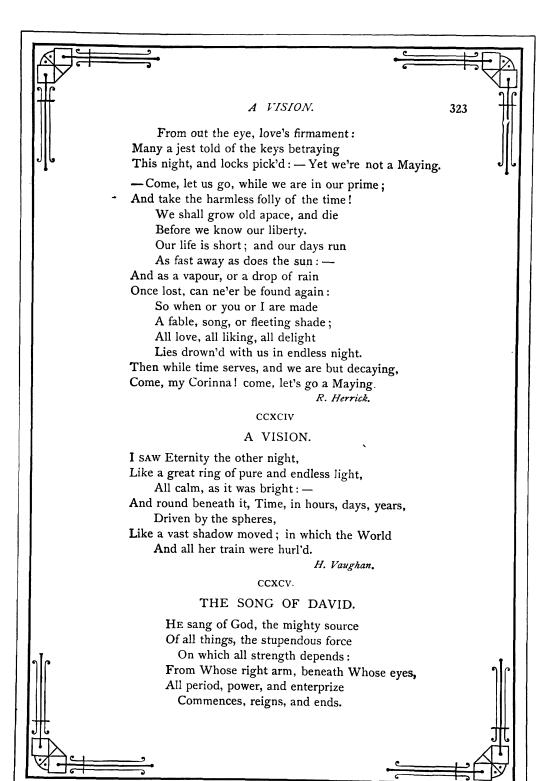
COME, Sleep: O Sleep! the certain knot of peace, The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe, The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release, Th' indifferent judge between the high and low;

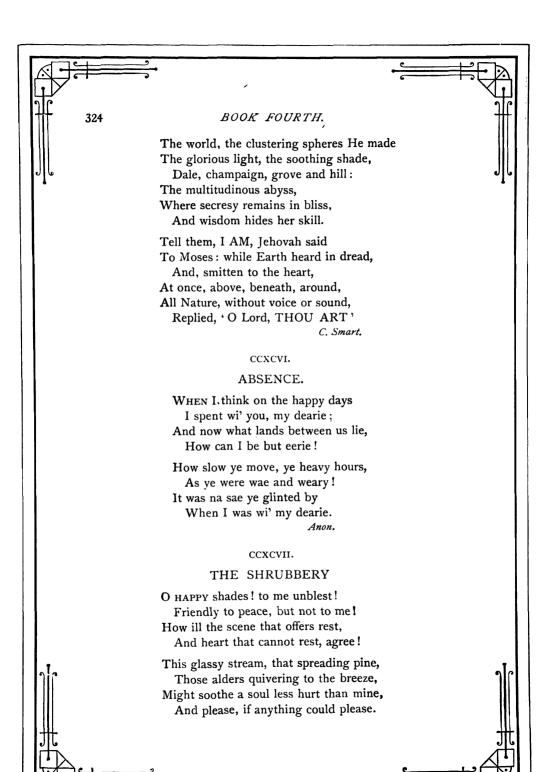


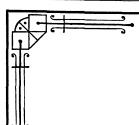




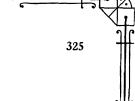








THE CASTAWAY



But fix'd unalterable Care
Foregoes not what she feels within,
Shows the same sadness everywhere,
And slights the season and the scene.

For all that pleased in wood or law
While Peace possess'd these silent bowers,
Her animating smile withdrawn,
Has lost its beauties and its powers.

The saint or moralist should tread
This moss-grown alley, musing, slow;
They seek like me the secret shade,
But not, like me, to nourish woe!

Me, fruitful scenes and prospects waste
Alike admonish not to roam;
These tell me of enjoyments past,
And those of sorrows yet to come.

W' Cowper.

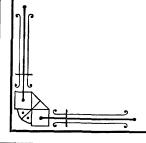
CCXCVIII.

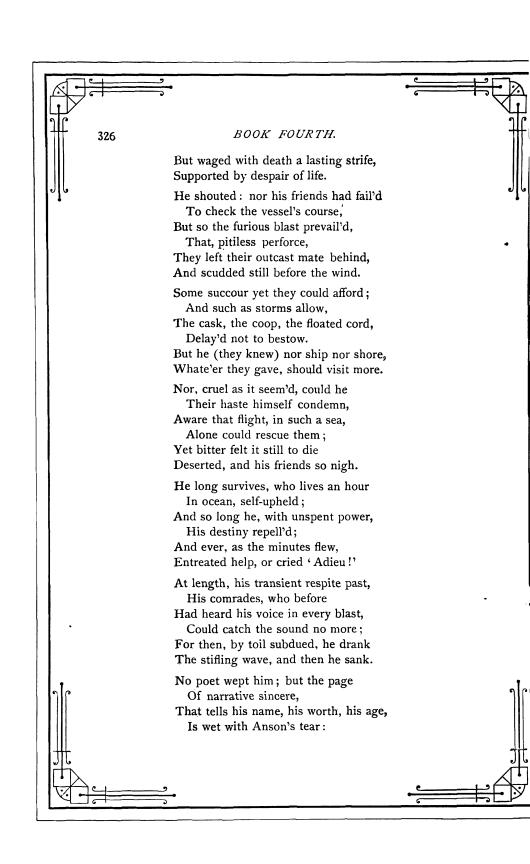
THE CASTAWAY

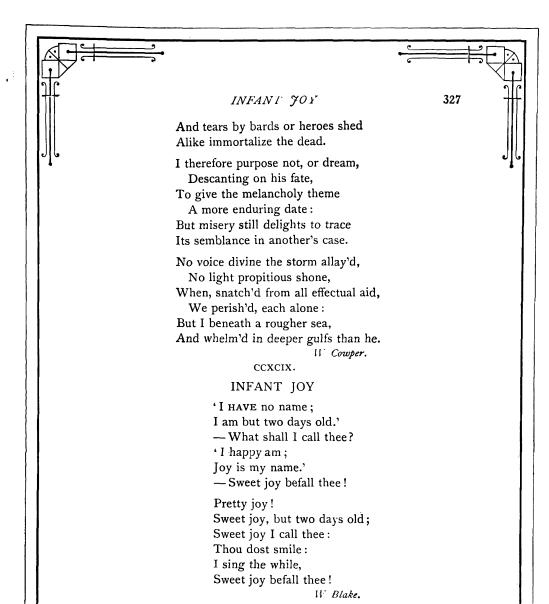
OBSCUREST night involved the sky,
The Atlantic billows roar'd,
When such a destined wretch as I,
Wash'd headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast
Than he with whom he went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast
With warmer wishes sent.
He loved them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine, Expert to swim, he lay; Nor soon he felt his strength decline, Or courage die away;



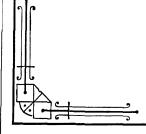


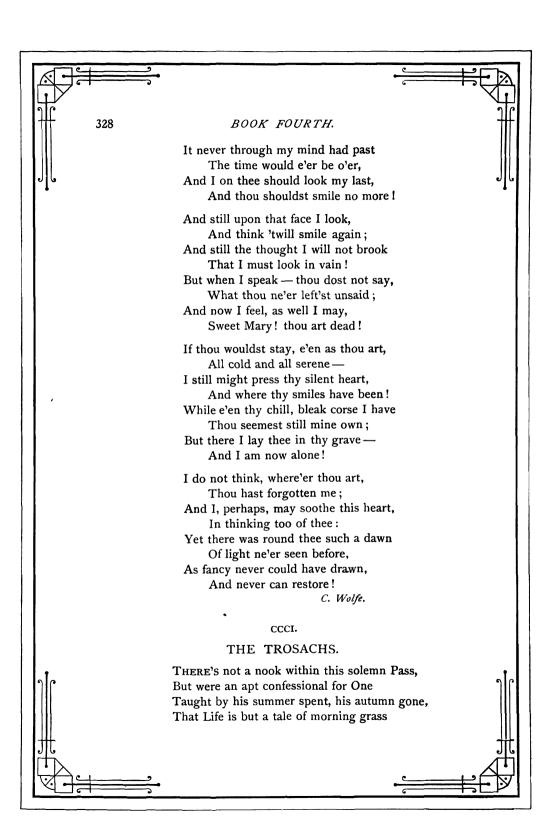


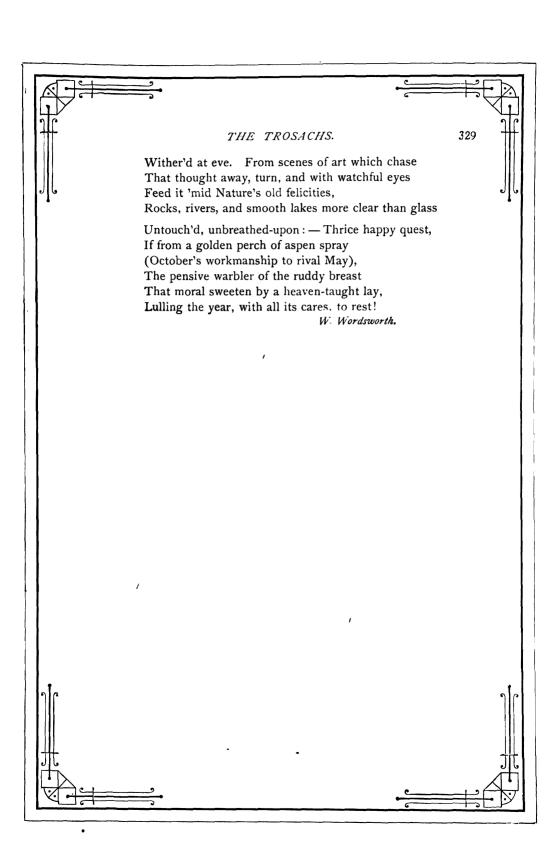
ccc.

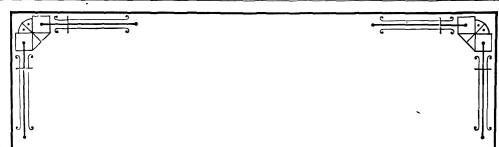
TO MARY

If I had thought thou couldst have died,I might not weep for thee;But I forgot, when by thy side,That thou couldst mortal be:









(1861-1884.)

SUMMARY OF BOOK FIRST.

THE Elizabethan Poetry, as it is rather vaguely termed, forms the substance of this Book, which contains pieces from Wyat under Henry VIII. to Shakespeare midway through the reign of James I., and Drummond who carried on the early manner to a still later period. There is here a wide range of style; — from simplicity expressed in a language hardly yet broken-in to verse, — through the pastoral fancies and Italian conceits of the strictly Elizabethan time, — to the passionate reality of Shakespeare: yet a general uniformity of tone prevails. Few readers can fail to observe the natural sweetness of the verse, the single-hearted straightforwardness of the thoughts: — nor less, the limitation of subject to the many phases of one passion, which then characterized our lyrical poetry, — unless when, as in especial with Shakespeare, the purple light of Love is tempered by a spirit of sterner reflection.

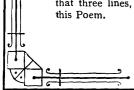
It should be observed that this and the following Summaries apply in the main to the Collection here presented, in which (besides its restriction to Lyrical Poetry) a strictly representative or historical Anthology has not been aimed at. Great Excellence, in human art as in human character, has from the beginning of things been even more uniform than Mediocrity, by virtue of the closeness of its approach to Nature:—and so far as the standard of Excellence kept in view has been attained in this volume, a comparative absence of extreme or temporary phases in style, a similarity of tone and manner, will be found throughout:—something neither modern nor ancient, but true in all ages, and like the works of Creation, perfect as on the first day.

Page II, No. II. Rouse Memnon's mother: Awaken the Dawn from the dark Earth and the clouds where she is resting. This is one of that limited class of early mythes which may be reasonably interpreted as representations of natural phenomena. Aurora in the old mythology is mother of Memnon (the East), and wife of Tithonus (the appearances of Earth and Sky during the last hours of Night). She leaves him every morning in renewed youth, to prepare the way for Phoebus (the Sun), whilst Tithonus remains in perpetual old age and grayness.

Page 12, No. II., line 20. by Peneus' stream: Phoebus loved the Nympk Daphne whom he met by the river Peneus in the vale of Tempe.

Page 12, No. II., line 24. Amphion's lyre: He was said to have built the walls of Thebes to the sound of his music.

Page 12, No. II., line 32. Night like a drunkard reels: Compare Romeo and Juliet, Act II., Scene 3: 'The grey-eyed morn smiles' &c. — It should be added that three lines, which appeared hopelessly misprinted, have been omitted in this Poem.





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Page 13, No. IV Time's chest: in which he is figuratively supposed to lay up past treasures. So in Troilus, Act III., Scene 3. Time hath a wallet at his back &c. In the Arcadia, chest is used to signify tomb.

Page 14, No. v. A fine example of the highwrought and conventional Elizabethan Pastoralism, which it would be unreasonable to criticize on the ground of the unshepherdlike or unreal character of some images suggested. Stanza 6 was perhaps inserted by Izaak Walton.

Page 16, No. IN. This Poem, with XXV. and XCIV., is taken from Davison's 'Rhapsody, first published in 1602. One stanza has been here omitted, in accordance with the principle noticed in the Preface. Similar omissions occur in XLV., LXXXVII., C., CXXVIII., CLX., CLXV., CCXXVIII., CCXCIV., CCXCV The more serious abbreviation by which it has been attempted to bring Crashaw's 'Wishes and Shelley's 'Euganean Hills' within the limits of stricter lyrical unity, is commended with much diffidence to the judgment of readers acquainted with the original pieces.

Page 19, No. XV. This charming little poem, truly 'old and plain, and dallying with the innocence of love' like that spoken of in Twelfth Night, is taken, with V., XVII., XX., XXXIV., and XL., from the most characteristic collection of Elizabeth's reign, 'England's Helicon, first published in 1600.

Page 20, No. XVI. Readers who have visited Italy will be reminded of more than one picture by this gorgeous Vision of Beauty, equally sublime and pure in its Paradisaical naturalness. Lodge wrote it on a voyage to 'the Islands of Terceras and the Canaries; and he seems to have caught, in those southern seas, no small portion of the qualities which marked the almost contemporary Art of Venice,—the glory and the glow of Veronese, or Titian, or Tintoret, when he most resembles Titian, and all but surpasses him.

The clear (line 1) is the crystalline or outermost heaven of the old cosmography. For a fair there's fairer none: If you desire a Beauty, there is none more beautiful than Rosaline.

Page 22, No. XVIII. that fair thou owest: that beauty thou ownest.

Page 25, XXIII. the star Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken: apparently. Whose stellar influence is uncalculated, although his angular altitude from the plane of the astrolabe or artificial horizon used by astrologers has been determined.

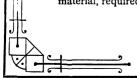
Page 25, XXIV. This lovely song appears, as here given, in Puttenham's 'Arte of English Poesie, 1589. A longer and inferior form was published in the 'Arcadia of 1590: but Puttenham's prefatory words clearly assign his version to Sidney's own authorship.

Page 27, No. XXVII. keel: skim.

Page 28, No. XXIX. expense: loss.

Page 28, No. XXX. Nativity once in the main of light: when a star has risen and entered on the full stream of light; — another of the astrological phrases no longer familiar. Crooked eclipses: as coming athwart the Sun's apparent course.

Wordsworth, thinking probably of the 'Venus' and the 'Lucrece, said finely of Shakespeare: 'Shakespeare could not have written an Epic; he would have died of plethora of thought. This prodigality of nature is exemplified equally in his Sonnets. The copious selection here given (which from the wealth of the material, required greater consideration than any other portion of the Editor's





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NOTES.

task), — contains many that will not be fully felt and understood without some earnestness of thought on the reader's part. But he is not likely to regret the labour.

Page 29, No. XXXI. upon misprision growing: either, granted in error, or, on the growth of contempt.

Page 29, No. XXXII. With the tone of this Sonnet compare Hamlet's 'Give me that man That is not passion's slave' &c. Shakespeare's writings show the deepest sensitiveness to passion:—hence the attraction he felt in the contrasting effects of apathy.

Page 29, No. XXXIII. grame: sorrow. Renaissance influences long impeded the return of English poets to the charming realism of this and a few other poems by Wyat.

Page 31, No. XXXIV Pandion in the ancient fable was father to Philomela.

Page 32, No. XXXVIII. ramage: confused noise.

Page 33, No. XXXIX. censures: judges.

Page 33, No. XL. Judging by its style, this beautiful example of old simplicity and feeling may, perhaps, be referred to the earlier years of Elizabeth. *Late* forgot: lately.

Page 34, No. XLI. haggards: the least tameable hawks.

Page 36, No. XLIV. cypres or cyprus, — used by the old writers for crape; whether from the French crespe or from the Island. Its accidental similarity in spelling to cypress has, here and in Milton's Penseroso, probably confused readers.

Page 37, Nos. XLVI., XLVII. 'I never saw anything like this funeral dirge,' says Charles Lamb, 'except the ditty which reminds Ferdinand of his drowned father in the Tempest. As that is of the water, watery; so this is of the earth, earthy. Both have that intenseness of feeling, which seems to resolve itself into the element which it contemplates.

Page 39, No. LI. crystal: fairness.

Page 40, No. LIII. This 'Spousal Verse' was written in honour of the Ladies Elizabeth and Katherine Somerset. Nowhere has Spenser more emphatically displayed himself as the very Poet of Beauty: The Renaissance impulse in England is here seen at its highest and purest.

The genius of Spenser, like Chaucer's, does itself justice only in poems of some length. Hence it is impossible to represent it in this volume by other pieces of equal merit, but of impracticable dimensions. And the same applies to such poems as *The Ancient Mariner* and *Adonais*.

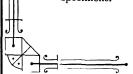
Page 41, No. LIII., line 9. feateously: elegantly.

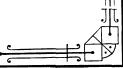
Page 43, No. LIII., line 29. shend: put out.

Page 44, No. LIII., line 16. a noble peer Robert Devereux, second Lord Essex, then at the height of his brief triumph after taking Cadiz: hence the allusion following to the Pillars of Hercules, placed near Gades by ancient legend. Line 28. Eliza: Elizabeth.

Page 45, No. LIII., line 7. twins of Jove: the stars Castor and Pollux. Line 8. baldric, belt; the zodiac.

Page 46, No. LVII. A fine example of a peculiar class of Poetry; — that written by thoughtful men who practised this Art but little. Wotton's, LXXII., is another. Jeremy Taylor, Bishop Berkeley, Dr. Johnson, Lord Macaulay, have left similar specimens.





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SUMMARY OF BOOK SECOND.

THIS division, embracing the latter eighty years of the Seventeenth Century, contains the close of our Early poetical style and the commencement of the Modern. In Dryden we see the first master of the new: in Milton, whose genius dominates here as Shakespeare's in the former book, - the crown and consummation of the early period. Their splendid Odes are far in advance of any prior attempts, Spenser's excepted: they exhibit that wider and grander range which years and experience and the struggles of the time conferred on Poetry. Our Muses now give expression to political feeling, to religious thought, to a high philosophic statesmanship in writers such as Marvell, Herbert, and Wotton: whilst in Marvell and Milton, again, we find noble attempts, hitherto rare in our literature, at pure description of nature, destined in our own age to be continued and equalled. Meanwhile the poetry of simple passion, although before 1660 often deformed by verbal fancies and conceits of thought, and afterwards by levity and an artificial tone, - produced in Herrick and Waller some charming pieces of more finished art than the Elizabethan: until in the courtly compliments of Sedley it seems to exhaust itself, and lie almost dormant for the hundred years between the days of Wither and Suckling and the days of Burns and Cowper. — That the change from our early style to the modern brought with it at first a loss of nature and simplicity is undeniable: yet the far bolder and wider scope which Poetry took between 1620 and 1700, and the successful efforts then made to gain greater clearness in expression, in their results have been no slight compensation.

Page 52, No. LXII., line 4. whist: hushed. Line 28. than: obsolete for then. Line 29. Pan: used here for the Lord of all.

Page 55, No. LXII., line 23. Lars and Lemures: household gods and spirits of relations dead. Flamens (line 26) Roman priests. That twice-batter'd god (line 31) Dagon.

Page 56, No. LXII., line 9. Osiris, the Egyptian god of Agriculture (here, perhaps by confusion with Apis, figured as a bull), was torn to pieces by Typho and embalmed after death in a sacred chest. This mythe, reproduced in Syria and Greece in the legends of Thammuz, Adonis, and perhaps Absyrtus, may have originally signified the annual death of the Sun or the Year under the influences of the winter darkness. Horus, the son of Osiris, as the New Year, in his turn overcomes Typho. Line 11. unshower'd grass: as watered by the Nile only. Line 36. youngest-teeméd: last-born.

Page 57, No. LXII., line 4. Bright-harness'd: armoured.

Page 59, No. LXIV. The Late Massacre: the Vaudois persecution, carried on in 1655 by the Duke of Savoy. This 'collect in verse, as it has been justly named, is the most mighty Sonnet in any language known to the Editor. Readers should observe that it is constructed on the original Italian or Provençal model. This form, in a language such as ours, not affluent in rhyme, presents great difficulties; the rhymes are apt to be forced, or the substance commonplace. But, when successfully handled, it has a unity and a beauty of effect which place the strict Sonnet above the less compact and less lyrical systems adopted by Shakespeare, Sidney, Spenser, and other Elizabethan poets.

Page 59, No. LXV. Cromwell returned from Ireland in 1650, and Marvell





probably wrote his lines soon after, whilst living at Nunappleton in the Fairfax household. It is hence not surprising that (stanzas 21-24) he should have been deceived by Cromwell's professed submissiveness to the Parliament which, when it declined to register his decrees, he expelled by armed violence:—one despotism, by natural law, replacing another. The poet's insight has, however, truly prophesied that result in his last two lines.

This Ode, beyond doubt one of the finest in our language, and more in Milton's style than has been reached by any other poet, is occasionally obscure from imitation of the condensed Latin syntax. The meaning of stanza 5 is 'rivalry or hostility are the same to a lofty spirit, and limitation more hateful than opposition. The allusion in stanza 11 is to the old physical doctrines of the nonexistence of a vacuum and the impenetrability of matter:—in stanza 17 to the omen traditionally connected with the foundation of the Capitol at Rome. The ancient belief that certain years in life complete natural periods and are hence peculiarly exposed to death, is introduced in stanza 26 by the word climacteric.

Lycidas. The person lamented is Milton's college contemporary Edward King, drowned in 1637 whilst crossing from Chester to Ireland.

Strict Pastoral Poetry was first written or perfected by the Dorian Greeks settled in Sicily: but the conventional use of it, exhibited more magnificently in Lycidas than in any other pastoral, is apparently of Roman origin. Milton, employing the noble freedom of a great artist, has here united ancient mythology, with what may be called the modern mythology of Camus and Saint Peter,—to direct Christian images. Yet the poem, if it gains in historical interest, suffers in poetry by the harsh intrusion of the writer's narrow and violent theological politics.—The metrical structure of this glorious elegy is partly derived from Italian models.

Page 63, No. LXVI., line 19. Sisters of the sacred well: the Muses, said to frequent the Pierian Spring at the foot of Mount Olympus.

Page 64, No. LXVI., line 26. Mona Anglesea, called by the Welsh poets Ynys Dywell, or the Dark Island, from its dense forests. Deva (line 27) the Dee: a river which may have derived its magical character from Celtic traditions: it was long the boundary of Briton and English.—These places are introduced, as being near the scene of the shipwreck. Orpheus (line 30) was torn to pieces by Thracian women.

Page 65, No. LXVI. Amaryllis and Neaera (lines 3, 4) names used here for the love-idols of poets: as Damoetas previously for a shepherd. Line 10. the blind Fury: Atropos, fabled to cut the thread of life. Arethuse (line 20) and Mincius: Sicilian and Italian waters here alluded to as synonymous with the pastoral poetry of Theocritus and Vergil. Line 23. oat: pipe, used here like Collins' oaten stop, line 1, No. CXLVI., for Song. Line 31. Hippotades: Aeolus, god of the winds. Panopé (line 34) a Nereid. Certain names of local edities in the Hellenic mythology render some feature in the natural landscape, which the Greeks studied and analysed with their usual unequalled insight and feeling. Panopé seems to express the boundlessness of the ocean-horizon when seen from a height, as compared with the limited horizon of the land in hilly countries such as Greece or Asia Minor.

Page 66, No LXVI., line 1. Camus: the Cam; put for King's University. The sanguine flower (line 4) the Hyacinth of the ancients; probably our Iris.





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The pilot (line 7) Saint Peter, figuratively introduced as the head of the Church on earth, to foretell 'the ruin of our corrupted clergy, as Milton regarded them, 'then in their height' under Laud's primacy. Line 22. scrannel: screeching; apparently Milton's coinage (Masson). Line 26. the wolf: the Puritans of the time were excited to alarm and persecution by a few conversions to Roman Catholicism which had recently occurred. Alpheus (line 30) a stream in Southern Greece, supposed to flow under seas to join the Arethuse. Swart star (line 36): the Dogstar, called swarthy because its heliacal rising in ancient times occurred soon after midsummer.

Page 67. No. LXVI., line 2. rathe: early. Line 19. moist vows: either tearful prayers, or prayers for one at sea. Bellerus (line 20) a giant, apparently created here by Milton to personify Belerium, the ancient title of the Land's End. The great Vision:—the story was that the Archangel Michael had appeared on the rock by Marazion in Mount's Bay which bears his name. Milton calls on him to turn his eyes from the south homeward, and to pity Lycidas, if his body has drifted into the troubled waters off the Land's End. Finisterre being the land due south of Marazion, two places in that district (then through our trade with Corunna probably less unfamiliar to English ears), are named.—Namancos now Mujio in Galicia, Bayona north of the Minho, or perhaps a fortified rock (one of the Cies islands) not unlike Saint Michael's Mount, at the entrance of Vigo Bay. Line 30. ore: rays of golden light.

Page 68, No. I.XVI., line II. Doric lay: Sicilian, pastoral.

Page 70, No. LXX. The assault was an attack on London expected in 1642, when the troops of Charles I. reached Brentford. 'Written on his door' was in the original title of this sonnet. Milton was then living in Aldersgate Street.

Line 20. The Emathian Conqueror: When Thebes was destroyed (B.C. 335) and the citizens massacred by thousands, Alexander ordered the house of Pindar to be spared. Line 23. the repeated air Of sad Electra's poet: Plutarch has a tale that when the Spartan confederacy in 404 B.C. took Athens, a proposal to demolish it was rejected through the effect produced on the commanders by hearing part of a chorus from the Electra of Euripides sung at a feast. There is however no apparent congruity between the lines quoted (167. 168 Ed. Dindorf) and the result ascribed to them.

Page 72, No. LXXIII. This high-toned and lovely Madrigal is quite in the style, and worthy of, the 'pure Simonides.'

Page 73, No. LXXV. These beautiful verses should be compared with Wordsworth's great Ode, No. CCLXXXVII. — In imaginative intensity, Vaughan stands beside his contemporary Marvell: — See Nos. CXI. and CCXCIV.

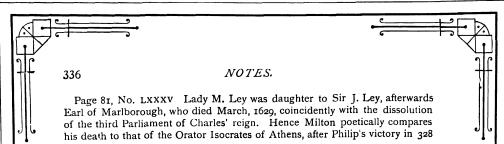
Page 74, No. LXXVI. Favonius: the spring wind.

Page 74, No. LXXVII. *Themis*: the goddess of justice. Skinner was grandson by his mother to Sir E. Coke; — hence, as pointed out by Mr. Keightley. Milton's allusion to the *bench*. Line 26. Sweden was then at war with Poland, and France with the Spanish Netherlands.

Page 76, No. LXXIX., line 22. Sydenian showers: either in allusion to the conversations in the 'Arcadia, or to Sidney himself as a model of gentleness' in spirit and demeanour.

Page 80, No. LXXXIV. Elizabeth of Bohemia: Daughter to James I., and ancestor to Sophia of Hanover. These lines are a fine specimen of gallant and courtly compliment.





B.C. Page 81, No. LXXXVI. Archbishop Trench has kindly informed the Editor that this graceful poem is an imitation of early style by G. Darley: published cir. 1847.

Page 88, No. XCIX. From Prison: to which his active support of Charles I. twice brought the high-spirited writer.

Page 89, No. XCIX., line 1. Gods: thus in the original; Lovelace, in his fanciful way, making here a mythological allusion. Birds, commonly substituted, is without authority.

Page 93, No. cv Inserted in Book II. as written in the character of a Soldier of Fortune in the Seventeenth Century.

Page 94, No. CVI. Waly waly: an exclamation of sorrow, the root and the pronunciation of which are preserved in the word caterwaul. Brae, hillside: burn, brook: busk, adorn. Saint Anton's Well: at the foot of Arthur's Seat by Edinburgh. Cramasie, crimson.

Page 95, No. CVII. burd, maiden.

Page 96, No. CVIII. corbies, crows: fail, turf: hause, neck: theek, thatch.—If not in their origin, in their present form this and the two preceding poems appear due to the Seventeenth Century, and have therefore been placed in Book II.

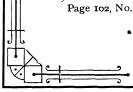
Page 98, No. CXI. The remark quoted in the note to No. XLVII. applies equally to these truly wonderful verses, which, like 'Lycidas, may be regarded as a test of any reader's insight into the most poetical aspects of Poetry. The general differences between them are vast: but in imaginative intensity Marvell and Shelley are closely related.—This poem is printed as a translation in Marvell's works: but the original Latin is obviously his own. The most striking verses in it, here quoted as the book is rare, answer more or less to stanzas 2 and 6:—

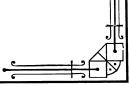
Alma Quies, teneo te! et te, germana Quietis, Simplicitas! vos ergo diu per templa, per urbes Quaesivi, regum perque alta palatia, frustra: Sed vos hortorum per opaca silentia, longe Celarunt plantae virides, et concolor umbra.

L'Allègro and Il Penseroso. It is a striking proof of Milton's astonishing power, that these, the earliest pure Descriptive Lyrics in our language, should still remain the best in a style which so many great poets have since attempted. The Bright and the Thoughtful aspects of Nature and of Life are their subjects: but each is preceded by a mythological introduction in a mixed Classical and Italian manner. — With that of L'Allègro may be compared a similar mythe in the first Section of the first Book of S. Marmion's graceful Cupid and Psyche, 1637.

Page 101, No. CXII., line 32. the mountain nymph; compare Wordsworth's Sonnet, No. CCX. Line 20 (page 102) is in apposition to the preceding, by a syntactical license not uncommon with Milton.

Page 102, No. CXII., line 38. Cynosure: the Pole Star.





Page 103, No. CXII., line 3. Corydon, Thyrsis, etc.: Shepherd names from the old ldylls. Rebeck (line 14) an elementary form of violin.

Page 104, No. CXII., line 14. Jonson's learned sock: His somewhat pedantic comedies exhibit one of the less fortunate results of the Renaissance movement. Line 28. Lydian airs: used here to express a light and festive style of ancient music. The 'Lydian Mode,' one of the seven original Greek Scales, is nearly identical with our 'Major.'

Page 105, No. CNIII., line 3. bestead: avail. Line 19. starr'd Ethiop queen: Cassiopeia, the legendary Queen of Ethiopia, and thence translated amongst the constellations.

Page 106, No. CXIII., line 24. Cynthia: the Moon: Milton seems here to have transferred to her chariot the dragons anciently assigned to Demeter and to Media.

Page 107, No. CXIII., line 15. Hermes, called Trismegistus, a mystical writer of the Neo-Platonist school. Line 26. Thebes, etc.: subjects of Athenian Tragedy. Buskin'd (line 29) tragic, in opposition to sock above. Line 31. Musaeus: a poet in mythology. Line 36. him that left half-told: Chaucer, in his incomplete 'Squire's Tale.'

Page 108, No. CXIII., line 5. great bards: Ariosto, Tasso, and Spenser, are here intended. Line 12. frounced: curled. The Attic Boy (line 13) Cephalus.

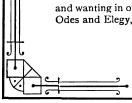
Page 109, No. CXIV Emigrants supposed to be driven towards America by the government of Charles I.

Page 110, No. CXIV., lines 17, 18. But apples, etc. A fine example of Marvell's imaginative hyperbole.

Page 111, No. CXV., line 6. concent: harmony.

SUMMARY OF BOOK THIRD.

IT is more difficult to characterize the English Poetry of the Eighteenth Century than that of any other. For it was an age not only of spontaneous transition, but of bold experiment: it includes not only such divergences of thought as distinguish the 'Rape of the Lock from the Parish Register, but such vast contemporaneous differences as lie between Pope and Collins, Burns and Cowper. Yet we may clearly trace three leading moods or tendencies: - the aspects of courtly or educated life represented by Pope and carried to exhaustion by his followers; the poetry of Nature and of Man, viewed through a cultivated, and at the same time an impassioned frame of mind by Collins and Gray: - lastly, the study of vivid and simple narrative, including natural description, begun by Gay and Thomson, pursued by Burns and others in the north, and established in England by Goldsmith, Percy Crabbe, and Cowper. Great varieties in style accompanied these diversities in aim: poets could not always distinguish the manner suitable for subjects so far apart; and the union of conventional and of common language, exhibited most conspicuously by Burns, has given a tone to the poetry of that century which is better explained by reference to its historical origin than by naming it artificial. There is, again, a nobleness of thought, a courageous aim at high and, in a strict sense manly, excellence in many of the writers: - nor can that period be justly termed tame and wanting in originality, which produced poems such as Pope's Satires, Gray's Odes and Elegy, the ballads of Gay and Carey, the songs of Burns and Cowper.



In truth Poetry at this, as at all times, was a more or less unconscious mirror of the genius of the age: and the reasoned and scientific spirit of Enquiry which made the Eighteenth Century the turning-time in European civilization is reflected faithfully in its verse. An intelligent reader will find the influence of Newton as markedly in the poems of Pope, as of Elizabeth in the plays of Shakespeare. On this great subject, however, these indications must here be sufficient.

The Bard. In 1757, when this splendid ode was completed, so very little had been printed, whether in Wales or in England, in regard to Welsh poetry, that it is hard to discover whence Gray drew his Cymric allusions. The fabled massacre of the Bards (shown to be wholly groundless in Stephens' Literature of the Kymry) appears first in the family history of Sir John Wynn of Gwydir (cir. 1600), not published till 1773; but the story seems to have passed in MS. to Carte's History, whence it may have been taken by Gray. The references to high-born Hoel and soft Llewellyn (line 28); to Cadwallo and Urien (lines 29, 30), may similarly have been derived from the 'Specimens of early Welsh poetry, by the Rev. E. Evans: - as, although not published till 1764, the MS., we learn from a letter to Dr. Wharton, was in Gray's hands by July 1760, and may have reached him by 1757, the date when he first received Macpherson's earliest specimens of Gaelic poetry, which he criticizes, with Evans' extracts in the above-noticed letter. Yet even then it is doubtful whether Gray (of whose acquaintance with Welsh we have no evidence), must not have been aided by some Welsh scholar. He is one of the poets least likely to scatter epithets at random: 'soft or gentle is the epithet emphatically and specially given to Llewelyn in contemporary Welsh poetry, and is hence here used with particular propriety. Yet, without such assistance as we have suggested, Gray could hardly have selected the epithet, although applied to the King (page 141-3) among a crowd of others, in Llygad Gwr's Ode, printed by Evans. - After lamenting his comrades (stanzas 2, 3) the Bard prophesies the fate of Edward II. and the conquests of Edward III. (4): his death and that of the Black Prince (5): of Richard II., with the Wars of York and Lancaster, the murder of Henry VI., (the meek usurper,) and of Edward V. and his brother (6). He turns to the glory and prosperity following the accession of the Tudors (7), through Elizabeth's reign (8): and concludes with a vision of the poetry of Shakespeare and Milton.

Page 122, No. CXXIII., line 16. Glo'ster: Gilbert de Clare, son-in-law to Edward. Mertimer, one of the Lords Marchers of Wales. High-born Hoel, soft Llewellyn (line 31); the Dissertatio de Bardis of Evans names the first as son to the King Owain Gwynedd:—Llewelyn, last King of North Wales, was murdered 1282. Line 32. Cadwallo Cadwallon (died 631) and Urien Reged (early kings of Gwynedd and Cumbria respectively) are mentioned by Evans (page 78) as bards none of whose poetry is extant.

Page 123, No. CXXIII., line 3. Modred Evans supplies no data for this name, which Gray (it has been supposed) uses for Merlin (Myrddin Wyllt), held prophet as well as poet, to whom is reasonably ascribed the beautiful Afallenau Ode, as given in the 'Black Book of Caermarthen' (Skene). Line 5. Arvon: the shores of Carnarvonshire opposite Anglesey. Whether intentionally or through ignorance of the real dates, Gray here represents the Bard as speaking





of these poets, all of earlier days, Llewelyn excepted, as his own contemporaries at the close of the Thirteenth Century.

Gray, whose penetrating and powerful genius rendered him in many ways an initiator in advance of his age, is probably the first of our poets who made some acquaintance with the rich and admirable poetry in which Wales from the Sixth Century has been fertile, — before and since his time so barbarously neglected, not in England only. Hence it has been thought worth while here to enter into a little detail upon his Cymric allusions.

Line 27. She-wolf: Isabel of France, adulterous Queen of Edward II.

Page 124, No. CXXIII., line 20. Towers of Julius: the Tower of London, built in part, according to tradition, by Julius Caesar. Line 26. bristled boar: the badge of Richard III. Line 32. Half of thy heart: Queen Eleanor died soon after the conquest of Wales.

Page 125, No. CXXIII., line 5. Arthur: Henry VII. named his eldest son thus, in deference to British feeling and legend.

Page 126, No. CXXV. The Highlanders called the battle of Culloden, Drumossie.

Page 127. No. CXXVI. lilting. singing blithely: loaning, broad lane: bughts, pens: scorning, rallying: dowie, dreary: daffin' and gabbin', joking and chatting: leglin, milkpail: shearing, reaping: bandsters, sheaf-binders: lyart, grizzled: runkled, wrinkled: fleeching, coaxing: gloaming, twilight: bogle, ghost: dool,

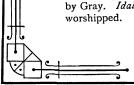
Page 129, No. CXXVIII. The Editor has found no authoritative text of this poem, in his judgment superior to any other of its class in melody and pathos. Part is probably not later than the Seventeeth Century: in other stanzas a more modern hand, much resembling Scott's, is traceable. Logar's poem (CXXVII.) exhibits a knowledge rather of the old legend than of the old verses. — Hecht, promised: the obsolete hight: mavis, thrush: ilka, every: lav'rock, lark: haughs, valley-meadows: twined, parted from: marrow, mate: syne, then.

Page 130, No. CXXIX. The Royal George, of 108 guns, whilst undergoing a partial careening in Portsmouth Harbour, was overset about 10 A.M. Aug. 29, 1782. The total loss was believed to be nearly 1000 souls. — This, again, might be called one of our trial-pieces, in regard to taste. The reader who feels the vigour of description and the force of pathos underlying Cowper's bare and truly Greek simplicity of phrase, may assure himself se valde profecisse in poetry.

Page 133, No. CXXXI. A little masterpiece in a very difficult style: Catullus himself could hardly have bettered it. In grace, tenderness, simplicity and humour it is worthy of the Ancients; and even more so, from the completeness and unity of the picture presented.

Page 137, CXXXVI. Perhaps no writer who has given such strong proofs of the poetic nature has left less satisfactory poetry than Thomson. Yet he touched little which he did not beautify; and this song, with 'Rule Britannia' and a few others, must make us regret that he did not more seriously apply himself to lyrical writing.

Page 139, No. CXL., line 1. Aeolian lyre: the Greeks ascribed the origin of their Lyrical Poetry to the Colonies of Aeolis in Asia Minor. Thracia's hills (line 17) supposed a favourite resort of Mars. Feather'd king (line 21) the Eagle of Jupiter, admirably described by Pindar in a passage here imitated by Gray. Idalia (line 27) in Cyprus, where Cytherea (Venus) was especially worshipped.





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Page 140, CXI
the Islands and

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Page 140, CXL., line 20. Hyperion the Sun. Stanzas 6-8 allude to Poets of the Islands and Mainland of Greece, to those of Rome and of England.

Page 142, No. CXL., line 9. Theban Eagle: Pindar.

Page 144, No. CXLI., line 23. chaste-cyed Queen: Diana.

Page 146, No. CXLII. Attic warbler: the nightingale.

Page 148, No. CXLIV. sleekit, sleek: bickering brattle, flittering flight: laith, loth: pattle, ploughstaff: whyles, at times: a daimen icker, a corn-ear now and then: thrave, shock: lave, rest: foggage, aftergrass: snell, biting: but hald, without dwelling-place: thole, bear: cranreuch, hoarfrost: thy lane, alone: a-gley, off the right line, awry.

Page 151, No. CXLVII. Perhaps the noblest stanzas in our language.

Page 155, No. CXLVIII. stoure, dust-storm: braw, smart.

Page 156, No. CXLIX. scaith, hurt: tent, guard: steer, molest.

Page 157, No. CLI. drumlie, muddy: birk, birch.

Page 159, No. CLII. greet, cry: daurna, dare not.—There can hardly exist a poem more truly tragic in the highest sense than this: nor, except Sappho, has any Poetess known to the Editor equalled it in excellence.

Page 159, No. CLIII. fou, merry with drink: coost, carried: unco skeigh, very proud: gart, forced: abeigh, aside: Ailsa craig, a rock in the Firth of Clyde: grat his een bleert, cried till his eyes were bleared: lowpin, leaping: linn, waterfall: sair, sore: smoor'd, smothered: crouse and canty, blythe and gay.

Page 160, No. CLIV. Burns justly named this 'one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots or any other language. One verse, interpolated by Beattie, is here omitted:—it contains two good lines, but is quite out of harmony with the original poem. *Bigonet*, little cap; probably altered from *beguinette: thraw*, twist: *caller* fresh.

Page 162, No. CLV. airts, quarters: row, roll: shaw, small wood in a hollow, spinney: knowes, knolls.

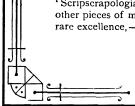
Page 163, No. CLVI. jo, sweetheart: brent, smooth; pow, head.

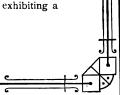
Page 163, No. CLVII. leal, faithful: fain, happy. Page 164, No. CLVIII. Henry VI. founded Eton.

Page 170, No. CLXI. The Editor knows no Sonnet more remarkable than this, which, with CLXII., records Cowper's gratitude to the Lady whose affectionate care for many years gave what sweetness he could enjoy to a life radically wretched. Petrarch's sonnets have a more ethereal grace and a more perfect finish; Shakespeare's more passion; Milton's stand supreme in stateliness; Wordsworth's in depth and delicacy. But Cowper's unites with an exquisiteness in the turn of thought which the ancients would have called Irony, an intensity of pathetic tenderness peculiar to his loving and ingenuous nature. —There is much mannerism, much that is unimportant or of now exhausted interest in his poems: but where he is great, it is with that elementary greatness which rests on the most universal human feelings. Cowper is our highest master in simple pathos.

Page 172, No. CLXIII. fancied green: cherished garden.

Page 172, No. CLXIV. Very little except his surname appears recoverable with regard to the author of this truly noble poem, which appeared in the 'Scripscrapologia, or Collins' Doggerel Dish of All Sorts,' with three or four other pieces of merit. Birmingham, 1804. It should be noted as exhibiting a rare excellence,—the climax of simple sublimity.





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It is a lesson of great instructiveness to examine the essential qualities which give high poetical rank to lyrics such as 'To-morrow' or 'Sally in our Alley,' when compared with poems written (if the phrase may be allowed) in keys so different as the subtle sweetness of Shelley the grandeur of Gray and Milton, or the delightful Pastoralism of the Elizabethan verse. Intelligent readers will gain hence a clear understanding of the vast imaginative range of Poetry; — through what wide oscillations the mind and the taste of a nation may pass; — how many are the roads which Truth and Nature open to Excellence.

SUMMARY OF BOOK FOURTH.

IT proves sufficiently the lavish wealth of our own age in Poetry, that the pieces which, without conscious departure from the standard of Excellence, render this Book by far the longest, were with very few exceptions composed during the first thirty years of the nineteenth century. Exhaustive reasons can hardly be given for the strangely sudden appearance of individual genius: that, however, which assigns the splendid national achievements of our recent poetry to an impulse from the France of the first Republic and Empire appears to the Editor inadequate. The first French Revolution was rather, in his opinion, one result, and in itself far from the most important, of that wider and more potent spirit which through enquiry and attempt, through strength and weakness, sweeps mankind round the circles (not, as some fondly dream, of Advance, but) of gradual Transformation: and it is to this that we must trace the literature of modern Europe. But, without more detailed discussion on the motive causes of Scott, Wordsworth, Campbell, Keats, and Shelley, we may observe that these Poets, with others, carried to further perfection the later tendencies of the Century preceding, in simplicity of narrative, reverence for human Passion and Character in every sphere, and impassioned love of Nature: - that, whilst maintaining on the whole the advances in art made since the Restoration, they renewed the half-forgotten melody and depth of tone which marked the best Elizabethan writers: - that, lastly, to what was thus inherited they added a richness in language and a variety in metre, a force and fire in narrative, a tenderness and bloom in feeling, an insight into the finer passages of the Soul and the inner meanings of the landscape, a larger and wiser Humanity. hitherto hardly attained, and perhaps unattainable even by predecessors of not inferior individual genius. In a word, the Nation which, after the Greeks in their glory, has been the most gifted of all nations for Poetry, expressed in these men the highest strength and prodigality of its nature. They interpreted the age to itself—hence the many phases of thought and style they present: to sympathize with each, fervently and impartially, without fear and without fancifulness, is no doubtful step in the higher education of the Soul. For, as with the Affections and the Conscience, Purity in Taste is absolutely proportionate to Strength: - and when once the mind has raised itself to grasp and to delight in Excellence, those who love most will be found to love most wisely.

Page 175, No. CLXVI. stout Cortex: History requires here Balbóa: (A. T.) It may be noticed, that to find in Chapman's Homer the 'pure serene' of the original, the reader must bring with him the imagination of the youthful poet;—he must be 'a Greek himself,' as Shelley finely said of Keats.

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Page 179, No. CLXIX. The most tender and true of Byron's smaller poems.
Page 180, No. CLXX. This poem, with CCXXXVI., exemplifies the peculiar skill with which Scott employs proper names:—nor is there a surer sign of high poetical genius.

Page 197, No. CXCI. The Editor in this and in other instances has risked the addition (or the change) of a Title, that the aim of the verses following may be grasped more clearly and immediately.

Page 203, No. CXCVIII. nature's Eremite: like a solitary thing in Nature.— This beautiful Sonnet was the last word of a poet deserving the title 'marvellous boy' in a much higher sense than Chatterton. If the fulfilment may ever safely be prophesied from the promise, England appears to have lost in Keats one whose gifts in Poetry have rarely been surpassed. Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth, had their lives been closed at twenty-five, would (so far as we know) have left poems of less excellence and hope than the youth who, from the petty school and the London surgery, passed at once to a place with them of 'high collateral glory.'

Page 205, No. CCI. It is impossible not to regret that Moore has written so little in this sweet and genuinely national style.

Page 205, No. CCII. A masterly example of Byron's command of strong thought and close reasoning in verse: — as the next is equally characteristic of Shelley's wayward intensity, and CCIV of the dramatic power, the vital identification of the poet with other times and characters, in which Scott is second only to Shakespeare.

Page 215, No. CCIX. Bonnivard, a Genevese, was imprisoned by the Duke of Savoy in Chillon on the lake of Geneva for his courageous defence of his country against the tyranny with which Piedmont threatened it during the first half of the Seventeenth Century.—This noble Sonnet is worthy to stand near Milton's on the Vaudois massacre.

Page 215, No. CCX. Switzerland was usurped by the French under Napoleon in 1800: Venice in 1797 (CCXI.).

Page 218, No. CCXV. This battle was fought Dec. 2, 1800, between the Austrians under Archduke John and the French under Moreau, in a forest near Munich. Hohen Linden means High Limetrees.

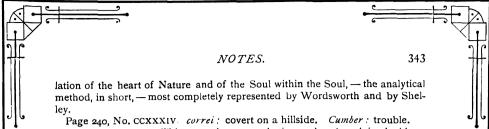
Page 221, No. CCXVIII. After the capture of Madrid by Napoleon, Sir J. Moore retreated before Soult and Ney to Corunna, and was killed whilst covering the embarcation of his troops. His tomb, built by Ney, bears this inscription — John Moore, leader of the English armies, slain in battle, 1809.

Page 233, No. CCXXIX. The Mermaid was the club-house of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and other choice spirits of that age.

Page 234, No. CCXXX. Maisie: Mary.—Scott has given us nothing more complete and lovely than this little song, which unites simplicity and dramatic power to a wild-wood music of the rarest quality. No moral is drawn, far less any conscious analysis of feeling attempted:—the pathetic meaning is left to be suggested by the mere presentment of the situation. A narrow criticism has often named this, which may be called the Homeric manner, superficial, from its apparent simple facility; but first rate excellence in it (as shown here, in CXCVI., CLVI., and CXXIX.) is in truth one of the least common triumphs of Poetry.— This style should be compared with what is not less perfect in its way, the searching out of inner feeling, the expression of hidden meanings, the reve-







Page 253, CCXLIII. This poem has an exaltation and a glory, joined with an exquisiteness of expression, which place it in the highest rank amongst the many masterpieces of its illustrious Author.

Page 262, No. CCLII. interlunar swoon: interval of the Moon's invisibility. Page 268, No. CCLVI. Calpe: Gibraltar. Lofoden: the Maelstrom whirlpool

off the N.W coast of Norway.

Page 269, No. CCLVII. This lovely poem refers here and there to a ballad by Hamilton on the subject better treated in CXXVIII. and CXXVIII.

Page 282, No CCLXVIII. Arcturi: seemingly used for northern stars.— And wild roses, &c. Our language has no line modulated with more subtle sweetness.

Page 285, No. CCLXX. Ceres' daughter: Proserpine. God of Torment: Pluto. Page 286, No. CCLXXI. This impassioned address expresses Shelley's most rapt imaginations, and is the direct modern representative of the feeling which led the Greeks to the worship of Nature.

Page 295, No. CCLXXIV. The leading idea of this beautiful description of a day's landscape in Italy appears to be, — On the voyage of life are many moments of pleasure, given by the sight of Nature, who has power to heal even the worldliness and the uncharity of man.

Page 296, No. CCLXXIV., line 36. Amphitrite was daughter to Ocean.

Page 301, No. CCLNXV., line 7. Machaed a frenzied Nymph, attendant on Dionysos in the Greek mythology. Line 25. Plants under water sympathize with the seasons of the land, and hence with the winds which affect them.

Page 302, No. CCLXXVI. Written soon after the death, by shipwreck, of Wordsworth's brother John. This poem should be compared with Shelley's following it. Each is the most complete expression of the innermost spirit of his art given by these great Poets:—of that Idea which, as in the case of the true Painter, (to quote the words of Reynolds,) 'subsists only in the mind: The sight never beheld it, nor has the hand expressed it: it is an idea residing in the breast of the artist, which he is always labouring to impart, and which he dies at last without imparting.'

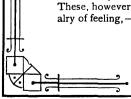
Page 304, No. CCLXXVI. the Kind: the human race.

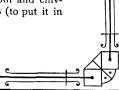
Page 305, No. CCLXXVIII. Proteus represented the everlasting changes, united with ever-recurrent sameness, of the Sea.

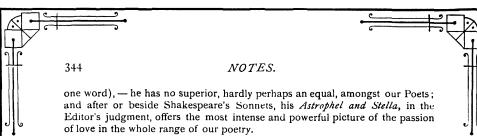
Page 305, No. CCLXXIX., the royal Saint: Henry VI.

Page 313, No. CCLXXXVII. The single absolutely first-rate Ode (among Odes on the great scale) known to the Editor (for Shelley's Adonais is an Elegy), produced in this century:—and, like Adonais, the poet's greatest achievement.

Page 320, No. CCXC., line 1. prease: press. Sidney's poetry is singularly unequal; his short life, his frequent absorption in public employment, hindered doubtless the development of his genius. His great contemporary fame, second only, it appears, to Spenser's, has been hence obscured. At times he is heavy and even prosaic; his simplicity is rude and bare; his verse unmelodious. These, however, are the 'defects of his merits. In a certain depth and chivalry of feeling,—in the rare and noble quality of disinterestedness (to put it in







Page 320, No. CCXCI. From W J Linton's Rare Poems' (1883): a selection containing many pieces which deserve the epithet for their beauty not less than for their unfamiliarity. This gracious lyric appeared in one of the Elizabethan song-books.

Page 320, No. CCNCII. With better taste, and less diffuseness, Quarles might (one would think) have retained more of that high place which he held in popular estimate among his contemporaries.

Page 321, No. CCXCIII. A masterpiece of humour, grace, and gentle feeling, all, with Herrick's unfailing art, kept precisely within the peculiar key which he chose,—or Nature for him,—in his Pastorals. Line 18. the god unshorn: Imberbis Apollo.

Page 322, No. CCXCIII., line 12. beads: prayers.

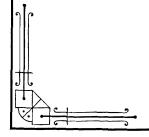
Page 323, No. CCXCIV: see note on LXXV

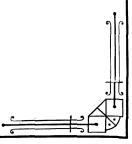
Page 322, No. CCXCV This magnificent song occurs in the long poem which Smart is reported to have written whilst confined as a madman.

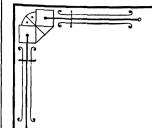
Page 324, No. CCXCVI. Burns himself, despite two attempts, failed to improve this little absolute masterpiece of music, tenderness, and simplicity: — this 'Romance of a life in eight lines. It has a rival in quality in CCXCIX.

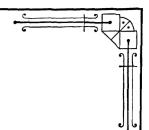
Page 324, No. CCXCVII. Written in 1773, towards the beginning of Cowper's second attack of melancholy madness—a time when he altogether gave up prayer, saying, 'For him to implore mercy would only anger God the more.' Yet, had he given it up when sane, it would have been major insania.'

Page 325, No. CCXCVIII. Cowper's last original poem, founded upon a story told in Anson's 'Voyages.' It was written March, 1799; he died April, 1800.









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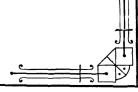
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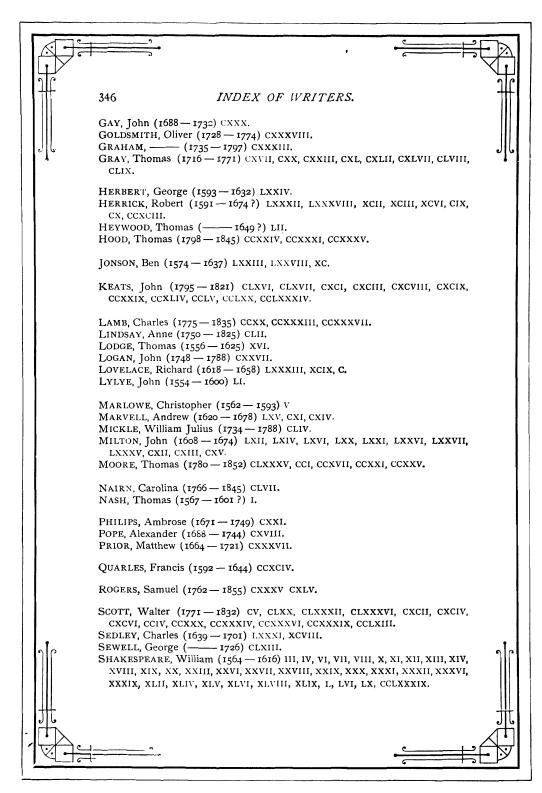
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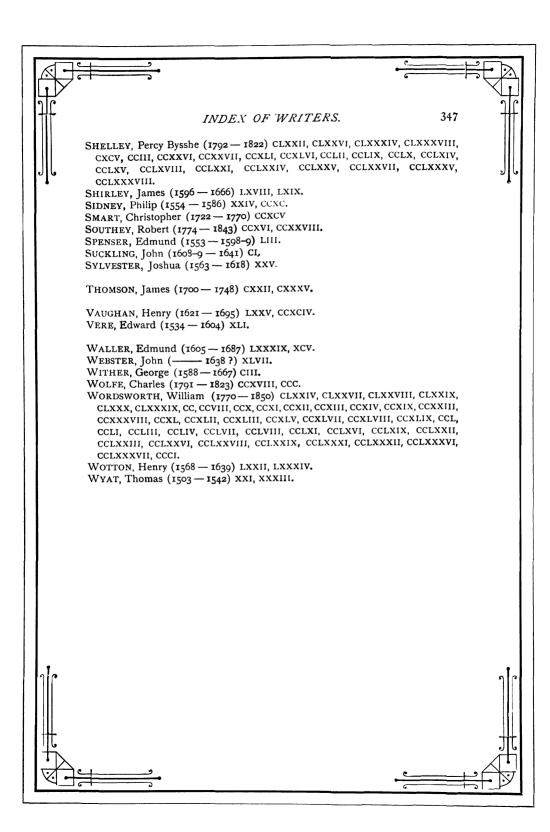
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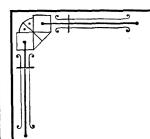
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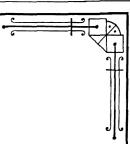
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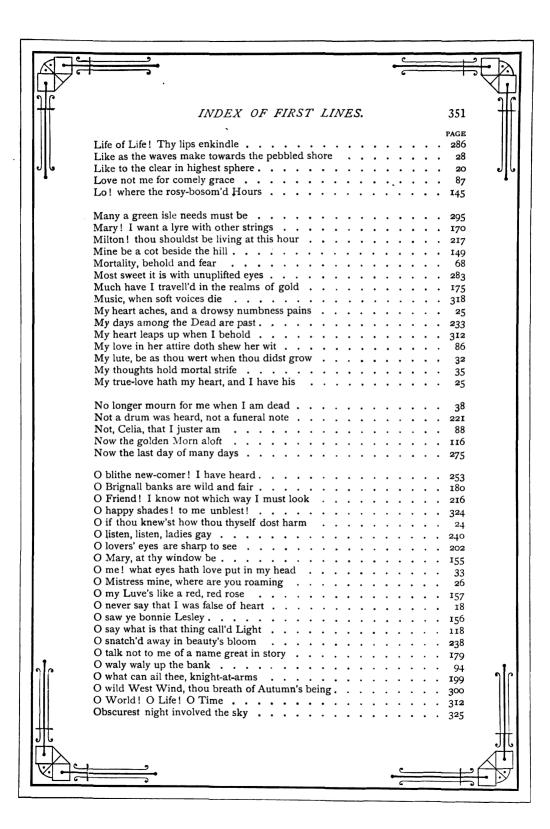
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